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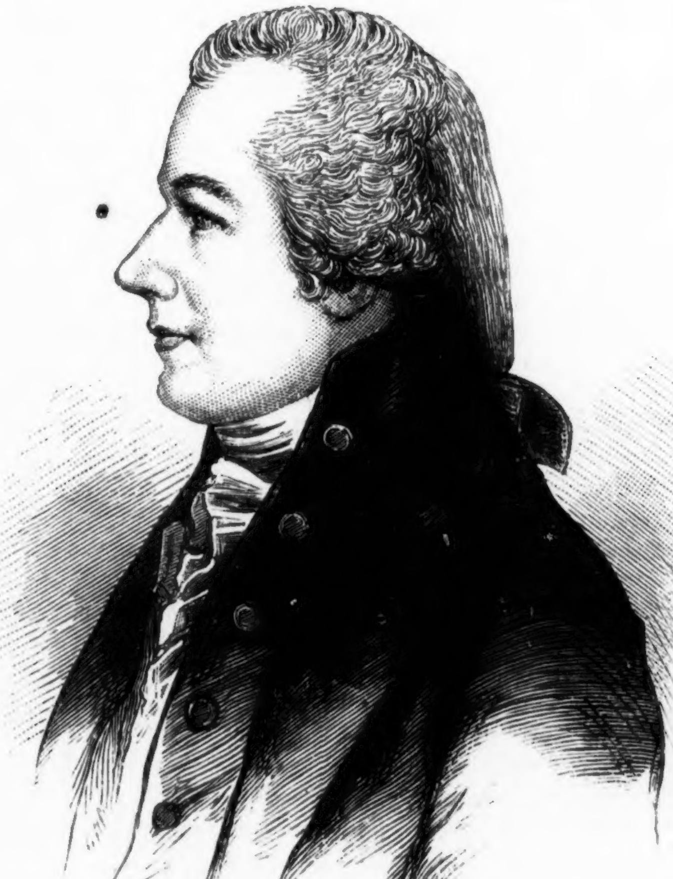
OUR TEN GREAT PARTY LEADERS.

HAMILTON, JEFFERSON, CLAY, CALHOUN, JACKSON WEBSTER, BENTON, SEWARD, DOUGLAS, LINCOLN.

By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

DURING the brief interval between the close of the war of the Revolution and the framing of the Federal Constitution there was, properly, no nation, and consequently no national parties; but there were as many local parties as there were isolated groups of theories and opinions, and the Federal Constitution was the result of an attempt to compromise between the extremes of these; and when the question was to be settled whether this Constitution should be ratified by the requisite majority of the thirteen independent States, there was grave reason to doubt as to the result. Eleven of the thirteen States indeed ratified it in the interval between December, 1787, and July, 1788, but under circumstances which made it questionable whether a majority of the people, even in these States, were in favor of its ratification. In the conventions of Delaware, Georgia and New Jersey, the vote was unanimous in its favor. In that of Pennsylvania the vote was two to one for it; but it was averred that there had been no fair choice of delegates; that of the 70,000 citizens only 13,000 had been able to vote at all, and of these there was a majority of barely 600 in favor of the Constitution. In Virginia it was ratified by a vote of 89 to 79; but the ratification was accompanied by a long list of almost vital amendments to be proposed for future consideration. When the New York convention assembled, out of its 57 members, 46 were opposed to the ratification of the Constitution; and after a long debate, in which Hamilton and Jay put forth all their powers, it was ratified only by a majority of three, and with the ominous reservation that this was done only from a reluctance to separate from the other States, and in the conviction that the articles would soon be revised by a new General Convention of all the States.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

When the time came for the new Government to be organized, there was but one point upon which all men were agreed, and this was that Washington should be the President. The Constitution, as it originally stood, provided that each Presidential elector should cast two votes, and the person receiving the largest number, provided that it was a majority of the whole, should be the President, and the person receiving the next largest number, but without the majority reservation, should be Vice President. Washington received the vote of the entire body of 69 electors. But in the choice of Vice President there was no such unanimity. Adams received 34 votes, one less than a majority; the remaining 35 being scattered among ten candidates.

Washington appointed Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, that being then considered the leading place in the Cabinet; while Jefferson was made Secretary of State, or, more properly, Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In themselves considered, these were beyond question the best appointments which could have been made; but as it happened, these two men were the representatives of the two extreme views which prevailed among those who were, upon the whole, favorable to the Constitution; and as soon as parties began to crystallize, each of them became the acknowledged leader of a party pledged to oppose each other upon every measure in respect to which there could be any possible difference of opinion among honest and intelligent men; and this political hostility soon grew into bitter personal animosity. The party who in the outset favored the adoption of the Constitution assumed, from the first, the name of Federalists, branding their opponents as Anti-Federalists, even after the point at issue was no longer the adoption of the Federal Constitution, but the measures to be taken under it. The other party nowise accepted the designation thus foisted upon them. They averred that, strictly speaking, they themselves were the true Federalists, for they desired a form of government which should be a true *Fœdus*, or League between separate States, independent of each other, and sovereign, except in so far as for their own good they should voluntarily delegate certain of their powers to a common body, the servant of all of them.

The so-called Anti-Federalists took for themselves at first the name of Republicans, and were so known for something like a quarter of a century, when the name was almost imperceptibly replaced by that of Democrats. The term Democratic first made its appearance in our politics in 1793, when a political society was formed in Philadelphia, in imitation of the political clubs of the French Revolution. Branches of this were organized in various parts of the country, and, as the members were all of the Republican party, the term Democratic Republicans crept gradually into use, until, at the beginning of Madison's second administration, the last part was dropped, and "Democratic" remained as the accepted designation of the party. This it has since retained unchanged through all mutations, whether in power or in opposition. When the Federal party finally went down, its party name was dropped. The anti-Democratic party for a brief space assumed the name of National Republicans. In the Presidential contest of 1832 it took the name of Whig, which a local party in the City of New York had borrowed from Revolutionary history. In the general breaking-up of parties when the Slavery question became the leading one, the party formed in opposition to the Democratic organization assumed its present name of "Republican." Through all the mutations of fortune and all changes of name, this party has, however, maintained a substantial identity; its cardinal doctrine being the sovereignty of the Nation as opposed to the sovereignty of the several States of which it is composed. To give, even in outline, the history of these two great national parties is to sum up the political career of the half-score of men who from time to time came to be their recognized leaders; and their careers so acted and inter-acted upon each other that to understand one of them it is necessary to consider all.

Alexander Hamilton, the first great leader of the Federal party, was born on the island of St. Nevis, in the West Indies, January 11, 1757. His father was a Scotchman, his mother of French Huguenot descent. Having been left an orphan while a child, he was taken in charge by the relatives of his mother, by whom he was placed in the counting-room of a merchant. At the age of fourteen he was sent to New York for education. He entered Columbia College, purposing subsequently to study medicine. The disputes between Great Britain and the Colonies had now begun, and in 1774 the young student came into notice by a stirring speech at a public meeting, and soon after by his patriotic writings in the newspapers. In 1776 he was made captain of a volunteer company of artillery. While engaged in superintending the erection of an earthwork on the island of New York, he attracted the notice of Washington, who made him a member of his military family, employing him in various confidential capacities, for some of which he was specially qualified by his knowledge of the French language, which was vernacular to him. In 1780 he married a daughter of Philip Schuyler, resigned his commission in the army, and soon began the study of law. Having been admitted to the Bar, he commenced practice in New York, at the same time taking an active part in politics; his chief rival in both pursuits being Aaron Burr.

Hamilton was chosen a member of the Convention of 1787 to revise the articles of Confederation between the States, and took a leading part in the proceedings which resulted in the framing of the Constitution for the United States. He voted for this, on the ground that it was the best that could be agreed upon, although the form of government which it was to establish was very different from what he thought desirable. He considered the form of the English Government as an almost perfect model, and had drawn up the outlines of a scheme scarcely to be distinguished from that of Great Britain, except in the single point that instead of a hereditary sovereign and peerage, there was to be a chief magistrate and Senate appointed virtually for life. There was to be an Assembly, elected directly by the people, for two years. The Senators, chosen by an electoral body, to hold "during good behavior," were to have the sole power of ratifying or rejecting treaties. The Governor-General, appointed by a complicated process, also to hold office during good behavior, was not only to have an absolute veto upon all laws, but, in conjunction with the Senate, was to appoint the State Governors, who were to have the power of veto upon all State laws. Under this system the several States would hold precisely the same position as the British Colonies do under the Crown. Having seen that the adoption of any such form of government was wholly out of the question, Hamilton advocated, heart and soul, the adoption of the Constitution as framed by the Convention. To win over the still doubtful States of New York and Virginia, he, with Jay and Madison, wrote a series of papers under the title of "The Federalist," explaining the intent and urging the ratification of the Constitution. "The Federalist" has always been held to be the most authoritative commentary upon the ends, aims, and true interpretation of the Constitution.

Washington had not the wish, and perhaps not the kind of capacity, requisite for the leader of a party; and in bringing Hamilton and Jefferson into his cabinet, he placed there two men who, just because both were thorough patriots, were sure to take opposite positions on

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the most vital questions, and who, if parties were to spring up, would inevitably be the leaders of them.

Thomas Jefferson, the first great leader of the Republican party, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, April 2d, 1743. His family was among the first in the old Dominion, and he received the best education which the country afforded. He entered William and Mary College at the age of seventeen; afterward studied law under the able direction of George Wythe; was admitted to the bar in 1767, and soon gained a large and lucrative practice. In 1772 he married a wealthy young widow, whose fortune consisted of 135 slaves and 40,000 acres of land; Jefferson's own patrimony was fully as much, while his professional income was large; so that he ranked among the most opulent Virginians. He had, in the meanwhile, been chosen to the House of Burgesses, where he distinguished himself by his determined opposition to the encroachments of the royal Government. In 1774 he drew up a "Summary View of the Rights of British America," which contains the germs which, two years later, were developed in the Declaration of Independence. It was almost by accident that he became a member of the first Continental Congress. He had been appointed as alternate for Peyton Randolph, who was unable to attend, and so Jefferson took his place. His reputation as an able writer had preceded him, and although he was not a fluent speaker, he at once took position as a leader, and was made chairman of the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, which had already been determined upon. His draft was adopted with only a few merely verbal alterations, suggested by Adams and Franklin.

The history of Jefferson during the war of the Revolution belongs mainly to Virginia, for there, as he said, "was the laboring oar." His most important work was as head of the committee for a thorough revision of the laws of the Commonwealth. Some of the bills which he introduced struck at the very foundations of the existing aristocratic system of social order. He himself says: "I considered four of these bills as forming a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy." These bills provided for the repeal of the laws of entail, the abolition of primogeniture, the equal partition of inheritances, and the abrogation of State taxation for religious purposes. All of these things were deeply ingrained into the very structure of society in Virginia, and it was only after a long and desperate struggle that the measures of Jefferson were carried. The last-named of these bills he considered one of the two crowning acts of his life. In the epitaph which he drew up to be engraved upon his tomb, he designates himself as "Author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom." In the Summer of 1779 he was elected Governor of Virginia. His term was during the darkest period of the Revolution. Virginia was almost defenseless, and Jefferson was charged with great inefficiency as Governor; and when his term expired he declined a re-election, thinking that, while the State was invaded, "the public would have more confidence in a military chief." At the next session of the House a motion was made for an inquiry into the conduct of Jefferson; but instead of ordering an inquiry, the House passed a vote of thanks to "our former Governor, Thomas Jefferson, for his impartial, upright and attentive administration."

In 1784, Jefferson was sent to Europe to assist Franklin and Adams in negotiating treaties with various Governments. In 1785, he succeeded Franklin as Minister to France. The four years which he spent in France were important in the development of the political character of Jefferson. He came into close intimacy with Condorcet, D'Alembert and other liberal thinkers, under whose lead France, it then seemed, was marching steadily forward to a glorious and peaceful revolution. All that he had seen abroad tended to strengthen his apprehension of the danger to liberty arising from a strong, centralized Government; and his absence from America had prevented him from appreciating the danger to public safety arising from a weak Government like that of the Confederation. In 1789, he returned to America upon temporary leave of absence. But Washington urged him to enter his cabinet as Secretary of State, Hamilton having already been chosen to be Secretary of the Treasury.

Had Jefferson been in America he would, beyond all doubt, have been opposed to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and his opposition would most likely have turned the doubtful scale in New York and Virginia; and little could be hoped for from any Union which should not include these two powerful States. But the Constitution had been accepted, and trial was to be made of its working. Even then Jefferson was in doubt. He said that some portions of it "staggered" him, and, upon the whole, he was doubtful whether the good or bad parts predominated. But he accepted it, as Hamilton had originally done, as the best one possible at the time. Hamilton would so interpret the Constitution as to extend the power of the Government to the widest limit; Jefferson, theoretically at least, would restrict it to the narrowest limits; and between these two extremes there was room for a wide range of difference between Federalists and Republicans.

We need not here recount the early struggle between the two parties, which soon evoked a bitter personal hostility between the two great leaders. Jefferson charged Hamilton and other leading Federalists with being engaged in a deliberate plot to overthrow the republican form of government, and in its place to establish a monarchy and titled aristocracy. Washington, whose tendencies were decidedly Federal, vainly attempted to bring about harmony between the two leading members of his Cabinet. The decisive struggle during the administration of Washington took place in 1793, the question at issue being as to the policy of the United States toward France and Great Britain, between whom war had broken out. The Republicans were warmly in favor of France, and favored the permission of France to fit out privateers in American ports to cruise against British commerce. The Federalists, while leaning toward England, urged that absolute neutrality was the true policy. The Federal side was found to be decidedly in the preponderance, and on the last day of the year Jefferson resigned his place in the Cabinet, and returned to his home at Monticello, and was ostensibly engaged in regulating his private affairs, but still keeping up a busy political correspondence with his friends. Hamilton also left the Cabinet in 1795, and resumed the practice of law in New York, although he still remained the trusted counselor of Washington, whose farewell address was in great part written by Hamilton.

Washington having declined a re-election for a third term, the Federalists could scarcely do otherwise than fix upon Adams as his successor. The position of Vice President had no attraction for Hamilton, and Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina, was named as the Federal candidate. Jefferson became the Republican nominee for the first place. When the result of the vote for electors was ascertained, it appeared that the Federalists had a clear majority of ten or more, which would naturally insure the election of Adams and Pinckney. But when the electoral vote was counted, Adams had 71, nine less than had been expected; Pinckney only 58, eighteen less than the full party vote; while Jefferson had 68, and thus, standing

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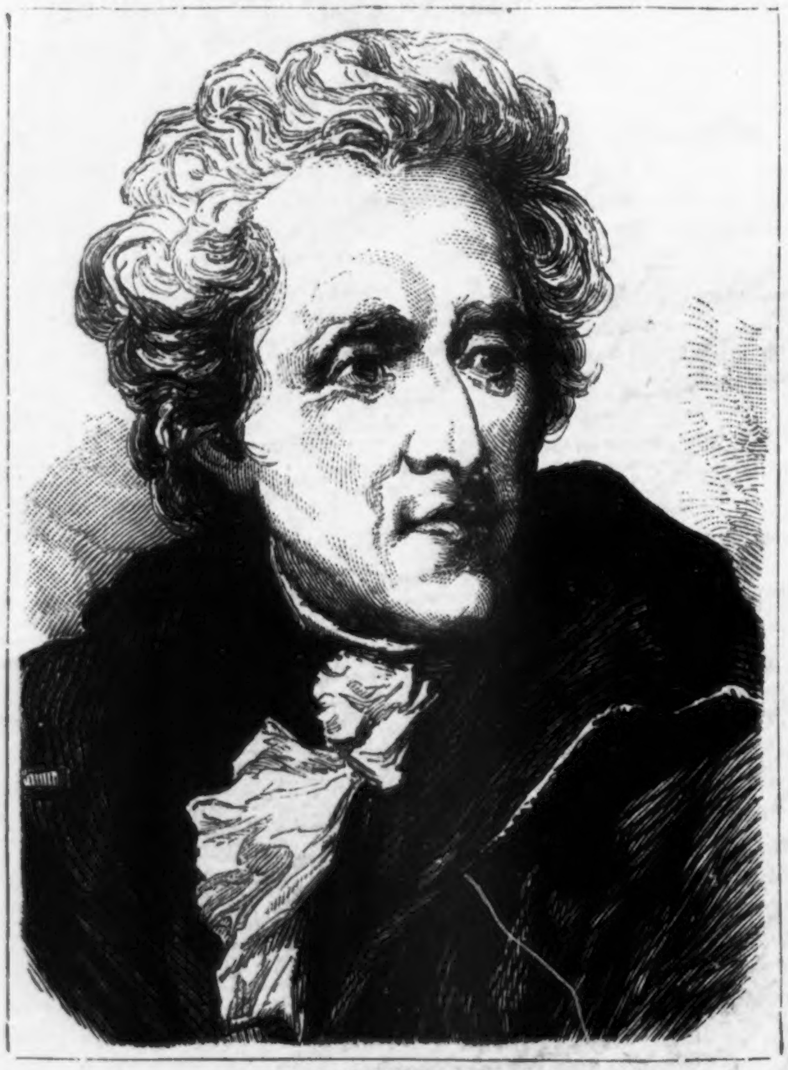
second on the list, was chosen Vice-President. Thi was the result of a double intrigue in the Federal party. For many reasons—prominent among which was that he was a New England man—there was, in a section of the party, a decided aversion to Adams as President. If a few Federal votes could be diverted to another person, then Pinckney, having the highest number, would be President, and Adams would be Vice-President. For this purpose eight electors, seven of them from South Carolina, voted for Pinckney, and not for Adams. But, unluckily for the intriguers, their clever scheme had become more than suspected; and the New England electors undertook to frustrate it; this they did, but more thoroughly than they had intended. Eighteen Federal electors dropped Pinckney's name, which left him third on the list, and therefore defeated. If it had happened, as it might well have done, that four more Southern Federalists had merely scattered their votes, Jefferson would have been President and Adams Vice-President.



ANDREW JACKSON.

Shortly after the commencement of the administration of Adams the tide of public favor seemed to be strongly setting in favor of the Federalists. Their opponents had sympathized with France; and now the excesses of the French revolutionists during the "reign of terror"—enormous in reality, and greatly exaggerated by report—aroused the execrations of the civilized world. The aggressive acts of the Directory, and the insulting reception accorded to the American envoys, threw the whole country into a fever of excitement. The President's message indicated an almost inevitable war with France. Large sums were voted for strengthening the national defenses; merchant vessels were authorized to resist attempts at search; the alien and sedition laws were passed in Congress by large majorities, in spite of the resolute opposition of the Republican leaders. Washington was placed at the head of the army, with the title of Lieutenant-general; and he accepted the trust on the condition that he should not be called into active service except in the event of actual war, and that Hamilton should be made Major-general, with charge of the organization of the army. The Republican leaders saw that as matters stood they had no chance in Congress, and they resolved to carry the contest into the State arenas, making the issue to hang upon the alleged unconstitutionality of the Government measures. Jefferson drafted the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, in which the obnoxious laws were denounced, and a determination was more than intimated that their execution would be resisted by force. Madison, who had been considered quite as much a Federalist as a Democrat, now went clean over, and drew up the Virginia resolutions, opposing the centralizing measures of the Federal party, and calling upon the States to see to it that their rights should be maintained inviolate. The tide began to set again strongly in favor of the Republicans, who had the great advantage of being able to place their opponents on the defensive. Washington died, and the prestige of his great name was lost to the Federalists. The keynote of the Republican triumph was set in the New York election of 1800, when headed by Burr, long the political and personal enemy of Hamilton, they won a thorough victory over their opponents. With this terminated the career of Hamilton as the leader of a great party; for with Burr wielding the politics of New York, and Jefferson those of Virginia, the only stronghold of the Federalists was in New England, where the influence of Adams was still predominant.

The Presidential election of 1801, measured the gains which the Republicans had made in two years. Jefferson and Burr were the Republican candidates, and each of them received the entire vote of the party, being seventy-four electoral votes, Adams receiving sixty-five. The Republican victory and the Federal defeat were far enough from decisive. Five votes taken from one side and added to the other would have changed the result.

The first question to be decided was, who shall be President? It must be either Jefferson or Burr; which of them, would depend upon the action of the States, each counting as one, expressed by their delegates in the House of Representatives; and the result would depend upon the course decided upon by the Federal members. There is no need here to go into the details of the bitter contest. In the end, Jefferson obtained a bare majority of the States, and became President; Burr, of course, becoming Vice-President. Jefferson used his victory with great discretion. He had come in on a swelling tide of popularity, and it behoved him to keep in the current. It is no reproach to him that he watched every whirl and eddy, and trimmed his sail to every breeze.

The somewhat stately official ceremonies which Washington had introduced, and which Adams had only partially laid aside, had been the subject of censure, and were unpopular with the masses. They were discarded. Day by day the popularity of Jefferson increased among the masses of the people; and day by day politicians came to see more clearly that his was sure to remain the winning side. Exterior events shaped themselves to his purpose. The purchase of Louisiana added largely to the national domain,

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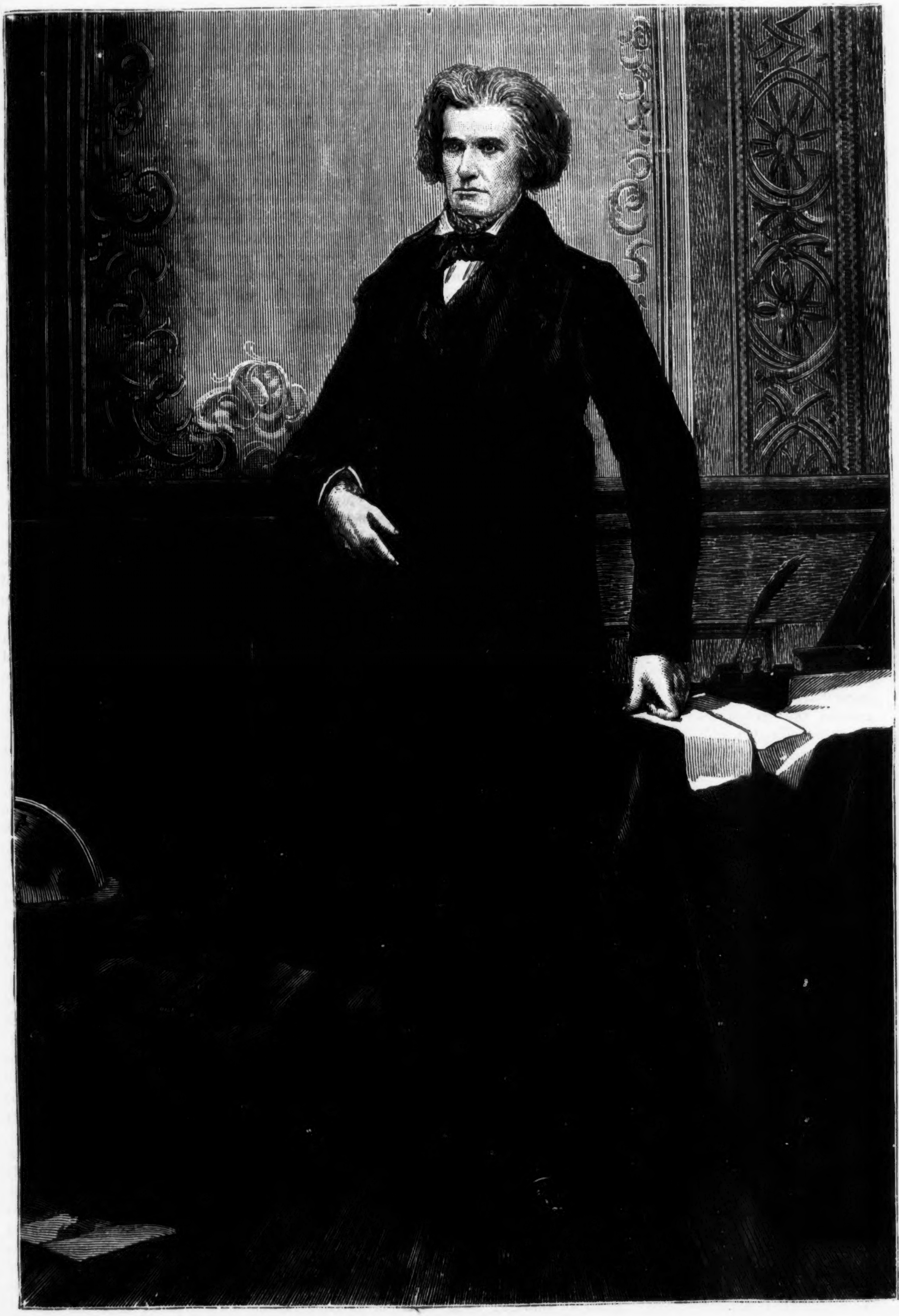

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

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and the people cared nothing for the most elaborate demonstrations that the measure was unwarranted by the Constitution.

The brilliant exploits of our little navy against the piratical Barbary States flattered the national vanity. Burr, who had threatened to be a formidable rival, made shipwreck of his political fortunes, and it needed not his duel with Hamilton to give the last blow to his reputation. So when Jefferson's first term was drawing to a close, there was no doubt in any man's mind what would be the result of the next Presidential election.

Out of 176 electoral votes, Jefferson received 162. The same tide carried in George Clinton as Vice-President by the same vote; but the Constitution had, in the meantime, been amended so that the electoral votes designated which were cast for President, and which for Vice-President.

The first two years of Jefferson's second term were, upon the whole, uneventful. The great Napoleonic wars enured to the advantage of the United States, which, as a neutral, derived much profit from the carrying trade. This was rudely interrupted by the Berlin and Milan Decrees of Napoleon and the British Orders in Council, which together placed all the ports of Europe in a state of blockade, and, in effect, annihilated the foreign commerce of America.

Less injurious, but far more offensive, was the right assumed, and sometimes exercised, by British cruisers, of taking sailors claimed to be British subjects from American vessels. This reached its climax in the Summer of 1807, when in our own waters, the national frigate *Chesapeake* was fired upon by the British man-of-war *Leopard*, and four of her crew were seized as deserters from the British Navy.

The whole country was aflame, and had war then been declared, not a voice would have been raised against it. But Jefferson weakly, as it seems to us, contented himself with issuing a proclamation, prohibiting British armed vessels from entering American ports or waters; and then, France and Great Britain persisting in their hostile policy, Congress—the Republicans being largely in the ascendant—passed the questionable Act of Embargo, by which every American vessel was forbidden to leave any port of the United States.

The dormant Federal party now began to show signs of life, and so resolute was their opposition to this law, that it was repealed, and instead of it a bill was passed prohibiting all intercourse with both France and Great Britain. With the signing of this bill the official career of Jefferson came to a close, for he refused to be a candidate for a third term; although, in his retirement at Monticello, he continued to play a prominent though informal part as a Republican leader.

Jefferson left his party so firmly consolidated and so thoroughly organized that for fifty years, with two interruptions of four years each, it maintained an unquestioned ascendency. No weapon forged against it could stand, and every combination framed against it soon came to naught. The closing years of the life of Jefferson were harassed by pecuniary troubles. While in the public service he had wholly neglected his own private affairs. His great landed property ceased to yield him any income, and his numerous slaves consumed more than they produced. Yet all the time he was supposed to be a wealthy man. He maintained an almost princely hospitality at Monticello, which was thronged by admiring guests and visitors from all parts of the civilized world, who literally ate him out of house and home. He died on the 4th of July, 1826. On the same day and almost at the same hour, John Adams, his great compeer, passed away. On that same day, just half a century before, they had formally set their hands and seals to the Declaration of Independence; of which, if Jefferson was the author, Adams was the most able supporter, so that it may fairly be considered their joint work.

The Federal party made a determined stand at the next Presidential election, but the result showed that, notwithstanding the apparent advantage-ground afforded by the dubious position of our foreign relations, the Democratic ascendency was unshaken. Of the electoral vote, Madison, whom Jefferson had virtually appointed as his successor, received 122; only 47 being cast for Charles Pinckney, the Federal candidate. Madison, though the nominal head of the Republican—or, as we may now begin to style it, the Democratic Party—cannot be classed among our great party leaders. When he became President the absorbing question was that of war or peace with Great Britain. He was personally anxious to avoid a war. But the real control of the party soon passed into other hands; notably into those of two men who had scarcely reached the period of middle life, and neither of whom had borne any very notable part in national politics until, in the Spring of 1813, they, for the first time took their seats in the House of Representatives, in which the war-party was largely predominant. One of these new men was made Speaker of the House on the very day when he first set foot on its floor; and the other almost as soon was made Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and between them they had the shaping of the course of the party and the fate of the country. These two men were Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun.

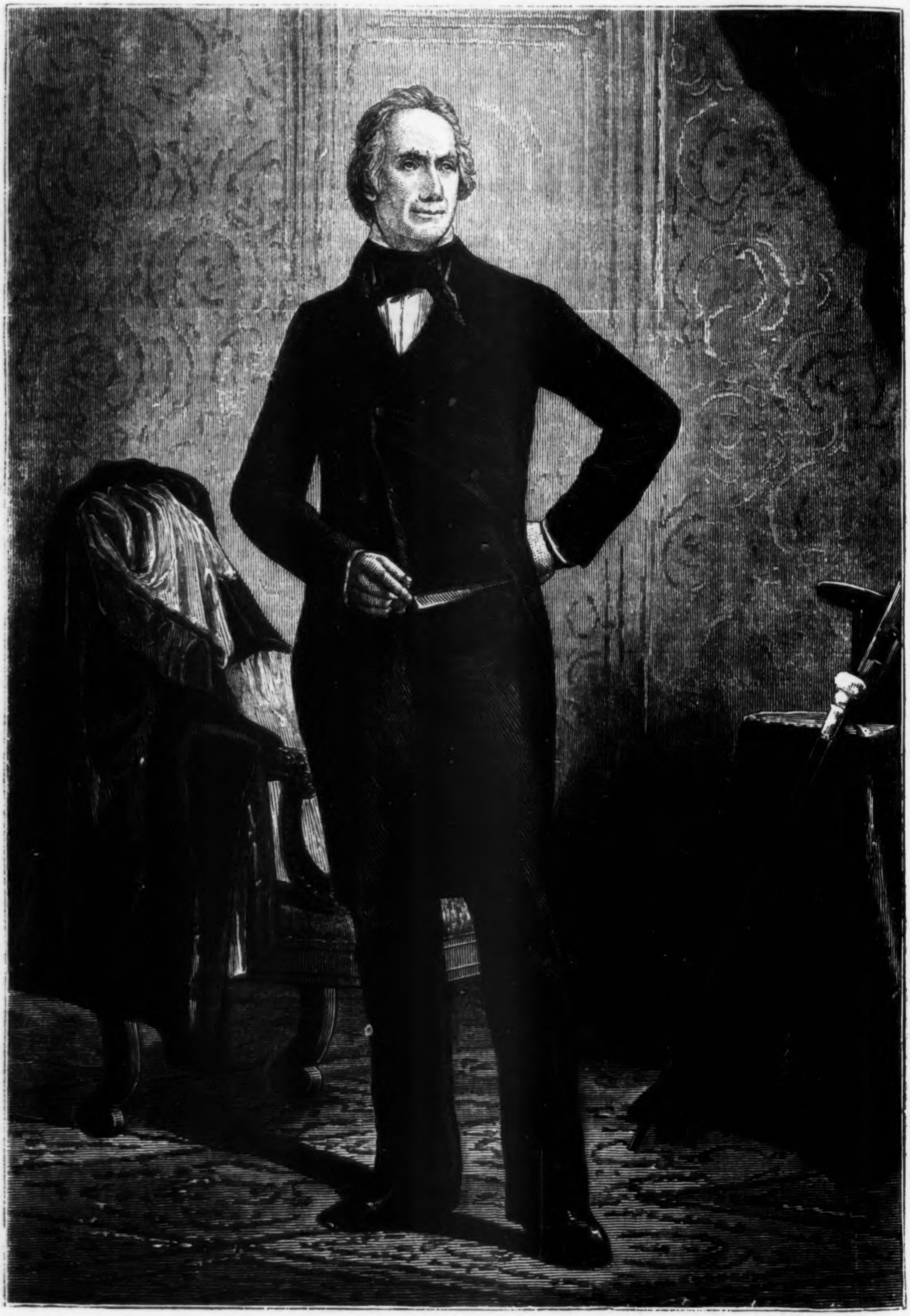
HENRY CLAY was born near Richmond, Va., April 12th, 1777. His father, a Baptist clergyman, ministering to a poor congregation, died in 1782, leaving a scanty property to his widow and their seven children, of whom Henry was the fifth. When he was fifteen years old his mother married again, and with her new husband emigrated to Kentucky. The boy, whose education had been limited, remained behind, having, in the meantime, found employment in the office of the clerk of the Court of Chancery, where he began to read law as occasion offered. His evident capacity drew upon him the notice of Chancellor Wythe, a lawyer of the highest order, who took a special interest in directing the legal studies of the youth. Having been admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, Clay removed to Lexington, Ky., where he opened an office, and soon achieved a decided success, which was, perhaps, quite as much owing to his winning manners as to his professional qualifications. Like most aspiring young men of Kentucky, he was eager for public honors, and it is worthy of note that, in 1799, when the State Constitution was framed, he endeavored to engraft into it an article providing for the gradual abolition of slavery. In 1804 he was elected a member of the State Legislature; and two years after was appointed Senator in Congress, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Adair. He was subsequently again returned to the State Legislature, was chosen Speaker, and in December, 1808, made a stirring report, indorsing the foreign policy of Mr. Jefferson, denouncing the British Orders in Council, and pledging to the President the undivided support of Kentucky in any and every contingency. In 1809 he was again sent to the United States Senate for two years, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the withdrawal of Mr. Thurston. It is worthy of note that, during this term, he spoke in favor of a protective tariff and against the recharter of the United States Bank. His fractional term as Senator having expired, he was, in August, 1811, elected a member of the House of Representatives, of which he was chosen Speaker upon the first ballot, and by an overwhelming majority. The greater part of the dominant party were thoroughly dissatisfied with what they considered the feeble and dilatory foreign policy of Madison, and were bent on a war with Great Britain, and Clay constituted the committees of the House with a view to bringing this about. Prominent among the measures advocated by him was the immediate enlistment of 25,000 volunteers, and the construction of ten new frigates. Clay was at this time among the most ultra of the Democrats, and in debate he certainly overstepped the bounds of parliamentary decorum. Upon one occasion he denounced the venerable Josiah Quincy as "soiling the very carpet upon which he trod." He was re-elected Speaker of the next Congress, and war having in the meanwhile been declared, he was untiring in his efforts to provide for its vigorous prosecution.

President Madison had never been heartily in favor of the war, and was thoroughly rejoiced when the British Government intimated a wish to enter upon negotiations. For this purpose he named as Commissioners Albert Gallatin, the most moderate of Democrats, John Quincy Adams, who had not long before cast in his lot with the dominant party, and James A. Bayard, a distinguished Federalist. Clay and another were subsequently added to the number of the Commissioners. He did not reach Europe in time to take any active part in the negotiations, the terms of which had already been agreed upon. Quite likely he would, had he been in time, have been loath to consent to a treaty in which the question of impressment—the vital point upon which the war had been urged—was quietly ignored. However, he was in time to affix his signature to the Treaty of Ghent, and on his return was hailed as a peacemaker. He was again elected to Congress, and again chosen Speaker, and so on in successive Congresses until 1821. In that year he declined a re-election, but was elected in 1823, and was again made Speaker. During all these years his influence was exerted in favor of those measures which came to be designated as the "American System," prominent among which were the protection of manufactures by a high tariff, and the prosecution by the National Government of important works of public improvement. He had, in the meanwhile, modified his views in regard to a National Bank, and now earnestly favored the establishment of such an institution. When the question of the admission of Missouri as a slave State came up, he finally drew up the famous Missouri Compromise, in virtue of which that Territory was admitted as a State, with the proviso that slavery should be excluded in all the remaining Territories lying north of the parallel of 36° 30′, that being the southern boundary of Missouri. Toward the close of Monroe's second term, he vehemently opposed the policy favored by the President and his Cabinet in regard to the revolted South American colonies of Spain, the recognition of whose independence he strenuously and successfully advocated.

During these years the Federal party, as such, ceased to exist. Its last great struggle was made in the Presidential campaign of 1812-13, when it cast 82 electoral votes for DeWitt Clinton; Madison receiving 128. At the next election, 1817-18, Monroe was put forward as the Democratic candidate, for what reason it is not easy to understand, unless it were that he was a Virginian. He received 217 votes, the Federalists being able to muster against him only 34, which were cast for Rufus King. At the next trial, the election went by default, the purely negative Monroe receiving 217 votes, and one New Hampshire delegate immortalizing himself by casting a solitary vote for John Quincy Adams. The period of Monroe's second Presidency has been misnamed the "Era of Good Feeling," but in truth there is no period in our history in which there was less of good feeling among politicians. The question was which of several men, all of them professed and recognized Democrats, should be the next President. These men were Clay, whose claims one would have thought stood highest; William H. Crawford, a member of the Cabinet, whom the Virginia junta of Congressmen had pitched upon for the place; John Quincy Adams, also a member of the Cabinet, who, notwithstanding his desertion from the Federal ranks, might count upon New England; Andrew Jackson, who had been formally nominated by the Legislature of Tennessee, a nomination which was at first looked upon by astute politicians as an absurd joke; and John C. Calhoun, who had a more than respectable following in every section, though perhaps not as yet very strong in any one, but likely to develop considerable strength in all.

JOHN C. CALHOUN was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18th, 1782. On both sides he was descended of that sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock which has set its impress upon the Carolinas. His father died while he was young, and the first nineteen years of his life were spent with his mother and brother upon their moderate estate. He desired to fit himself for one of the professions, his early bent being toward the ministry, for which his grave character and consistent piety well fitted him. In time the affairs of the family prospered sufficiently to enable his mother and brother to assure him of support for seven years, while he was pursuing his professional studies. After two years in an academy in his native State, he entered the Junior class in Yale College, graduating in 1804 with the highest distinction. He gave three years more to the study of law, and commenced practice at the old family homestead. He entered warmly into the political questions of the day, and, in 1811 was chosen to Congress; having in the meanwhile married a cousin, who brought him a moderate competence. He took his seat at the same session in which Clay and Crawford made their first appearance in the House, and the three young men sprang at once into the front rank of those who were urgent for war with Great Britain, carrying their party with them in spite of the hesitation of the President. Clay, having been chosen Speaker, placed Calhoun upon the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which he soon came to be chairman. The British Government withdrew the obnoxious Orders in Council, but declined to abandon the right of impressment. Calhoun and his friends were not satisfied, and urged a declaration of war upon this ground, and at the same time opposed the entire Presidential policy of non-importation and non-intercourse. This brought Calhoun into great favor in the commercial States. After the close of the war the financial difficulties of the Administration became great, and the question of a national bank grew to be an absorbing one. A bill establishing a national bank was passed in the Congress of 1815-16, receiving the earnest advocacy of Calhoun, who also favored the protective tariff of 1816, and urged that Congress should make large appropriations for works of internal improvement.

Calhoun's career as a Representative in Congress closed, and he was made Secretary of War, the post of Secretary of the Treasury being given to Crawford. The House passed resolutions to the effect that money should be appropriated by Congress for the construction of canals, post-roads and other works of public improvement, and directed the Secretaries of War and the Treasury to draw up a plan for that purpose. Crawford, however, opposed the scheme as unconstitutional. Calhoun also advised the President to sign the Missouri Compromise Bill, holding that Congress had a constitutional right to prohibit slavery in the Territories, although that constitutional authority would come to an end the moment that any Territory became a State and was admitted into the Union. Party lines were not, at this time, well defined; indeed, there was nominally but one party—the Democratic. At this period Calhoun



HENRY CLAY.

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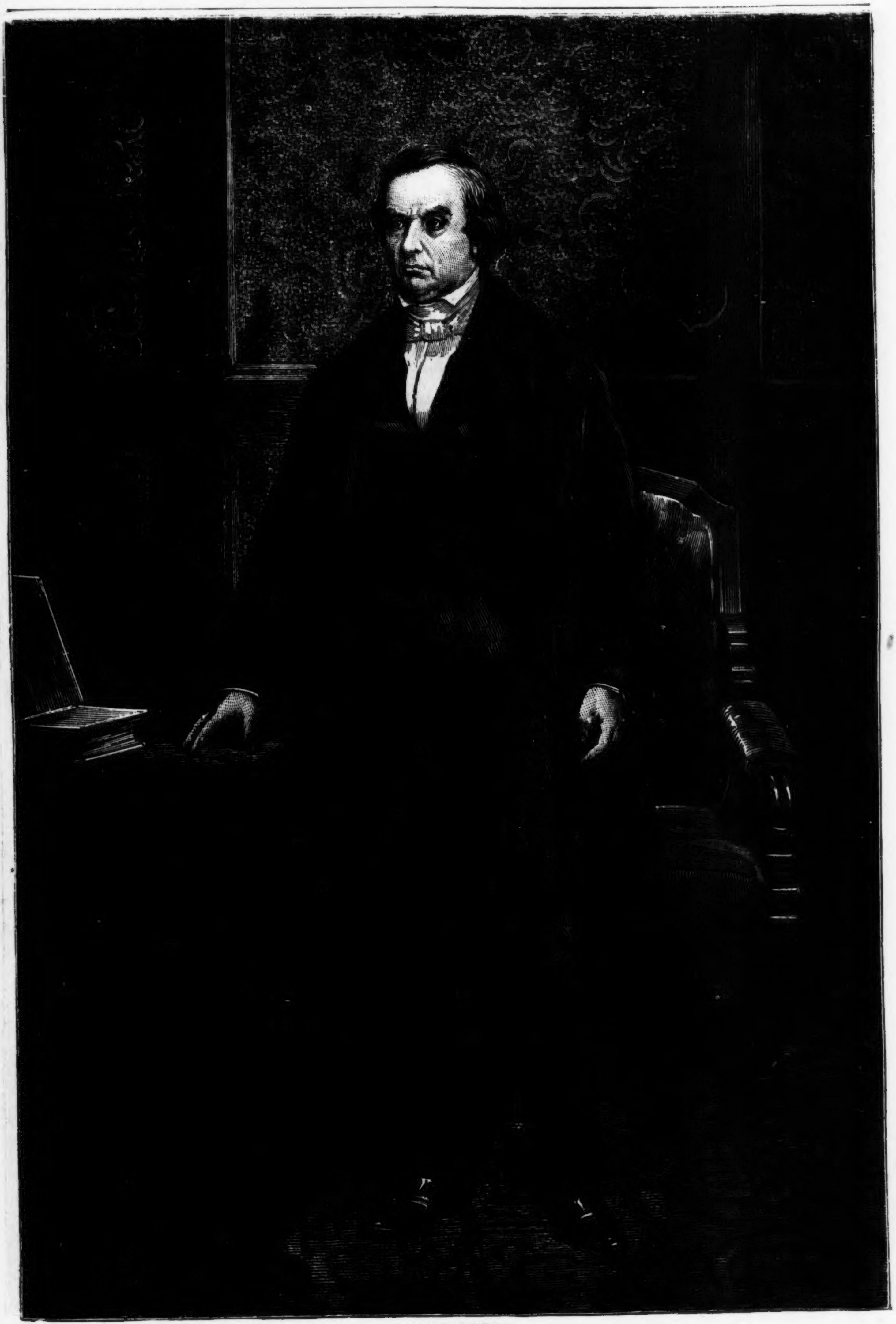

DANIEL WEBSTER.

might very properly have been classed as a Whig, if that party had then been in existence.

The canvass of 1824, for a successor to Monroe, inaugurated a new era in the history of our political parties. Nobody but a recognized Democrat was even thought of; but it was certain that among these the contest would be a bitter one. The machinery of a regular nominating convention had not been invented. The candidates had usually been named by a Congressional caucus. Such an one was now held, and Crawford was selected. But only a minority of the members took part in this, and its authority was not conceded. Still, the chances at first seemed to be in his favor, but the wholly unexpected popular strength developed in favor of Jackson, especially in Pennsylvania, which had been supposed to be likely to go for Calhoun, presented a new element. Calhoun withdrew from the canvass for the Presidency, but was willing to be named for the Vice-Presidency; at the same time carefully avoiding the public expression of any preference for or against either of the other candidates. There can, however, be no doubt that he calculated upon the success of Jackson, believing also that he would never be thought of for a second term; and in this case, if he himself was chosen as Vice-President by a large majority, the way would be clear for him at the next election. The result apparently justified his sagacity. He was chosen by a large electoral majority; practically, indeed, he met with no serious opposition, for he received 182 votes, the remainder being scattered among five candidates. But for President no one even approached a majority of the electoral vote. Jackson led, having 99 votes; Adams came next, with 84; Crawford had 41, and Clay 37. The choice had, therefore, to be made by the House of Representatives, each State, irrespective of population, having a single vote, which must be cast for one of the three candidates having the highest electoral vote. Clay was thus ineligible. Of the States, Jackson had the entire vote of eight, and parts of four others. Adams had the six New England States, and parts of five others; Crawford had Virginia and Georgia, with parts of three others; Clay had Ohio, Kentucky and Missouri, with a part of New York. There were, in all, twenty-four States. To secure a majority of these, those which had gone for Clay must be gained for either Adams or Jackson; Crawford, who had suffered a paralytic stroke, being considered practically out of the question. The States which had gone for Clay would be greatly influenced by him as to the manner in which they should cast their votes. He voted for Adams, carrying Ohio, Kentucky and Missouri with him. New York, Maryland, Illinois and Louisiana, which had been divided, went the same way, which, added to the six New England States, gave Adams the vote of thirteen States; Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia gave a merely complimentary vote to Crawford; so that for Jackson remained only the seven States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Indiana and South Carolina; and so Adams was duly elected in the manner prescribed by the Constitution.

He appointed Clay to be Secretary of State, a position which had come to be regarded as the leading one in the Cabinet. A great outcry was raised at once; the election was said to have been the result of "bargain and corruption." John Randolph stigmatized it as "a coalition of Puritan and blackleg"; for which he was challenged by Clay, and a bloodless duel was the consequence. We are now far enough removed from the transaction to estimate it with candor. Clay being ineligible, and Crawford being practically out of the question, the friends of Clay had no choice except between Adams and Jackson, one of whom must be chosen, if there was to be any President. We do not see how he or his friends could have any doubts as to their proper course; for at that time Jackson had never given any evidence of political capacity; his whole previous career had been of such a character as to indicate that he was lacking in almost every qualification for high civil office. Crawford was free in expressing the hope that Clay's adherents would turn the scale to the side of Adams. That Clay was the one man best fitted for the office of Secretary of State was scarcely questioned. Whether it was advisable that he should accept the position, under the circumstances, is quite another matter. Many of his best friends were opposed to it; and he himself came to acknowledge that it was a grave political error. Its first result was that Adams and Clay ceased to be recognized as belonging to the Democratic party. Calhoun, as Vice-President, and all his strong following, were the bitter opponents of the Administration. The tide of popular feeling set more strongly than ever in favor of Jackson, who, at the ensuing Presidential election of 1828, received 182 votes, while Adams, now the National Republican candidate, had only 83. Calhoun was also re-elected Vice-President by a majority nearly as large as that of Jackson. Clay retired from political life for a couple of years; but in 1831 he was elected to the Senate, and began the second phase of his political life as a leader in opposition to the Democratic party. With the accession of Jackson to the Presidency properly begins his career as a great party leader.

Andrew Jackson was born at Waxhaw Settlement, North Carolina, March 15th, 1767. His father had tilled a few acres in Northern Ireland, and came to America in 1765. He was all his life a poor man, and died a few months before the birth of Andrew, his second son. The boy and his elder brother received some rough usage from the British soldiers during the later years of the War of the Revolution. His mother died, and he was left a destitute orphan. We catch occasional glimpses of him as a tall, active lad, sometimes working in a saddler's shop, sometimes teaching a school, and finally, at the age of eighteen, in a lawyer's office; although he is said to have been more fond of horse-racing and cock-fighting than of legal study. He must, however, have picked up something of law, for he was licensed to practice before he was twenty years old; and, within a year or two, was made public prosecutor for a district of North Carolina, lying in what is now the State of Tennessee.

In a few years he had become the owner of land and slaves; and in 1796, was a member of the Convention to draft a constitution for the newly-organized State of Tennessee; and was elected to Congress, where his tall figure and uncouth attire made him somewhat conspicuous. He attached himself to the Republican party of Jefferson, and was one of the twelve Members of Congress who voted against a laudatory reply to Washington's last Annual Address.

In 1797 he was chosen a Senator, but soon resigned and returned to Tennessee, where we find him for several years acting as Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, general of militia, trader, boat-builder, and planter; having, in the meanwhile, accumulated a considerable estate.

We pass over his great services during the War of 1812, culminating in the battle of New Orleans, and his subsequent services in the Seminole War of 1817. During this period he was engaged in several bloody personal rencontres and duels. In 1823 the Legislature of Tennessee elected him as Senator in Congress, and formally nominated him for the Presidency. This nomination, as Tucker records, was at first, thought little of, it being the general belief that "he did not possess the information, or respect for the civil authority, deemed requisite for the office of President; and very few believed that the favor which his military

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successes had produced for him in his own State, would find much support in other States of the Union." How these prognostications were subsequently falsified has already been shown.

Jackson had passed the age of threescore when he entered upon the Presidency. He rose at once to the greatness of the occasion; and friends and foes found that they had been wholly mistaken in the man. He whom they had set down as an uncouth backwoodsman showed himself a dignified gentleman. He who had been supposed ignorant of and indifferent to political affairs was found to have made up his mind upon the great questions of the time, and his views happened, almost invariably, to coincide with public opinion. Those party leaders who had expected to find in him a puppet for them to move at will, found that he meant to be, and would be, President in fact as well as in name. Calhoun, who had counted upon being virtual President at once, and actual President at the next election, and whose adherents constituted the majority of the Cabinet, soon found himself roughly disabused. His friends were forced to retire; and before the close of the term he resigned the Vice-Presidency, and set himself in determined and unavailing opposition. Congress rechartered the United States Bank, and Jackson vetoed the bill. South Carolina, under the lead of Calhoun, threatened nullification, and Jackson gave all men to understand that any attempt to resist the enforcement of the laws would be sternly put down. The result of the Presidential election of 1832 showed how thoroughly Jackson had not only carried the Democratic party over to him, but had also brought the country over to the Democratic party. At this election Jackson received the 219 votes of fourteen States, and half of Maryland. Clay had the 49 votes of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware and Kentucky, with half of Maryland. South Carolina, devoted to Calhoun, and hating both Clay and Jackson, pettishly cast her 11 votes for Floyd; and Vermont, in the anti-masonic excitement, cast her 7 votes for Wirt.

Never before in our history had there been a party victory so absolute and complete; for it had been won after a most vigorous contest, in which the opposition, most ably led, had put forth its best efforts; whereas at Monroe's second term the election had gone by default. Jackson's second administration was marked by the same characteristics as the first, and was as successful, although it happened that a strong combination, led by the "great triumvirate," Calhoun, Clay and Webster, placed the Senate temporarily against him, while the House was all the while decidedly in his favor. McLane, Secretary of the Treasury, refused to obey the President's order to remove the deposits from the United States Bank, and was displaced; his successor hesitated, and was replaced by Taney, who executed the order. The Senate passed a vote of censure upon Jackson, and refused to confirm the nomination of Taney, who thereupon received the appointment of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. But before Jackson's term closed, the Senate formally expunged from its Journal the very record of the vote of censure. Jackson's influence in his party was greater than that of Jefferson had ever been. Jefferson had virtually appointed Madison as his successor; Jackson as really appointed Van Buren to succeed him. His term of office closed March 4th, 1837, and he retired to his home, where he spent eight years in quiet and dignified retirement. The homely "Hermitage" became, as the stately Monticello had been, the Mecca of political pilgrims. Now that the fierce contests of his time have receded into the past, there are few who will hesitate to accord to Jackson a high place not only among our Ten Great Party Leaders, but also one of our three great Presidents—the other two being Jefferson and Lincoln. We do not place Washington on the list, for he occupies a position apart and by himself.

Van Buren succeeded, in the election of 1836 by a diminished, but still large, majority, receiving 170 votes; the Opposition, which had now taken the name of Whig, concentrating 73 votes upon Harrison; White, an independent Democratic candidate, receiving 26; South Carolina casting her 11 votes for Mangum; and Massachusetts, finding the election of Van Buren assured, complimented Webster by her 14 votes.

The electoral majority was indeed large, but the vote of the people was very close. In a popular vote of 998,000, Van Buren's absolute majority was only 26,000. Van Buren's weak hold, even upon his own party, was evinced in the election of 1840, when, to the surprise of all men, Harrison had a popular majority of nearly 150,000, and 234 electoral votes, while Van Buren received only 60. Thus, for the first time in a whole human generation the Democratic party met with a reverse.

The tide was turned again in 1844, when Clay, whose election had been thought certain, found himself in a popular minority of barely 25,000; although he had only 105 electoral votes, while Polk received 170. Again in 1848, the Democrats were defeated, Taylor receiving 163 votes, and Cass 127. Taylor, dying soon after, Fillmore, who succeeded him, appointed Daniel Webster as Secretary of State; and all men looked upon him as the future leader of the Whig party. Webster's whole career, and what remains of those of his great compeers, Clay and Calhoun, must be briefly summed up:

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18th, 1782; he being thus some three months the senior of Calhoun. His father, a man of decided ability, cultivated a rocky and unproductive farm; and, although not poorer than his neighbors, was all his life in narrow circumstances. Webster graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801; was admitted to the bar in 1805; and in 1812, and again in 1814, was elected to Congress from New Hampshire. At the close of his second term he took up his residence in Boston, where he entered upon the practice of law with equal success.

In 1822 he was elected a Representative in Congress, and during the Administration of the younger Adams was the acknowledged leader of the National Republican party in the House. In 1827 he was elected Senator from Massachusetts; holding the post until 1839, when he became Secretary of State in Harrison's brief administration; continuing to fill the position under Tyler. In 1845 he returned to the Senate, where he remained until 1850, when he again became Secretary of State under Fillmore.

Though, confessedly, not only the ablest man in his party, but the foremost orator and most accomplished statesman of the nation, what seemed party exigencies always stood in the way of his being the party candidate for the Presidency. That place was accorded to Taylor in 1848, and to Scott in 1852. The springs of Webster's life were broken by the last blow, and he died October 23d, 1852, just before the election which resulted in the overwhelming defeat of his successful competitor for the nomination.

Thomas H. Benton claims a place among our Great Party Leaders, less on account of extraordinary ability or eloquence, than for long and continuous service in the Senate, unwavering adherence to his party through all its vicissitudes, tireless industry, and, perhaps, invincible pertinacity in debate. He was born in Orange County, North Carolina, March 14th, 1782, in the same year with Calhoun and Webster. His father dying while he was young, his

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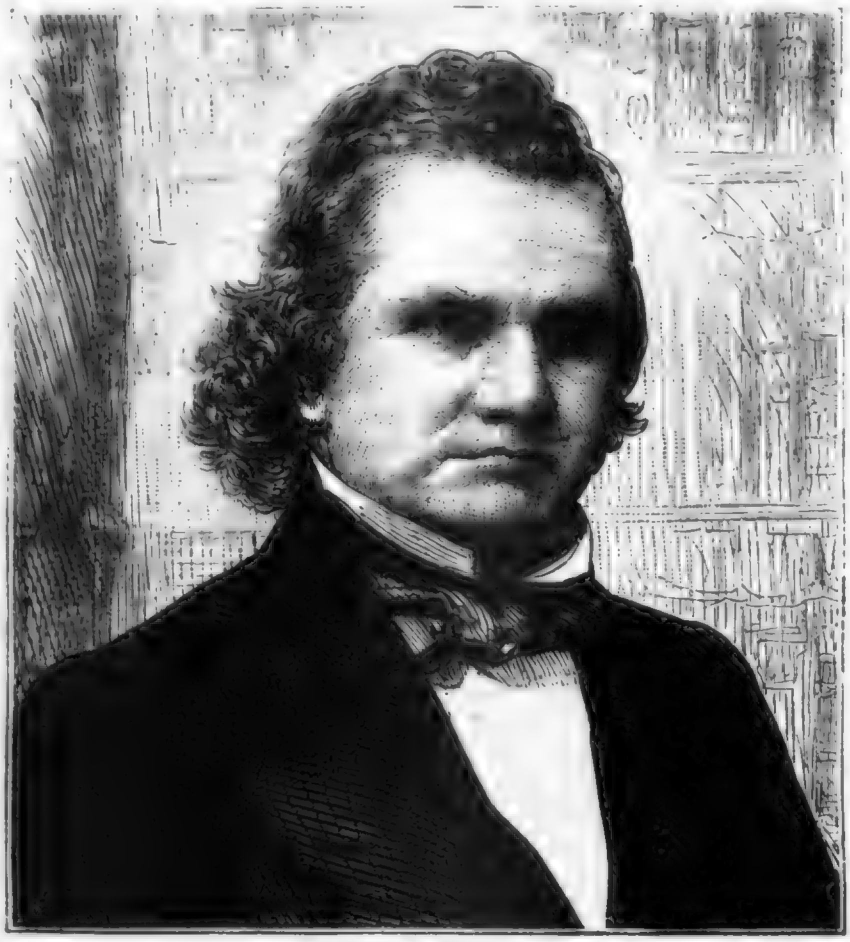
mother removed to Tennessee, where he began to study law. He entered the army as a volunteer in the War of 1812, rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, served as aide-de-camp to Jackson, with whom he subsequently had a personal rencontre, and for some years they were bitter enemies; though afterward Benton came to be his devoted adherent and eulogist.

In 1815 Benton took up his residence in St. Louis, where he established a political newspaper; and in 1820 was elected to the Senate of the United States, and was re-elected for each successive term until 1850; thus serving for thirty successive years. During all this time there was scarcely an important debate in which he failed to take a share, nor a single party measure which he did not support. For thirty years the politics of Missouri were in his hands as absolutely as those of South Carolina were in the hands of Calhoun; and he finally lost his seat in the Senate through a chance combination of most heterogeneous elements formed against him.



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Perhaps the most striking proof of his absolute fealty to the Democratic party is, that in the canvass of 1856, he vehemently opposed the election of Fremont, his favorite son-in law, to the Presidency. While still a Senator, he set about a political history of the times in which he had played a prominent part. In 1854, on the completion of his "Thirty Years' View of the Workings of our Government," he began a still more arduous labor: an "Abridgment of the Debates in Congress, from 1789 downward." He hoped to bring this down to at least as far as 1856, and actually completed sixteen large volumes, coming down to the great debates of 1850, in which himself, Clay, Webster, and Seward had taken prominent parts.

But his physical strength failed him, and the last pages were dictated to an amanuensis, when he had lost the power of speaking except in a whisper. These two works are of priceless value to the student of our political history. Benton died at Washington, April 10th, 1858.

We pass in hasty summary over a few salient points in the political career of Calhoun and Clay, subsequent to the changes in their positions after the first election of Jackson. A great change had already begun in Calhoun's views upon the whole theory of government, growing out of his intense devotion to the interests of his own section, and especially of his own State. A protective tariff, which he had heretofore favored, now seemed to him to operate injuriously upon the South, and perceiving that the abolition of such a tariff was not at present to be looked for from the National Government, he cast about for some other recourse; and found it in the doctrine that every State had the right, in its sovereign capacity, to prevent within her own limits the execution of any laws which she deemed unconstitutional. This theory was advanced by him as early as 1828, in a paper which, without its authorship being announced, served as the basis of what came to be known as "the South Carolina Exposition." This doctrine of Nullification was brought forward in the Senate by Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, and gave rise to the famous debate between him and Webster. Hayne resigned his seat, and Calhoun, having resigned the Vice-Presidency, was elected in his place in 1832. He was frequently found acting in concert with Clay and Webster in opposition to the Administration of Jackson, which he averred had become so corrupt that any hope of reform was wholly out of the question. He had, he said, "voluntarily placed himself in the small minority to which he belonged, in order to serve the State of South Carolina, and would not turn on his heel to be placed at the head of the Government." His personal hostility to Jackson cropped out at every turn. He voted against Benton's motion for expunging the resolution of censure passed upon Jackson for removing the deposits from the United States Bank, and against the confirmation of Mr. Taney as Secretary of of the Treasury. He had already, as Vice-President, given his casting vote against the nomination of Van Buren as Minister to Great Britain. For a time he was generally, though improperly, classed as a Whig. He remained in the Senate until 1843; and having, in the meanwhile, become reconciled with the Democrats, was spoken of as a candidate for the Presidency. In 1844, Tyler, who had been elected as a Whig, went practically over to the Democrats, and appointed Calhoun Secretary of State. He expected to have been retained in this position in the Administration of Polk, and declined the post of Minister to Great Britain, which was offered him instead. A vacancy was again made for him in the Senate, where he took his place, retaining it until his death. He was especially earnest in opposing any measure in any way injurious to the institution of slavery, fully abandoning the theory which he had formerly held, that Congress had the constitutional power of passing laws restricting slaveholding in the Territories; and frankly acknowledging that the Missouri Compromise was an error, restricting, as it did, the constitutional rights of the South. His views on this subject grew more and more decided as the feeling against the extension of slavery developed itself. He opposed the extension of the Ordinance of 1787 to the Territory of Oregon, and maintained that the establishment of the Constitution of the United

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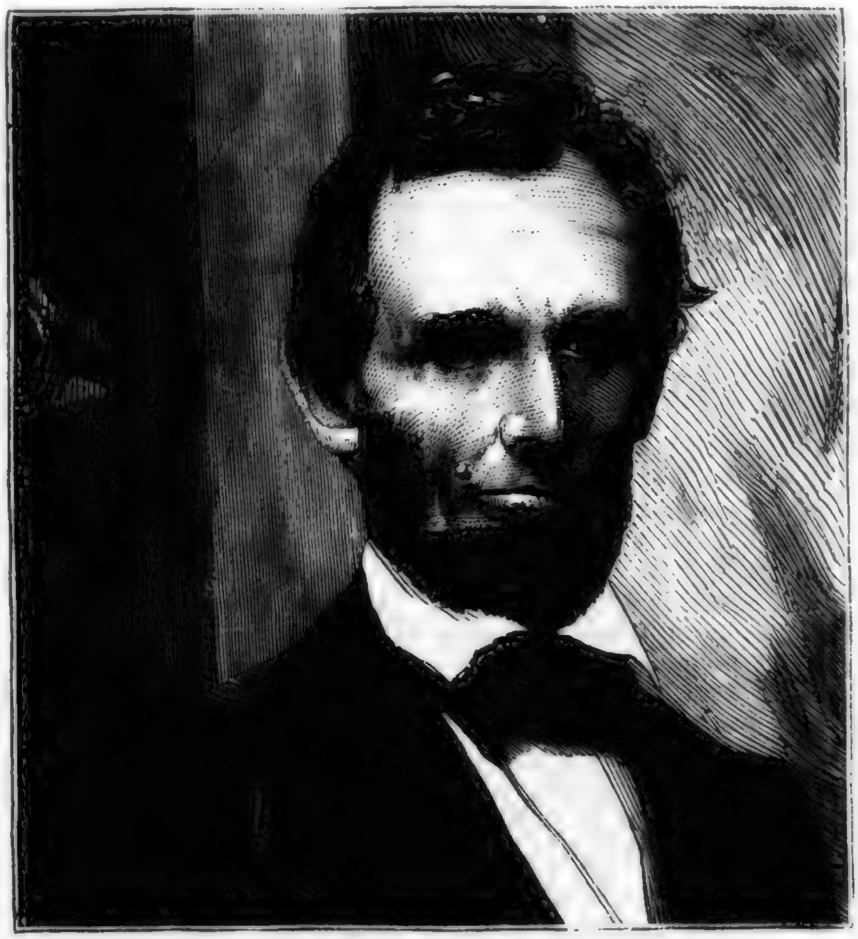
States over the territories acquired from Mexico was of itself an abrogation of the Mexican law prohibiting slavery there. In spite of failing health, he was earnest in urging forward a thorough political union in the entire South. His last political effort was the preparation of an elaborate speech, which, he being too feeble to deliver, was read by another, on March 4th, 1850. The continual agitation of the slavery question, he said, would result in the dissolution of the Union, which was already in imminent peril; while a long series of measures had resulted in changing the National Government from a Federal Republic into a consolidated Democracy ; a wrong which could only be remedied by a vital change in the Constitution. What this change was, he did not specify ; but it was probably one suggested in his posthumous work on "The Constitutional Government of the United States," to the effect that there should be two Presidents, one chosen by the free and the other from the slaveholding States, both of whom must approve of any bill before it could become a law. Ten days afterward Mr. Cass, in replying to this speech, asked some questions. Calhoun rose to answer them, but fell back into his seat. He was borne to his bed, from which he never rose, although he lived three weeks longer, dying March 31st, 1850. Apart from his early brilliant career, to Calhoun belongs whatever praise or blame may be awarded to the founder and creator of that party which, ten years after, undertook to carry out his theories to their logical result, and strove so stoutly for the dismemberment of the Union. For the rest, among all the great men of whom we have spoken or are yet to speak, Calhoun stands among the foremost for blameless purity of life, rectitude of purpose and firmness of conviction.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Clay, five years the senior of Calhoun, his early colleague and later opponent at almost all points, survived him not quite twenty months. The failure to gain for him the nomination in 1848 put an end to all likelihood that he could ever become President of the United States ; but he was in that year chosen Senator from Kentucky, and he took his seat just forty-three years after his first appearance in that body. In 1849 the constitution of Kentucky was remodeled, and Clay urged the insertion of a provision for the gradual extinction of slavery ; but the suggestion was rejected, as one of like import had been rejected half a century before. In 1851 his health began to fail, and he gradually declined until his death, June 29th, 1852. Besides his strictly party services, he had taken a leading part in all the great national "compromises" between the different sections of the Union : the Missouri Compromise of 1821 ; the Tariff Compromise of 1833 ; and the Slavery Compromise of 1850. Ambitious he certainly was ; but his ambition was of a noble sort ; and it was gratified in all save that of attaining its highest and ultimate end, the Presidency. In certain attributes of a great party leader, he exceeded either of his contemporaries or either of those who preceded or followed him. No one of them was his match in brilliant eloquence, in dexterity as the leader of a deliberative assembly, or in the enthusiastic personal attachment with which he inspired his followers. Strong men wept like children as once and again his highest ambition failed to attain its goal.

The three great party leaders, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, died within a single two years. We now pass more briefly to the three others whose national career began just as theirs was closing.

William H. Seward was born at Florida, Orange County, N. Y., May 16th, 1801. His father was at once farmer, trader, physician, local politician, and judge. The son, after a usual common-school and academic education, entered Union College in 1816. But before his senior year had closed, a dispute occurred between him and his not over-indulgent father. He had outrun his rather scanty allowance, and contracted a tailor's bill of a hundred dollars, which his father refused to pay. In a boyish freak he ran away from college, and made his way to Georgia, where he engaged as principal of an academy. In a few weeks his father learned of his whereabouts, and sent a message to the trustees, forbidding them, under penalty of the law, from harboring the runaway minor—a message which they disregarded. A kind of reconciliation took place between father and son, and at the close of six months he returned to his home, entered upon the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1822. Two years afterward he resolved to go westward in search of a favorable field for practice. He happened to stop at the village of Auburn to call upon a former schoolmate of his sister, the daughter of a leading lawyer. The old man took a fancy to the young one, made him his legal partner, and soon gave him his daughter in marriage. Seward prospered in his profession and began to take part in local politics, in favor of the National Republican party. When the Anti-Masonic excitement broke out in Western New York, he allied himself with the new party, and was elected to the State Senate. In 1834 he was the unsuccessful candidate of the Whig party for Governor ; but was successful in 1838, and again in 1840. At the close of his second term, in 1842, he resumed the practice of his profession, supporting Clay for the Presidency in 1844, and in

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1848 acquiescing in the nomination of Taylor as the most available candidate. In 1849 he was elected to the United States Senate, and soon came to be accepted as the leading man of the Whig Senators, then in an apparently hopeless minority. But, owing to the suavity of his manners and to his utter disregard of all the diatribes hurled against him, he acquired a personal influence greater than that of any other Senator. He never frittered away his influence in mere parliamentary skirmishing or in mere personal debate; reserving himself for great occasions. He indeed spoke often and long, but only after careful preparation.

When the Whig party went to pieces, and the new Republican party developed itself, Seward took a prominent part in its organization, and was looked upon as its representative man. At the commencement of the canvass of 1860, few doubted that he would be the Republican nominee for President. In the Chicago Convention, his votes on the first ballots stood highest; but it soon appeared that he could not secure a majority of the whole, and the nomination was accorded to Lincoln; who, with rare appreciation of the demands of the time, appointed his leading competitor to the highest position in the Cabinet. Of the services of Seward as Secretary of State during the Civil War we shall not here speak. Lincoln reappointed him at the commencement of his second term. When the President was assassinated on the night of April 14th, 1865, an accomplice of the murderer made his way into the chamber where Seward was lying; his jaw having been fractured by his having been thrown from his carriage. He received several severe wounds, which, in his enfeebled condition, threatened a fatal result, and his recovery was slow and painful.

He retained his place in the Cabinet of Johnson. The restoration policy adopted by the new President was opposed by the leaders of the Republican party, to whom he soon came to be personally obnoxious. The mutual dissatisfaction grew into an open breach, and Seward came in for a full share of the odium into which the President fell. His career as a party leader was at an end. His health gave way, domestic sorrows closed in upon him, and after making a tour of a year around the world, he returned to his home at Auburn, where he died, October 10th, 1872. Public feeling, in respect to him, has even now righted itself; and while all men give full credit to his purity of purpose throughout, there are not a few, even of those who, at the time, set themselves against the restoration policy which he advocated, who have come to the conclusion that it was, in the main, a just and right policy.

When Seward took his place in the Senate, he found there a man twelve years his junior, who had already given proof of abilities of no common order. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS was born at Brandon, Vt., April 23d, 1813. His father, a village doctor, died while the son was an infant, and his widowed mother and himself found a home on the farm of a kinsman. The boy was in time apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, but his feeble constitution compelled him to leave his apprenticeship, and he was placed in the village academy. His mother married again and removed to Western New York, and her son was placed in an academy at Canandaigua. In 1833, when he was twenty years of age, he left home for what was then the Far West, hoping to find employment as a teacher. He was then a slender youth, scarcely reaching the average stature of a woman. By the time he had reached Winchester, Ill., his scanty funds were reduced to less than half a dollar. An auction was going on, and he was engaged to keep account of the sales, and received $6 for three days' work. But in the meantime he had made himself so popular, that, when he proposed to open a school, forty pupils were at once secured. He taught by day, read borrowed law-books at night, and within a year was admitted to practice; and in another year was elected by the Legislature Attorney-General of the State. In 1837 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress on the Democratic ticket, being defeated only by a majority of five votes. He held several State offices until 1842, when he was returned to the House of Representatives, and was re-elected in 1844 and 1846; but before taking his seat at the last term, he was chosen to the Senate, his term commencing in March, 1847. He showed himself the most adroit debater in the Senate, and before 1852 was recognized as among the leaders of the party. In that year he was a leading candidate for the Presidency; but by way of compromise between various sections of the party, Mr. Pierce was selected for the nomination.

The question of slavery soon grew to be the absorbing one, and Douglas believed that it was his mission to settle it on an enduring basis. In 1856 he put forth his scheme in an elaborate paper on "The Dividing Line between State and Federal Authority"; the essential points being that "every distinct political community in the Union is entitled to all the rights of self-government in respect to local concerns and internal polity; that a Territory, when legally organized, is such a distinct political community; that slavery is a purely local institution not prohibited by the Constitution; and that, by consequence, every Territory, as well as every State, has the sole right to legislate in respect to slavery within its own limits."

The majority of the Northern Democracy were willing to accept this theory, and had, indeed, sanctioned its cardinal principle in passing the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, introduced by Douglas, which virtually repealed the Missouri Compromise and the Compromise of 1850. The Southern Democracy, which had come virtually to include the entire South, would not assent to the principle that a Territorial Legislature might exclude slavery, or in any way impair the rights of slaveholders to take their slaves into a Territory and hold them there.

Upon this theory as a platform, Douglas became a candidate for the Presidency in the Democratic Convention at Charleston. He received more than half the entire vote of the delegation, but still lacked 50 of the 202 votes required by the established two-thirds rule of the party. The Convention separated without making a nomination, and in the end two so-called National Democratic Conventions were held, one nominating Mr. Douglas, the other presenting Mr. Breckinridge. Mr. Lincoln having been nominated by the Republicans, it seemed certain that he would carry all the free States against the divided Democracy, unless by some means votes could be withdrawn from him sufficient to prevent him from receiving the electoral majority. A temporary party was organized, which presented Mr. Bell for the Presidency. It was hoped that the election might at least be thrown into the House, where it was confidently assumed that Lincoln could not in any case receive a clear majority of the States.

This promising scheme worked ill for its projectors. Lincoln received 180 votes, being all from the free States except three from New Jersey. Breckinridge had 72; Bell 39, and Douglas only 12. But the popular vote showed a very different state of public feeling. Lincoln's vote was about 1,850,000; that for Douglas, 1,360,000; for Breckinridge, 870,000; for Bell, only 590,000.

When the secession consequent upon the election of Lincoln broke out, Douglas retained his position in the Senate as the acknowledged representative of more than half of his party, who, while opposed to the Republicans, were still more opposed to secession. When all hope of averting the Civil War had disappeared, he took a firm stand for the

Union, defending the line of policy indicated by Lincoln in his inaugural address. His last public act was to dictate from his sick-bed a letter to the chairman of the Democratic Convention of his own State, explaining and defending the course upon which he had determined. From that sick-bed he never rose, but died, June 3d, 1861, at the age of forty-eight, in the very prime of manhood, and when a political career seemed opening before him nobler than that which has been presented to any American, saving only Washington. Had he lived four years longer he could by no conceivable probability have failed to have been Vice-President at Lincoln's second election; and then, at Lincoln's death, the Presidency would have devolved upon him. With Douglas instead of Johnson at the head of affairs, the political history of the restored Union must have taken a shape quite different from that which it assumed.

Abraham Lincoln, who closes our list of Great Party Leaders, was born in what is now Larue County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His father emigrated from Virginia, and the early years of the son were spent in the hard work of clearing his father's farm, and he never received more than a single year's schooling. He grew up noted for his great strength and lofty, though awkward, stature; before he had reached manhood he had attained his full height of six feet and four inches. At eighteen we find him a boatman on the Mississippi; then a clerk in a country store; then a private and afterward captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk Indian war; and subsequently a land-surveyor. He began the study of law at thirty, was in a few months admitted to practice, and soon made his mark as a jury lawyer. In 1834 he was elected as a Whig to the State Legislature, and was twice re-elected. In 1846 he was chosen to Congress, being the only Whig member from his State. Declining another re-election, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Senator. He had always opposed the extension of slavery beyond its existing limits, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise brought him forward as an opponent of Douglas and his famous theory of Popular Sovereignty. In 1858 he was a candidate for the Senate in opposition to Douglas, whose term was about to expire. The two candidates personally canvassed the State together, and the speeches of Lincoln first brought him into prominence before the country at large. Lincoln received the larger number of the actual votes of the people, but owing to the manner in which the Legislative districts were arranged, Douglas was elected. In a few months they came to be the leading candidates for the Presidency.

We do not propose, in this place, even to touch upon the events of the great Civil War; nor upon the wise and patient course of Lincoln during its continuance; nor upon the kindly and magnanimous policy which he had marked out, when the issue had come to be no longer a doubtful one. In his view it was not a war for the destruction of slavery, but for the maintenance of the Union. In the very agony of the struggle, he had written: "My object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. If I could do it by freeing some and leaving the others alone, I would also do that." In his second Inaugural, pronounced when all men saw that the beginning of the end of the armed conflict was at hand, he foreshadows what he deemed the work yet remaining to be accomplished: Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. . . . With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

With abounding nobleness toward all, and no malice even toward those who must accept rather than offer terms, we cannot doubt that, when the Confederate forces had laid down their arms, and were ready to accept the issues which the war had brought or involved, Lincoln held a position in which he could, at the outset, have brought about a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and so have not merely bound up, but have speedily healed, the nation's wounds. But it was not so to be. In a brief space, the pistol of an assassin brought to an end a life upon which so much was depending. He died on the 15th of April, 1865. His short, prominent public career was but a continuation and sequence of the more private one which had won for him the title of "the honest." In the four years and seven weeks of his Presidency, he had won the right to claim a place among the foremost of "Our Great Party Leaders."

CAPTAIN HODSON ARRESTING THE KING OF DELHI.

It has been deemed questionable whether the disaffection excited by the two royal families of Oude and Delhi, or even the vague discontent of the native troops, would have culminated in a revolt of the whole army, with its attendant atrocities, but for the very unexpected incident of the greased cartridges, which caused a most opportune and justifiable source for complaint against the British Government. The greased cartridges lighted the smoldering flame of rebellion, sending the ghastly cry of vengeance far and wide over the sun-baked plains of India.

Toward the close of 1856, it had been determined to replace the old infantry musket, "the Brown Bess," by an improved fire-arm, "the Enfield Rifle." Early in January, 1857, when the manufacture of those cartridges (which had to be torn by the fingers, or bitten), was proceeding briskly at a place called Dumdum, six miles northwest of Calcutta, in the artillery arsenal, a *classie*, or low caste workman, asked a soldier of the 2d Grenadiers—a high class Brahmin—for a drink of water from his *lotah*, or drinking vessel. The grenadier declined, on the plea that the vessel would be defiled.

"You think too much of your caste," said the *classie*; "but wait a little; the *sahib logue* (white gentleman) will soon make high and low caste on an equality; as cartridges smeared with beef fat and hog's lard are being made up in the magazine, which all Sepoys will be compelled to use."

The mention of the two kinds of fat was most effective, one being the abomination of the Hindoos, the other of the Mohammedans. The story spread like wildfire, and the sequel was not far off.

On the 25th of February, 1857, the Thirty-fourth Regiment of Native Infantry mustered at Berhampore, 116 miles north of Calcutta, where one Mungal Pandy cut down his officer. Pandy was hanged, and for a while reigned a temporary but a treacherous quiet.

On the 2d of May the Seventh Oude Irregular Cavalry, then cantoned about seven miles from Lucknow, when ordered to bite the new cartridge, sternly refused. On the 9th, 85 malcontents were brought to trial, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor. On the following evening, while the Europeans were at church, the men of the Eleventh and Twentieth Bengal Native Infantry openly revolted. The European officers rushed to the spot, in the hope of pacifying them. One of the first who arrived was Colonel Finnis (brother of the then Lord Mayor of London), who was shot in the back while in the act of haranguing the

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Twentieth. Choking with blood, he fell from his horse and was hewn in pieces.

The work of slaughter was now fairly inaugurated. The European bungalows were sacked and given to the flames; the Christians were all massacred, without regard to sex or age; women were foully outraged, and children shot down in a ghastly spirit of devilish revelry; while the mutineers, flushed with their terrible success, set off *en masse* forDelhi, where a sure welcome awaited them.

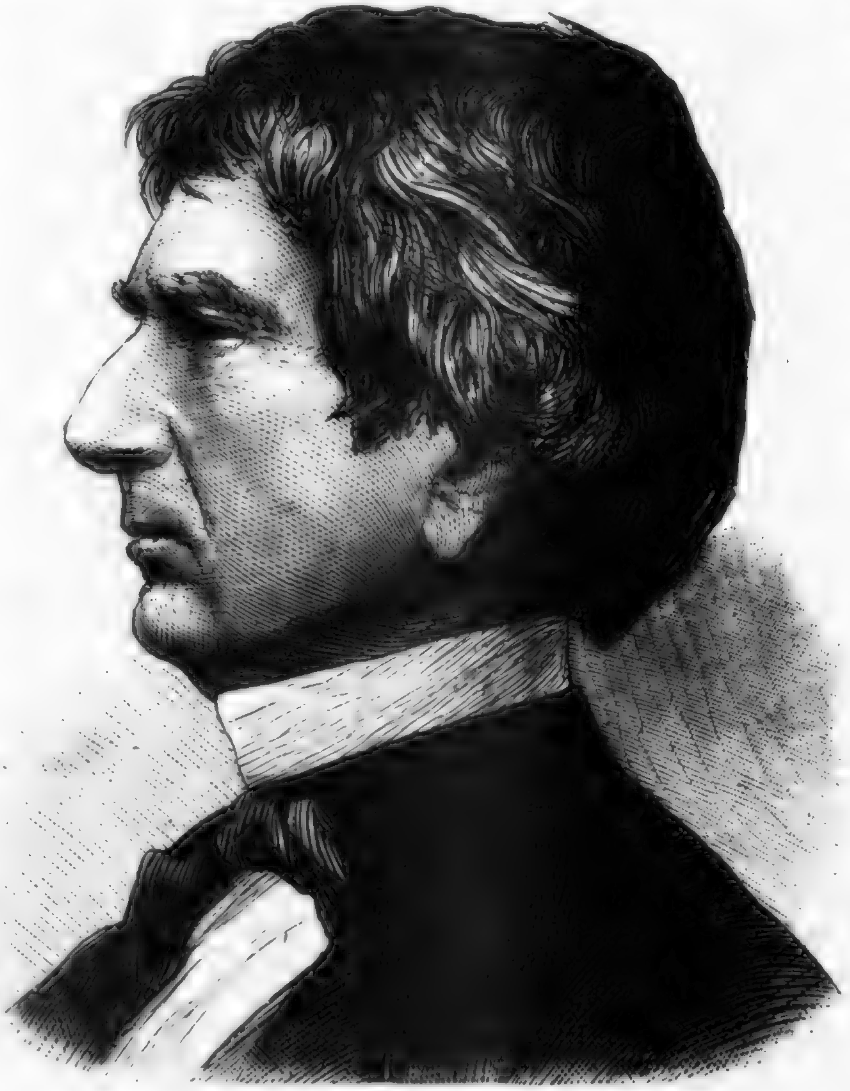
The three native British regiments in Delhi fraternized with the mutineers, and a fearful slaughter of European residents took place. Two British officers defended the great magazine, and ultimately blew it up, committing ghastly havoc. The mutiny in the city assumed the form and magnitude of an organized rebellion; and the King invested himself with the sovereignty of India. An old silver throne was brought into the marble hall of audience. On this he took his seat, under a salute of twenty-one guns, and received public homage as the heir of the Mogul. His first act was to cause the massacre of all the women and young girls who had fled to the palace for protection. under circumstances of peculiar horror. The Punjaub swam in blood. In the Doab, the mutiny was everywhere successful. In Oude the carnage was horrible; and then came the siege of Lucknow, followed by the massacres at Cawnpore.

One of the primary objects of the British Government was the recovery of Delhi, and all available troops were hurried on in order to wrench this important strategical point from the hands of the mutineers.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September, the assault was delivered upon four points, and seldom had assaulting troops such terrible impulses to inspire them as those of the four columns that hurled their strength on Delhi now. No danger daunted, no obstacle remained unsurmounted by them; and if daring can win glory, then glory was won there. Inch by inch was the ground contested, the combatants on both sides fighting like demons; and it was not until the 19th that Delhi was won.

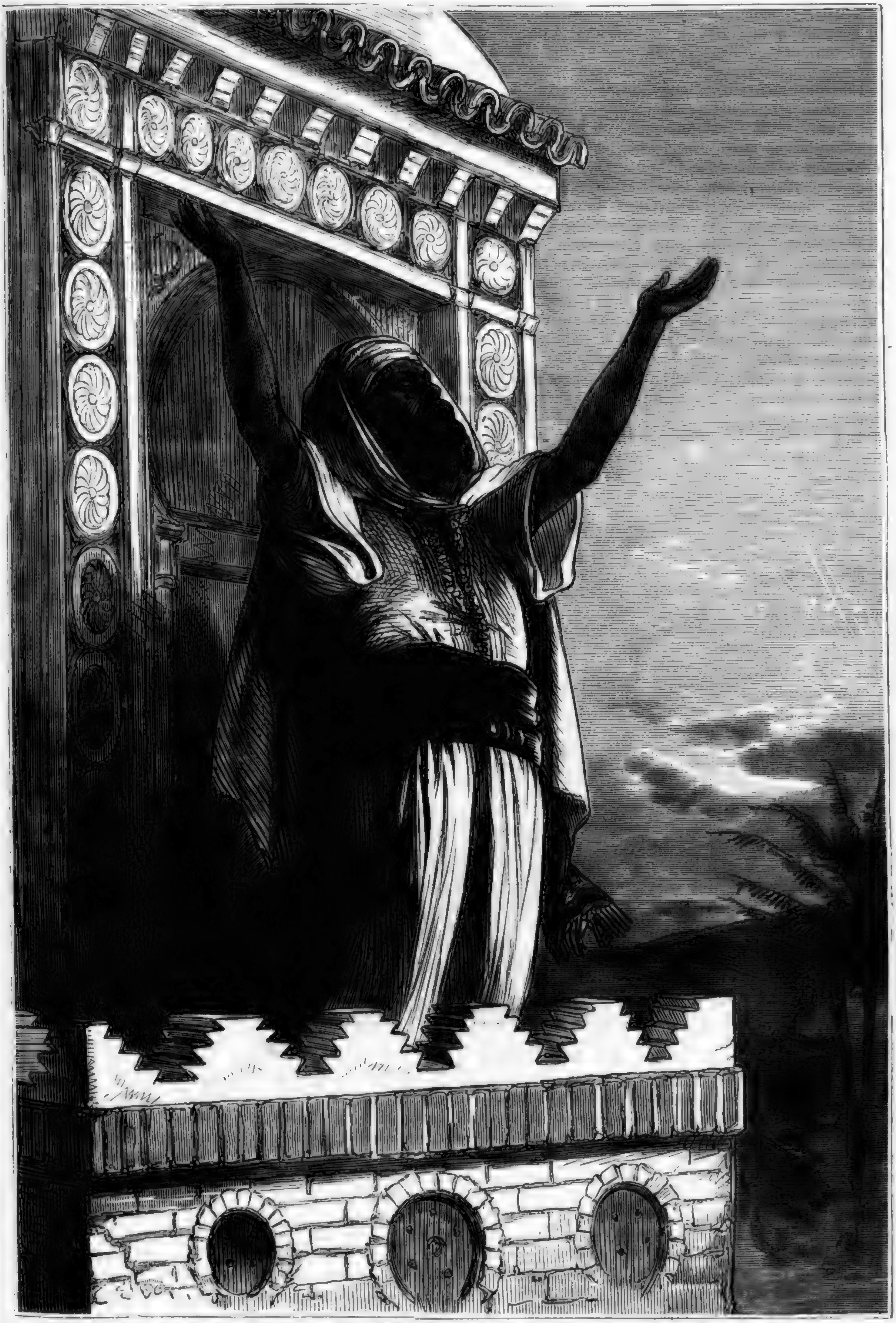
On the 21st, the intrepid Captain Hodson, ascertaining that the King had fled to that wonderful pile, the tomb of Houmayoun, a few miles southward of the city, galloped thither at the head of fifty horse. Dismounting, and followed by a trusty trooper, he dashed into an open court, where he suddenly encountered the King, with his favorite wife Zeenat Mahal, who had been a chief instrument in the revolt. Every second lost meant his heart's blood. and Hodson lost not a second. Rushing up to the King, who attempted to draw his jeweled *tulwaur*, he seized him by a golden chain that hung around his neck, and, presenting a revolver at his head, ordered him to mount in silence, threatening to pull the trigger upon the faintest sound. The trooper, following Hodson's example, captured Zeenat Mahal, and the two were brought back to the palace, where they were detained as prisoners.

Next day this fiery and indefatigable officer went in search of the two sons and grandsons of the King—the chief inciters of the Delhi atrocities—who were concealed in the tomb, and surrounded by a multitude of armed scoundrels from the city. The time was not one for hesitation or delay; so the fearless Hodson, with his own pistols, shot the princes dead upon the spot, and had their bodies hanged up in the Kotwallee, or Mayor's court. Several months after the King was tried and found guilty of the massacres of the British in Delhi. Lord Canning spared his forfeited life, but sentenced him to be transported to Burmah; and thus ended the royal line of Delhi, 332 years after its ascent to the Mogul throne.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

The origin of printed ballots in Massachusetts was in this wise: Prior to 1830, written ballots were required by the Constitution of that State. The House of Representatives of Massachusetts consisted at that time of seven hundred and twenty members, the city of Boston sending seventy-two to that unwieldy body; therefore the writing of so many names upon a ballot was a laborious affair. On the 11th of May, 1829, David Henshaw tendered at the polls of Ward 7 a printed ballot, which the warden refused to receive. A suit was begun by Mr. Henshaw against the warden, Samuel H. Forster, to test the validity of this description of ballot. They had been in use in the State of New York, where they were found to be very convenient. It was carried up to the Supreme Court, and at the March Term, 1830, Chief-Justice Parker announced the decision of the Court—that printed ballots were legal, within the requirements of the Constitution.



THE "DERDBAH"; OR, WHAT I SAW AT ALGIERS.—THE DAY HAD VANISHED, AND THE WHITE, PHANTOM-LIKE FORMS THAT CROWDED THE TERRACE WERE INDISTINCTLY VISIBLE. SLOWLY THE VOICE OF THE CHEK-DBAH WAS RAISED IN PRAYER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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THE "DERBDAH"; OR, WHAT I SAW AT ALGIERS.

I doubt if any metropolis in the world possesses a more heterogeneous population, or more variegated costumes, than the Moorish city of Algiers, which is charmingly situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, and which I visited in the Winter of 1867.

On certain days that public rendezvous known as La Place du Gouvernement resembles a vast ethnological museum, or international congress, where it would seem as if all the nations of the earth were represented.

French, English, Americans, Minorcans, Arabs, Italians, Maltese, Moors, Jews, Abyssinians, and Egyptians, form a gathering where the languages spoken are as dissimilar as the habiliments worn; where the Arab's snow-white "burnous" floats beside the red "culotte" of the French soldier; where the Turk's fez says good-morning to the more civilized but less romantic beaver; and where embroidered or gilded slippers fraternize with high top-boots *à l'espies.*

Among these many races are an inoffensive, quiet, and retiring people, existing almost in the state of a secret society. I refer to the negroes. They do not form a numerous body in Algiers, and for the most part are engaged in employments of minor importance.

Some are street-sweepers or grooms. Others are porters, and may be seen carrying enormous loads on their heads with as much patience as would an ox; and it is, without doubt, through a sentiment of fraternity that they show themselves kinder toward beasts of burden than do the Arabs and Jews. Others, again, weave mats with a straw called "alfa," or make baskets with the ends of reeds and short pieces of dyed yarn, which, though somewhat heavy, are gotten up with considerable taste and originality.

They are of an even disposition, and, amongst themselves, are at times of almost childish gayety; their laugh being almost Homeric; for, at such moments, their wide mouths, their open nostrils, their large ears (that stand out so conspicuously from their woolly heads), and, in fact, every feature or part of their sable faces, seem to dilate and brighten with hilarity.

The negro women may be divided into three classes—viz., servants, bath-women, and bread-sellers. These last are the most numerous, and in the Moorish part of the city they may be seen seated at the street-corners, before a pile of dirty loaves they offer for sale to passers-by. They are clad from head to foot in an ample blue "kaik," which serves rather to disclose than to vail the almost immodest voluptuousness of their forms, and which being usually negligently opened on the breast, permit all indiscreet eyes to behold their charms, which vary in color, from light-brown to ebony-black, and in shape from a cucumber to a watermelon.

The cheeks of the more aged have been branded by a hot iron—marks of the masters by whom they were owned previous to the conquest of their country by the French.

It was a matter of some surprise to me how those good people were able to gain their livelihood by their modest professions; but a good negro who sold pipes on the Place (with whom I frequently chatted in French), explained to me that I was in error, and that the business of bread-selling was very remunerative; and, moreover, that most of the women thus occupied were also "Ahrifa."

"What are Ahrifa?" I enquired.

He replied that it was not easy to explain, but promised to conduct me under his especial patronage to a *fête* which was soon to take place, and which would satisfy my curiosity.

I had read (I don't remember where) that the Ahrifa formed a sect, or female corporation, which exists along the entire littoral of Northern Africa, and that there are among them certain strange practices, which cause them to be looked upon by the natives with a sort of veneration mingled with terror.

In Morocco, for example, where in legal matters no man has a right to put his hand upon the other sex, it is still at the present day the Ahrifa who are empowered to arrest culpable females, to imprison, to torture, and to execute them.

Since the conquest of Algiers, by the French, the Ahrifa have forfeited the right of executing, but are still permitted to play the parts of sibyls, and to practice medicine, which they do in a way something similar to our Indians of the West. They are much consulted by the Arabs, and pretend to be able to cure most diseases by their secrets, amulets and herbs.

Fever and nervous derangements, which are very common in these hot countries, are treated by them with much success. Should the patient's condition be critical, in addition to their medical remedies, they usually have recourse to certain religious ceremonies in honor of Sidi-Blen, who is the great "Marabout" of the negroes, and to whom they hold themselves indebted for their marvelous skill in healing.

These ceremonies, or *fêtes*, are called by them "Derdbah," and it was only through the kindness of my old negro friend that I enjoyed the privilege of being present at one of them.

They are usually celebrated in some ancient Moorish dwelling, the proprietor of which feels, of course, highly gratified and flattered by the honor conferred upon him by the selection of his house, upon which it is believed that the "Marabout" will shower down innumerable blessings.

The habitations are usually entered by a low door, from which a narrow passage leads to a small square court (very similar to the "atrium" of the Roman houses I have seen at Pompeii and Herculaneum), which gives access into little, windowless, white-washed rooms. Slight but elegant columns sustain a circular gallery which forms the first story, and which contains rooms similar to those on the ground floor. The whole is covered with a flat terrace or roof, whilst a few mats on the floors, an old chest in the corner, a brasier containing fire, and earthen vessels, constitute the household furniture.

It was into a house of this description that I was somewhat mysteriously introduced, for Europeans are only admitted by special favor to this *fête*, their presence being considered a sort of profanation.

But a golden key opens all doors, and with a small donation, all difficulties were surmounted, and, installing myself in a retired corner of the court, where I was comparatively unobserved, I determined to allow no detail of the ceremony to pass unnoticed.

I felt much surprised and dazzled as I gazed about me. To the right, to the left, on the ground, on carpeted staircases, and, in short, everywhere, negro women were grouped in attitudes almost "Etruscan." They were no longer dressed in their primitive garments, but in costumes of as brilliant and varied hues as were ever seen in the plumage of a parrot.

The Moors and Arabs possess excellent taste in harmonizing and blending colors, but the blacks, on the contrary, delight in the most extravagant contrasts, and will intermingle indigo-blue, canary-yellow, apple-green, and cherry-red, in a manner that would amaze a Parisienne dressmaker.

None of their extravagant eccentricities of taste had been forgotten on that occasion, and nothing could be more singular than to behold those many beings, clothed in brocades and stuffs of the most varied and brilliant hues, with a stygian-like grin on their sable faces. If, however, there was a total absence of taste in their gaudy toilets, they were not wanting in richness. Silks, satins, Oriental tissues, gold, jewels, and glass finery, were prodigally displayed. It struck me as somewhat singular that those elegants were able to adorn themselves so luxuriously by selling loaves of bread at the street corners, or even by curing fevers; but I was afterward informed that they economize cent by cent during the greater part of their lives, in order to purchase a new ornament for their *toilette de fête*, and I remarked that the richest costumes were worn by the oldest and most wrinkled. Where does vanity not build her nest!

Leaning upon the balustrade of the terrace, a number of Moorish women gazed from behind their vails upon that strange assembly. Their large, languishing eyes, blackened with koheul, contrasted strikingly with their pale complexions, and sparkled with intelligence and gayety. They occasionally elbowed each other, and conversed in low whispers, and I felt certain that they were not paying compliments to those of whom they conversed.

I was regretting the impossibility of making myself acquainted with their remarks, when suddenly a tremendous noise broke in like a clap of thunder on my meditations. I thought the house was falling down, and started instinctively toward the door.

But there was no cause for alarm; it was only the orchestra striking up, and what an orchestra! One composed exclusively of drums, so that the musical rhythm depended entirely upon the rapidity or force with which they were beaten. Drums are said to have been invented by the Moors, and being unacquainted with any other musical instrument, they have done their utmost to perfect it, and it is incredible what a variety of kinds they have produced, from the diminutive "derbouka," made of baked clay, to the gigantic "tebbelt," hollowed out of a tree-trunk.

I have heard much of drums in times of peace, and in times of war, both in the Old World and the New, but never had I listened to such a cacophony before. Imagine, dear reader, a tournament between all the large bass-drums and all the frying-pans in Christendom, and you will have a faint perception of that frantic hubbub.

Near by, about twenty blacks, armed with heavy sticks, which were crooked at the ends, were pounding away with might and main on "tebbelts" of different sizes; and among them I perceived my negro protector, seated cross-legged before a tambourine of small dimensions, beating away as seriously as would a mechanical rabbit, whilst all the spectators were clacking between their fingers large quadruple castanets, called "krakel."

The *fête* commenced. An Ahrifa woman rose up, walked slowly to the centre of the court, and saluted those present by making a low bow, and crossing her hands upon the ground. She was dressed in a gaudy skirt or "soutah," that fitted tightly about her haunches, and which was relieved in front by a rich brocade scarf. Underneath a transparent muslin waist was visible a pair of gilded corsets, which half concealed her naked breasts. Two "foulards," one of green, and the other of scarlet, were passed under her chin, and tied behind her head, which was decorated with ostrich plumes and a crown of jasmine blossoms. Hollow silver rings (filled with small pieces of metal, so as to produce a jingling sound) were suspended to her ears, wrists and ankles; whilst an ample vail draped her shoulders, and completed her costume.

What her age might have been I can't say; for her flat nose, large lips and protruding eyes put at defiance all conjecture. She commenced balancing about to the right and left, casting around her most languishing glances, and was soon followed by another; and from the shouts of enthusiastic admiration, and the "hue-hue" with which she was received, I felt convinced that the Fanny Elssler of the blacks was before me.

With swinging arms, and her neck bent like that of an amorous turtle-dove, she commenced performing by the side of her companion. If the dancing of the Moorish women, with its lascivious and languishing undulations, is both graceful and piquant, that of the negroes is as grotesque as it is ungraceful. It consists of an almost continual transition from the rocking of a bear to the gambols of a monkey; and even were it not so ludicrous, it could scarcely seem otherwise in those uncouth blackamoors, decked out like masqueraders at carnival.

The throng gradually increased; Ahrifa after Ahrifa arrived, and joined in the dance; the batteries of "tebbelts" were beaten harder and quicker, and soon all were whirling and waltzing in a breathless *mêlée*. Arms flew wildly about, backs came in collision with backs, naked breasts conducted themselves in a most immodest way; and from time to time one of the sibyls would sink exhausted at the foot of a column, but being "called to time" by the unrelenting "tebbelts," the clacking of castanets, and by the cries of the spectators who were leaning over the border of the roof, she would soon rise up again on her swollen ankles, and the dance continue furiously.

I do not remember distinctly how long that state of things lasted, but, after a while my eyes became dazzled and my brain dizzy, so, when there was a momentary lull, I attempted to glide unnoticed toward the door; but my negro friend, perceiving me, bounded over his drum, and taking me by the collar, gave me to understand, in an almost menacing way, that the ceremony was not yet concluded, and that the most interesting part was about to commence,

Having come, there was no alternative but to remain; so, sinking again into my corner, I stopped up my ears with my fingers.

Silence was shortly afterward re-established, and the Ahrifa wiped the perspiration from their faces with the backs of their hands, as they slowly regained their places.

The day had vanished, and the white, phantom-like forms that crowned the terraces were indistinctly visible. Small candles, of many colors, were being lit up along the walls, revealing in their uncertain light all of those shining and excited faces, and slowly the solemn and hollow voice of Chek-Dbah was raised in prayer.

All noise and bustle had ceased, and the monotonous voice of supplication was the only sound that broke the silence.

A dozen or more of women entered, in single file, bearing in their hands small earthen pots, filled with burning cinders, plates covered with amulets, and various sorts of relics, belonging to the Ahrifa present. Forming a circle in the centre of the court, they made, collectively, a most reverential bow to Chek-Dbah, an old negro, with a white beard and bristling mustache, who put me in mind of a cat that has had his nose in the cream-jar.

Sweet-smelling incense being poured profusely upon the burning cinders, rose in vapory clouds, and the priest rising, commenced, in a nasal tone, an incantation, in which the name of "Sidi-Blen" was frequently pronounced. All of the amulets were handed to him, and after being blessed, were returned to their owners.

Then he advanced several paces, and the negro women by whom he was surrounded commenced arranging his toilet after a most singular fashion. Some crowned him with flowers; others rolled up his ample white trowsers above his

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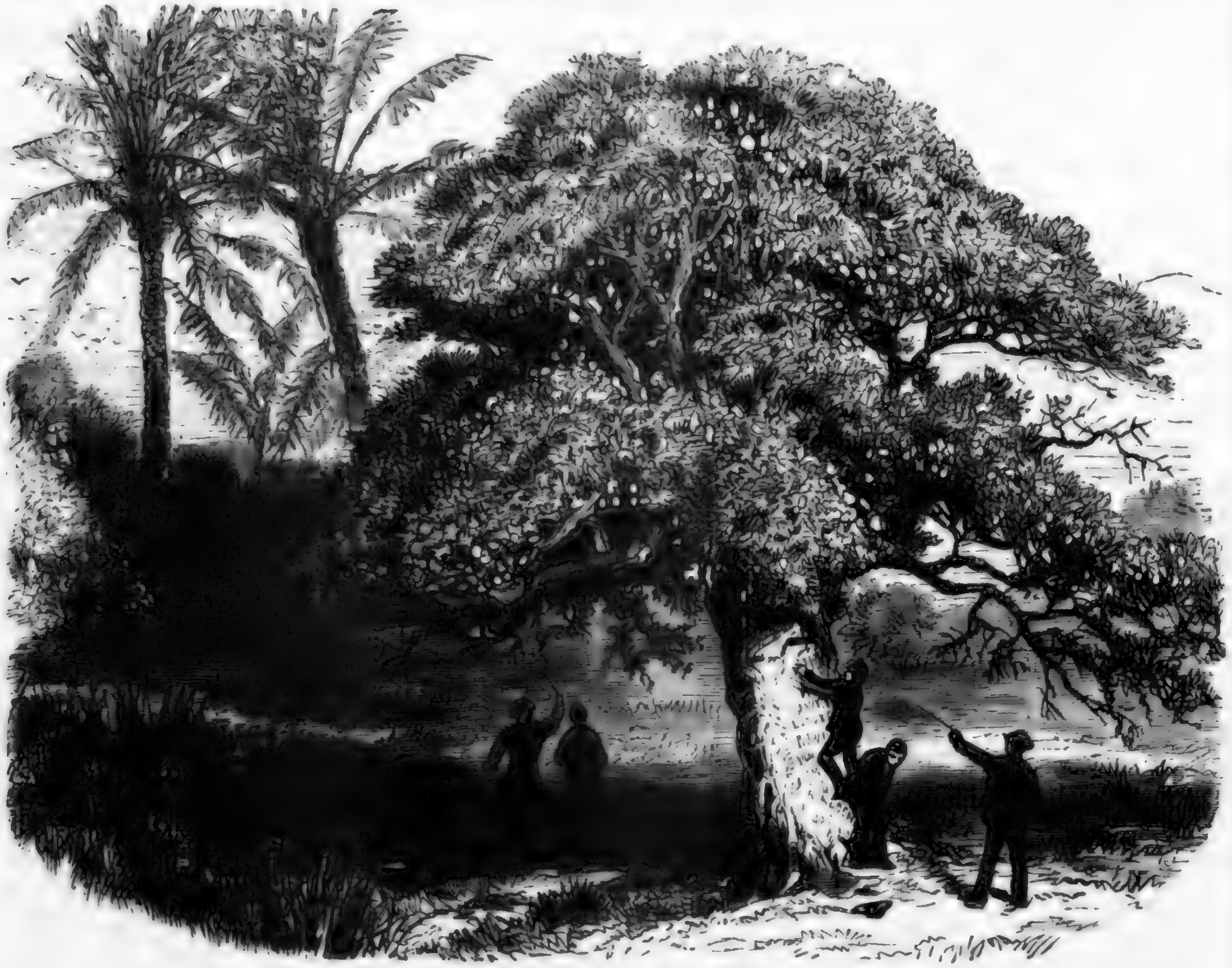


THE FIG-TREE OF PARADISE.—SEE PAGE 662.

knees. One fastened a scarf around his waist, and another tied around his neck a long, narrow apron, adorned with copper ornaments.

When thus decked out, he took from the hands of an Ahrifa two long and sharp knives, which were passed over the sacred perfuming-pots. A chicken and cock being then brought to him, he seized them by the feet with his left hand, and raised them three times above his head, as he turned his face toward Mecca (where are the remains of Mohammed), and pronounced, in a long, hoarse cry, the name of Marabout. Then, placing his foot upon the unfortunate chickens, he cut their throats, and releasing his victims, left them flapping about amidst the spectators.

I have since become acquainted with the motive of this useless cruelty. The slower the victim's death, and the more prolonged his struggles, or intense his agony, the more efficacious and acceptable will be the sacrifice; for the suffering thus imposed upon animals is supposed by the Ahrifa to diminish that which they may afterward be called upon to alleviate in human beings: and it was upon this superstitious belief that reposed the revolting spectacle I was witnessing, and which was only the prologue of the sacrifice.

Suddenly there was a bustle at one end of the court, and four negro men appeared, dragging a calf by its horns, which reared upon its legs, and offered a desperate resistance to its executioners, who were welcomed by a long, loud clamor, similar to that which would be made by a pack of hyenas, or jackals.

Prayers again were offered up, more fervently than ever; the animal was purified in clouds of incense, and after being crowned with flowers, like an ancient "hostia," the sacrificer raised his thin blade, still red with gore (whilst invoking Sidi-Blen), and throwing down the animal, planted his knife in his throat.

The poor beast sprang up, and attempted to fly, but on all sides extended arms barred his passage. A stream of frothy blood flowed from his neck, and his large blue eyes were pale with agony. He agitated his head, whilst bellowing loudly, and fell heavily on his side.

Twice in the midst of a pool of gore did he try to rise, spattering with blood the witnesses of that revolting scene; then a last convulsion agitated his body, and it lay lifeless upon its side.

By the light of the expiring candles, I saw the Ahrifa precipitate themselves pell-mell in the centre of the court, where, hooting like birds of prey, they steeped their hands and feet in the warm blood, whilst the fingers of Chek-Dbah were passed over the face of each Ahrifa, leaving upon it a red stain. Then the animal was cut up, and the dance recommenced on the bloodstained soil.

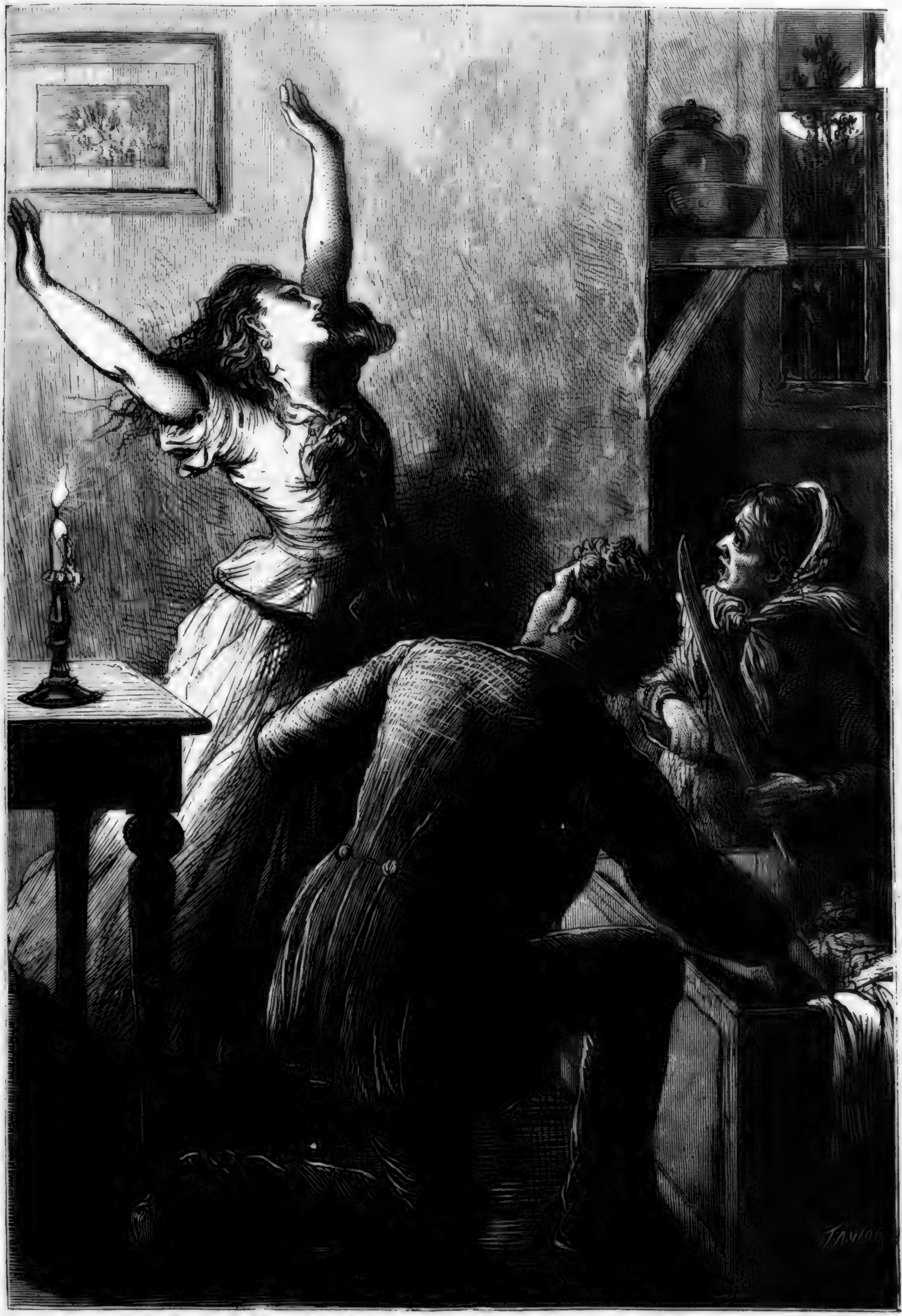
I had seen enough, and beat a hasty retreat, feeling both sick and disgusted.

The next day I found my negro friend, selling his pipes as usual on the public place. Assuming a most familiar air, he inquired:

"Well, didst thou amuse thyself?"

"If you were to get ill," said I, "would you send for a doctor or an Ahrifa?"

"God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet," he replied. Then, punching me in the ribs with his elbow, he added: "Wilt thou not buy a pipe of me?"



THE SHADOW OF THE SCYTHE.—"QUIETLY SHE STOLE FORWARD, AND PEERED ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE KNEELING PAIR; THEN, WITH A TERRIBLE CRY, FLUNG HER WHITE ARMS UPWARD, AND FELL FAINTING TO THE FLOOR."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE FIG-TREE OF PARADISE.

On the uppermost point of land formed by the confluence of the stately, wonderfully clear waters of the famous Euphrates with the less broad and muddy but scarcely less famous Tigris—both of which rivers originate in the Alpine regions of northern Koordistân, whence they roll, the Tigris in the north and the Euphrates in the south, through the entire length of Mesopotamia, finally effecting a junction at the point above referred to—there is the village of "Gorna," or "Korna," whence the joint waters of the two streams flow, under the name of "Shâtt-el-Arab" (Arab River), toward the Persian Gulf, receiving, but a few hundred yards below the village, and on the left bank of the "Shâtt-el-Arab," the stagnant waters of the Shaáb Kercha River, which, originating in the snow-covered peaks of Looristân, glides sluggishly through the Samargha Swamp, and mixes its waters, of inky hue, with those of the mighty "Shâtt-el-Arab."

A lovelier and more picturesque spot than this Arab village, snugly ensconced in a cluster of evergreen, date, fig, pomegranate, lemon, and orange-trees, at the confluence of those three rivers, can scarcely be found in Mesopotamia.

But what makes the place of great interest is the stanch belief of the Turks, Arabs and Persians, as well as of many *savans*, that it is the site of the Garden of Eden.

Korna being the first fuel station of the steamboat which carried me from Bassora to Bagdad, about the end of March, 1866, the boat was compelled to stop there.

I naturally felt an ardent desire to see an old and knotted wild fig-tree, pointed out from time immemorial, by the natives of that locality, to visitors, as a descendant of the identical fig-tree that, some 5,878 years ago, furnished the material to our common parents, Adam and Eve, for their first clothing. I therefore repaired to the famous tree, in company with two fellow-passengers and the captain of the steamer.

Though harboring some doubts with regard to the pedigree of the fig-tree, which the good people of Korna are so anxious to show to visitors, I could not help feeling some emotion when we arrived near the spot, pointed out by an old silver-bearded Arab as the ground once trodden by that happy couple, our first parents.

The tree in question was hidden in a cluster of trees of different species, not more than five hundred yards distant from the place where our steamer lay, but it appeared to me easily recognizable by the knotted and scarred appearance of its trunk, the bark of which was covered with the initials of names of former visitors.

After fully satisfying our curiosity with regard to the famous tree, we turned to retrace our way to the steamer, when it occurred to us that it was customary for visitors to take a small supply of the first clothing material of our ancestors along with them as a "souvenir" of the memorable spot. We therefore returned to the tree, which, by-the-way, is about twenty-five feet in height, with knotty, knobby, nearly erect trunk, about three feet in diameter, branching out about twelve feet from the ground, and tried to get some leaves by means of a walking-stick; but the lower branches were already stripped of every leaf, and we could not reach high enough to procure any.

I therefore determined to climb the tree and take my choice of fruit and leaves. But, lo! I had scarcely embraced the gnarled trunk, when a beautiful snake, of magnificent green hue on the back, and a yellowish-white on the belly, shot out of a hole in the tree, just above my head, at a spot where a branch had once been broken off.

The nimble reptile dropped down into the dry grass which grew in tufts all over the ground, and disappeared before we could make any attempt to dispatch it. The snake was about five feet long, but scarcely more than the thickness of the little finger. It belonged to a poisonous species called the "whip-snake," from its slender body resembling the thong of a whip. This kind of snake lives almost exclusively on trees with luxuriantly green foliage, where it can easily hide itself, being of the same hue, and darting from beneath the leaves upon birds, mice, etc.

The serpent's presence rather served to strengthen our belief in the identity of the spot. Having made sure, by battering the trunk of the tree, that it contained no more snakes, I crawled up and obtained a good supply of the leaves, which we intended to dry and take to Europe. I don't know whether my companions succeeded in taking them so far. I did not, I am sorry to say; for certain very estimable young ladies of Bagdad, Aleppo, and Smyrna, on learning that I had in my possession some of the leaves with which Mother Eve made her first attempt at dressmaking and tailoring, managed to coax me entirely out of them.

However, if any young lady should wish to see Mother Eve's first article of dress, she has only to apply to Captain H———, of Bagdad, Mesopotamia, who is a gallant old fellow, who will be happy to oblige her by calling at the "Original Millinery Store," in Korna, and procure the coveted article.

THE SHADOW OF THE SCYTHE.

BETSY ROWLAND wrung the blue-checked skirts out of the suds, and plunged them into the rinsing water with a sigh of fatigue.

"This hot weather is dreadful bad on the clothes," said she; and then, as she said it, standing up to rest her back, and looking out toward the east where lay the harvest fields, a shadow fell before the kitchen-door—a shadow grotesque and long, and oddly misshapen. It looked to Betsy Rowland like old Father Time in the spelling-book, for its back was bent, and in its outstretched hand it carried a scythe. Only a moment, gliding stealthily; then, like a shadow from a child's magic-lantern, it was gone!

Farmer Ellery's men were all at work but one, Abner Dale; and he, sick with fever, lay tossing on his bed.

The old woman stepped across the sill, and glanced at the roof, shading her eyes from the sun that poured across it. There was no moving object there. Every part of its surface was visible save the spot hidden by the broad chimney. At the window of the room where Abner Dale lay, the curtains were drawn. At the side of the house was a ladder-like flight of stairs, reaching to the corridor under the eaves.

If any evil-minded tramp had wished to surprise the sick man, without attracting notice from the front of the house or from the kitchen, he might have reached the roof by these means, and so the open window, defended only the swaying curtain. But who knew of Abner Dale's hoard, or the purpose for which he was *saving*, excepting Betsy Rowland?

"Abner!" she cried, with a shrill voice; "Abner, do you hear? Is there any one astir?"

"Not a soul!" said he.

Betsy Rowland wiped her wet arms on the jack-towel that hung upon the door, and shook out her paniered dress. She

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went up the stairs into every room; no sign of anything was there. She peered in at the sick man.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she said.

He lifted his yellow curls from the pillow with a look that was mingled of blush and smile and troubled thoughts.

"Bless you for asking!—no," said he; "only if you go to the field to-day, tell me who Marian Ellery is talking with."

"Yes, yes," said Betsy, with a bright twinkle in her old eyes. "Whoever she may be talking wi', she's thinking of you. Dinna fret yersel' about that. Somebody's about the house," she muttered to herself, as she took her way downstairs, "or else I've seen a spirit. Lord save us! it looks like that."

Through the kitchen-garden and the meadows she went, the warm grass brushing against her damp skirts, into the harvest-fields, among the very thick of the mowers, where Marian Ellery sat high on a throne of new-mown grass, queening it, throwing a word and a smile, now at one, now at another, of the busy men.

"Anything amiss?" asked Farmer Ellery; but Betsy only shook her head. If there was anything "uncanny" around, she would not bring ill-luck to the harvest by speaking of it.

She went slowly on, looking from side to side. There was William and George and John, and all the rest of them. No; one was missing—Matthew Blake, the black-browed stranger, the new hand; and, just as the thought crossed her, he stood wiping his mouth and forehead with a yellow handkerchief.

"Been up to the house, Matthew?" asked Betsy.

"Not I," said he; "just down to the well for water." and he fell to work again.

"We made sure you'd drowned yourself!" called out one of the others, stepping up to take his turn at the cedar pail.

Then Betsy sped back. All was quiet. When the supper-horn was blown, and the hungry men came trooping in, she went again to see what Abner Dale wanted.

At first she saw an empty bed. Empty? No; there was something still and stiff upon it—something that had been Abner Dale, with a pillow over its mouth, and a great clotted wound across its throat. He wanted nothing more on earth—not even Marian Ellery's smiles.

It was a hideous sight to see—a sight to be remembered for ever by those who saw it—not even a skillful butchery.

There was an inquest, and Betsy Rowland was called upon to answer with the rest, and testified that on the day, the very hour of the murder, probably, she had seen the shadow of a man walking, as she supposed, upon the roof of the house. They laughed at her for pretending to know that he carried a scythe in his hand, though it might have been that the man who had taken Abner Dale's life, and his money as well, had stolen one from the fields as he came; the bit of steel found by the bedside could scarcely serve for a clue.

There was no suspicion of any one, no cause for jealousy or hatred of the dead man; but Betsy Rowland hid the broken metal, saying to herself:

"I'll mind his bidding. I'll watch who Marian Ellery talks with."

Just a year from the day when Abner Dale looked his last upon the sunlight, Marian Ellery came smiling into the kitchen and slipped her arm about old Betsy's waist.

"I'm going to be married soon," she said.

"To Matthew Blake!" cried Betsy, with a look of horror on her face. "You're not afraid?"

"Afraid of what?" asked the girl. "Not of Matthew, surely. Father thinks the world of him."

"Never mind me, girl," said the old woman; "I was but thinking my own thoughts. And when is it to be?"

"At the harvest home."

The eve of the wedding-day was come. The bridegroom had ridden to town for his wedding suit, when Betsy Rowland went to Farmer Ellery with a troubled face.

"Master," she said, "I've served you faithful for twenty long year. I may be a foolish old woman, but I mean no harm, and I'll speak my mind out. There was a young man here a year ago that loved your daughter. Many and many a time he told me how dear she was to him. He had saved money for her sake only, and he hoped to marry her——"

"Abner Dale?"

"Yes, master; and Matthew Blake knew it; and Matthew Blake left the field the day the boy was murdered. Don't look that way at me. I'm not daft. I'm but telling what has grown upon me for a year, until I know it's true. The man who walked upon the roof carried a scythe. It was a bit of rusty scythe the inquest-men gave me. And now Matthew Blake will marry your daughter and—only hear me! There's a chest in his room that he keeps locked, that he fears to have touched. If you'll only come with me and open it I'll bless you all my life. If there's nothing in it I'll call myself a simpleton—I'll believe that the spot of blood washed from Matthew Blake's shirt was not Abner Dale's. It'll harm no one, and if there is nothing wrong there no one but you and I need ever know."

With a blaze of burning candles they entered the chamber where Matthew Blake's bed stood, Farmer Ellery and old Betsy Rowland. She pointed out the box. There was no other hiding-place in the room but that—a sort of rough trunk; and the old farmer, infected with her earnestness, lent himself to the woman's commands.

There was no key to be found, but with the strong blow of a hammer the lock burst open.

There lay one or two disused garments, and, under them, something the old woman snatched at eagerly.

A discolored, broken scythe, part of its handle severed by the rude stroke of an ax!

She took the jagged bit of steel she had kept for a year, from her pocket—the piece of steel that had been found by Abner Dale's bedside. She fitted it into the jagged, rusty scythe, notch for notch. Even the stains matched. And Farmer Ellery bent to look, and gave a heavy groan.

Some one else was looking, listening—a fair, slight girl. Quietly she stole forward, and peered above the heads of the kneeling pair; then, with a terrible cry, flung her white arms upward and fell fainting to the floor.

Betsy Rowland raised the blade above her head.

"Abner Dale!" she cried out, "I've found the man that murdered you. I did your bidding. I watched who Marian Ellery talked with, but she'll never marry him now."

Some one riding fast toward Farmer Ellery's house—some one in the dress of a bridegroom, but with a face from which some inner trouble had chased the bridegroom's joy—a trouble that had driven him home a day before he purposed—lifted his eyes.

A light was burning in his own chamber, and the troubled face grew white in the starlight. There were moving figures within—whose, he could not tell; but there rose high on the white wall the trembling shadow of a scythe, stretching its great curve the ceiling's length.

They were upon the bank of a shallow stream. The horse might almost have leaped it—could have forded it only a few feet below; but the rider's hand had lost its cunning. A false step, a fatal plunge, and in the morning Matthew Blake was found, out of the reach of all earthly judgments for ever and ever.

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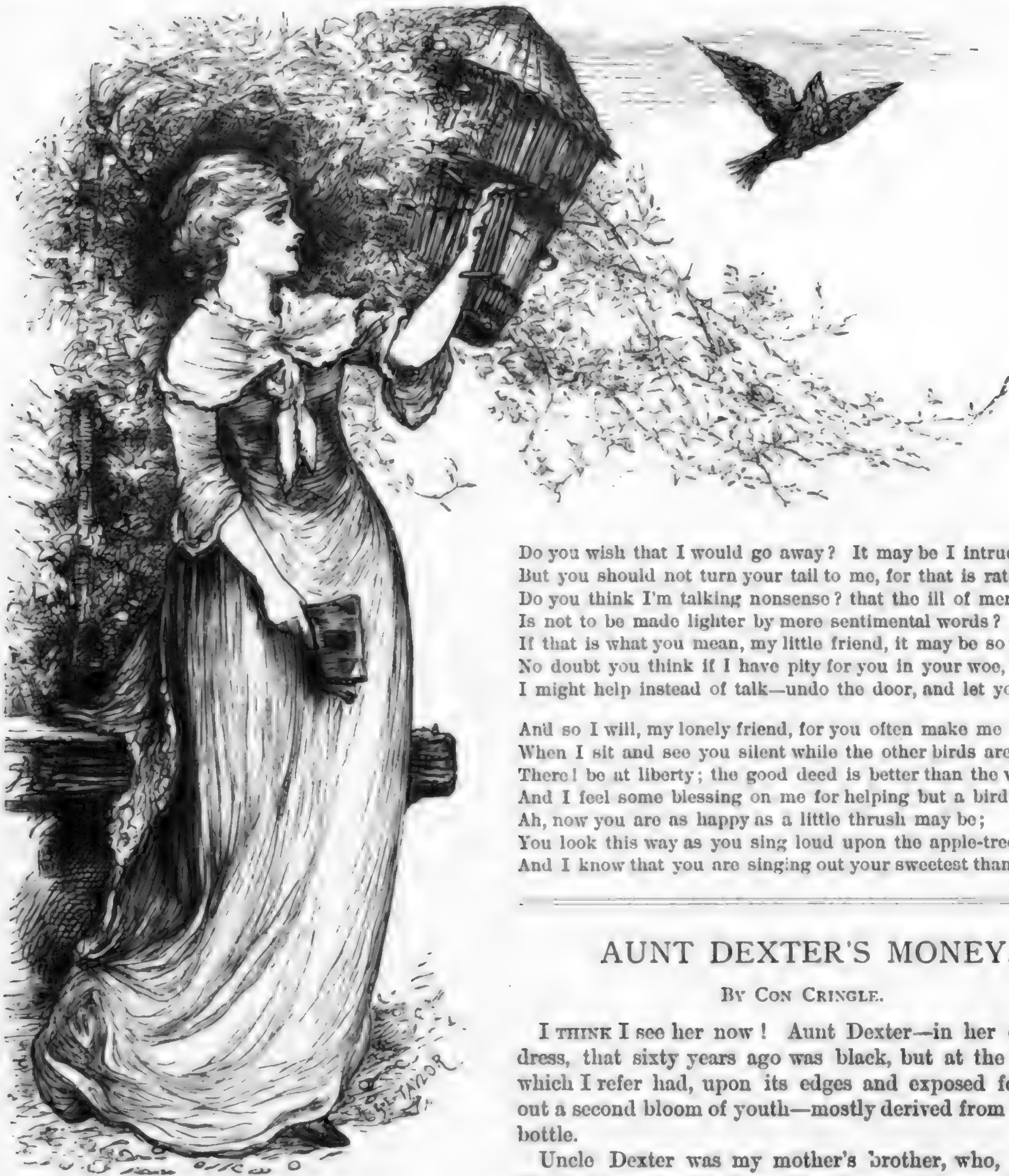

THE SILENT THRUSH.

By Guy Roslyn.

Poor thrush! you sit in your wicker cage, and stare throughout the day;
And know that you are bound with bars, and cannot fly away;
And you do not beat the feathers from your wings for freedom now,
As you did when you were taken from the swinging beechen bough;
Though you can't hear your merry mates a-singing in the lane,
You sit all day in silence, in the sun or in the rain,
And remind me of the ancient king who never laughed again.

I wonder, melancholy thrush, if you remember aught
Of your partner, and your pleasures in the woods, ere you were caught?
Of the dainty fare in fresh fields, of a nest in sheltering green—
Do you remember anything of sweet things that have been?
Of mornings in the June-tide when the sun came o'er the hill?
For sure you know all is not well—some sort of sorrows fill
That little feathered frame of yours, else why are you so still?

Do you wish that I would go away? It may be I intrude,
But you should not turn your tail to me, for that is rather rude;
Do you think I'm talking nonsense? that the ill of men or birds
Is not to be made lighter by mere sentimental words?
If that is what you mean, my little friend, it may be so;
No doubt you think if I have pity for you in your woe,
I might help instead of talk—undo the door, and let you go?

And so I will, my lonely friend, for you often make me sad,
When I sit and see you silent while the other birds are glad;
There! be at liberty; the good deed is better than the word,
And I feel some blessing on me for helping but a bird.
Ah, now you are as happy as a little thrush may be;
You look this way as you sing loud upon the apple-tree,
And I know that you are singing out your sweetest thanks to me.

AUNT DEXTER'S MONEY.

By Con Cringle.

I think I see her now! Aunt Dexter—in her old stuff dress, that sixty years ago was black, but at the time to which I refer had, upon its edges and exposed folds, put out a second bloom of youth—mostly derived from the ink-bottle.

Uncle Dexter was my mother's brother, who, early in life, had gone west and made a fortune. I never heard of Aunt until I was a good, big lad, when, one morning, father received a letter running as follows:

"Chicago.

"Dear Brother: Your wife's brother, my husband, William Curtis Dexter, has gone the way of all flesh. I am coming to live with you.
Susan Dexter."

We had a family council over this communication; that is, my father and mother and uncles and aunts got together in our best parlor and talked the matter over, while Bill and I listened outside.

Father says:

"Why don't she stay among her own folks? She ain't none of our kind."

"Brother!" solemnly observed my Aunt Martha. "Brother, she has money; and when she dies we may, with the blessing of Providence, share it."

"How do you know that she has?" demanded father.

"Read this, brother," replied Aunt Martha, in her most impressive manner.

Father took the paper, and, putting on his spectacles, read aloud:

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"The will of William Curtis Dexter has been proved. He leaves behind him one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. May he rest in peace."

"I couldn't," said Aunt, "if I had treated my sisters as he has done."

"What d'ye mean?" said father.

Snatching the paper from his hands, Aunt Martha turned it over and pointed to a paragraph.

"Read that," she spitefully observed.

"Old Bill Dexter! This old miser has been true to his word, and hasn't left a dime to any of his kith or kin. We hear that his amiable young widow intends going East. Lucky Easterners!"

"What do you make out of that?" snapped Aunt Martha.

"Why, that he has married some young gal, and left her all his money—as he should," replied father.

"And ain't his own flesh and blood nothing to him?" angrily returned Aunt.

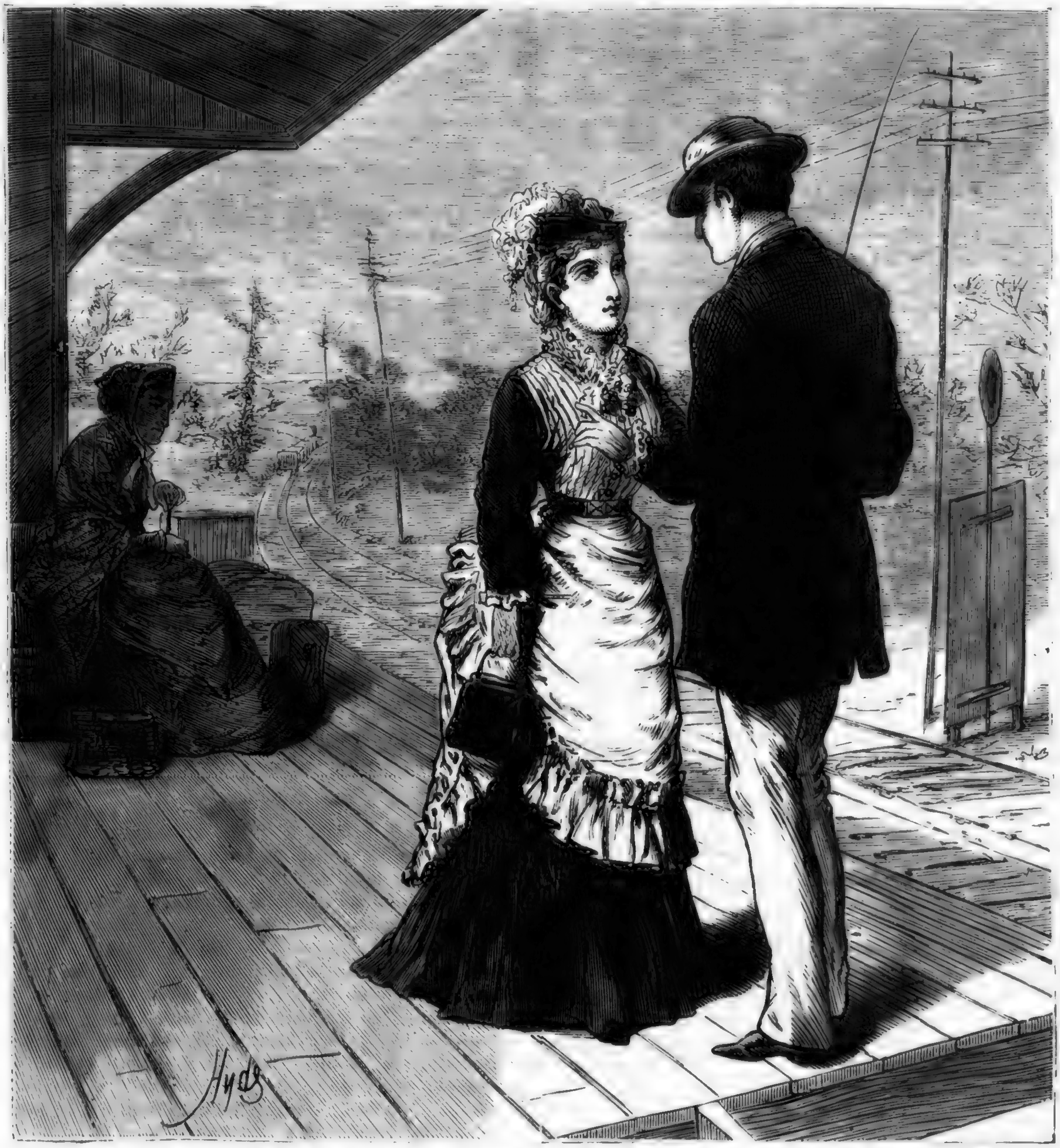
"Nothing to speak of when he was alive," smilingly answered father, "and absolutely nothing now that he is dead," he added, glancing round upon the sulky-looking crowd.

"Jes' 'the way wi' old folks when they marries young gals," piped Uncle Trask, who, hitherto, had contented himself with looking on in a stonily indignant fashion.

My father was a man who didn't get mad very often, but when he did he spoke his mind right out.

I think that I can see him now. Rising, and jerking up his shirt-collar, as he always did Fourth of July, when he delivered the oration, father shook his head at me for peeping in at the door during solemn family pow-wow, and said:

"Brothers and sisters, it 'pears to me that you all wants



AUNT DEXTER'S MONEY.—"'IS THIS THE RIGHT DEPOT?' 'YES,' I SAID, 'ARE YOU AUNT DEXTER?' THE LOVELY CREATURE LOOKED AT ME IN A PUZZLED FASHION, LAUGHED, AND SAID, 'OH, DEAR ME, NO!'"

a new religion mighty bad—that there is a big field for a crop of charity in your hearts! For five-and-thirty years nary one of you have remembered that you had a brother Bill—although we have named a son for him—but that's neither here nor there. You'd all clean dead forgotten your brother, William Curtis Dexter, until you received a newspaper announcing his death, and learned that he died worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Then the floodgates of your love were broken down with a rush; your hearts yearned for your dead brother's money, and you raked and scraped off the dust of forgetfulness that, for five-and-thirty years, you had allowed to accumulate upon his memory, and got dreadful tender over his early decease. Say! s'pose he'd died on the poor farm, and hadn't ben worth a dollar and seventy-five cents, how much would you have thought about his memory then? I tell you that you wants a new religion—one with *Him*, who was all love and charity, in it; that you are a narrow-minded, avaricious, near, mean, griping set, and the sooner that you clear from this house, the greater will be my obligations to you!"

It was as good as a play to watch the faces of my uncles and aunts as father said this. At first they gaped at him in utter astonishment; then they grew red in the face, and finally rose to their feet, shook their fists at him, and left our house in a rage.

"Yew ken have her all to yourself, brother," said Aunt Martha, as she backed out of the door.

"Don't you worry yourself, Mat!" said father· "I don't want anything from her."

Two days after this, Aunt Dexter arrived, and I was sent down to the depot to meet her. Ours being an out-of-the-way place, very few people besides the regular inhabitants came to it, and the advent of a stranger was a circumstance to be recorded.

When the train stopped, out skipped a lively looking girl, who, looking round, said:

"Is this the right depot?"

"Yes," I said; "are you Aunt Dexter?"

The lovely creature looked at me in a puzzled fashion, laughed, and said:

"Oh, dear me, no! If your name is Cringle, that is the lady you want to see."

Saying which she pointed to a grim old gryphon, with a nose like a fish-horn, who, seated upon a pile of trunks, was grimly watching our proceedings.

"I don't want to see her; I was in hopes that you were my new aunt," I ruefully replied, as the pretty girl handed me her baggage-checks.

"Don't trouble about me," she faltered; go, and look after your relative."

"Time enough; she'll keep."

And, leaving the smiling girl, I passed my aunt, just as though she were any other woman, and proceeded to procure the merry one's baggage.

The truth was, I was mad.

Having secured the packages, I assisted the charming vision into a vehicle, was thanked by a glance from her lovely eyes, and in another moment she was out of sight.

"Beauty Grue," I murmured; "now for the other luxury," approaching the pile of musty, old, hide-covered, moth-eaten, brass-nail-decorated hair-trunks—surmounted by a figure, the face of which, with its then crescent-shaped, tightly compressed mouth, looked grimly down upon me, while her boiled-haddock-like eyes followed my every movement as a compass does a jackknife.

I thrust my hands into my pockets, and, addressing the depot-master, said:

"Seen anything of a young lady from Chicago, named Miss Dexter?"

The haddock's eyes fairly protruded from their sockets as I uttered these words; and the black-garbed figure, who, perched upon her moldy trunks, looked like a vampire-bat hatching misery-eggs, croaked out:

"Hi! I'm your Aunt Dexter."

"D-o tell!" I said, just as though I didn't know it, and sauntering toward her at the rate of a mile an hour.

"Help me down," she says; "my limbs is all cricked, sitting here watching you galivanting with that pert little schoolgal!"

For two pins I would have driven home and left her. The idea of calling that lovely vision a "pert little schoolgal"! But my better nature conquered; and, climbing the pile, I reached out my hand and said:

"Glad to see you, Aunt Dexter."

I've told some titticohops in my time, but none of them ever stuck in my conscience as that one did; but, as I always think, Heaven is good to us, and we are forgiven such fibs.

The black blot, surmounted by the crescent-shaped mouth, fish-horn-like nose and boiled-haddock eyes, rose, grabbed my hand, tottered down the pile, and, throwing its arms about me, gurgled out:

"Kiss me, child."

"I'll be blistered if I do!" I said, holding her at arm's length.

"Ah," she murmured, in a mucilaginous voice, "is this an Eastern welcome?"

"It can't be did, aunty," I said, keeping her off with one hand and flourishing my whip in the other. "We must draw the line somewhere, and I never goes beyond pretty cousins."

She had a way of working her mouth about like a cinder-sifter before she spoke, and after I had seated her in the buggy, she yanked down the corners of her jaws and wagged her chin for a moment, then observed:

"Eighteen packages. I won't leave you nothing in my will if you ain't more civil, nephew!"

"I don't care a continental whether you do or no," I muttered, as I dragged the baggage along the platform and helped the expressman load up his wagon.

You should have seen father smile when I drove up to the house—and how sick he looked when Aunt Dexter froze on to him, and grabbed him round the neck, and moaned out:

"Oh, brother! at last—at last!"

"Yea!" said father, catching a sniff of the old lady's perfumed atmosphere (the result of her partiality to camphor and catnip-tea), and unhooking her before she could get her nose in his eye. "Glad to see you, sister Susan."

Mother had a spasm just then, which prevented her from embracing her newly found relation, finding which, Aunty went for brother Bill.

Now, William was one of those who would kiss a she-toad if he could gain anything by it; and the way he stood her clawing disgusted me.

"*So* glad to see you, Aunt Susan!" he said.

As I left the room, father overtook me, and, smothering a laugh, observed:

"Con, are you sure that this is the right one?"

"It's a melancholy fact, sir," I replied. "She is your sister-in-law and my aunt."

It was edifying to hear her talk about leaving her property to our Bill, and more than edifying to see him dancing after her.

She always wore the same old black bombazine gown, and used the same camphorated catnip perfumery; but, bless you! William didn't mind it.

"She'll leave me her property," he used to say. "I can

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stand a good deal for the sake of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars."

We were a year getting her out of our house, and finally she moved to a cottage belonging to father, which he let her have rent free. No wonder she was rich. She never spent a cent, and had a way of borrowing and taking things that fairly took away my breath.

Bill used to rub his hands and say:

"Lent her ten dollars again to-day. "I tell you, she's a regular miser. It's a good thing that she came to us."

I went away to sea, and was gone some years, only occasionally hearing from home; but I made out from one of my mother's letters that brother William had offended Aunt Dexter, and that she had gone to live with Aunt Martha. Later on, one of my sisters wrote me that the "old cat," meaning our Aunt Susan, was swinging round the family circle, and was, at the time Ciss wrote, staying with Uncle Grinling Trask.

At length fortune directed my steps homeward, and one fine day in July I arrived at the well-known depot. The church-bell was tolling, and it gave me quite a shock.

"What if it should be for father or mother?" I thought.

"It's for old Miss Dexter," said the depot-master, in reply to my inquiry—"an old miser who died here a few days ago."

"My aunt!" I said.

"Are you Con Cringle?" he demanded.

"I am," I said; "what of it?"

"You're in luck," returned the official. "They say that she's left all her money to you."

Now, human nature is the same in every one, modified and improved by teaching, precept and example; and for a moment I gave way to a vile joy. Life at sea is, more than half the time, a hard one; and, as I walked homeward, visions of a nice farm, a certain pretty girl as Mrs. Con Cringle, and the comparative ease of a shore life, came into my mind.

"Poor old Aunt Susan!" I thought; "so she has taken farewell of this beautiful earth."

As I neared the house, I saw the folks crowding in, and noticed that the stable-yard was filled with carriages.

Poor old Aunt Dexter! I should never again behold her haddock-like eyes, fish-horn-shaped nose and yanked-down mouth, hear her mucilaginous voice, or smell her camphorated-catnip perfumery.

"Well, well," I mused, "she might have done worse than have left her money to me—Bill, for instance." And as I entered the house I thought, "I'm mighty glad that she has euchred William!"

Mother forgot all about the funeral in her joy at seeing me, and father, who looked as smiling as a rose, laughed right out.

"Where are brothers and sisters?" I said.

Some were married, and others away, and I found that there was no one at home save mother, father and Bill.

"Where's Bill?" I inquired.

"With the corpse," returned father, smiling. "He won't believe that the old gal has gone back on him. Come, Con, the funeral is to take place in five minutes; let us go into the parlor. All the family are here, spite of what I told 'em before Susan came to live in this place. You see, she's been stopping with 'em all in turns, and has borrowed a good deal of money, one way and another, of 'em. These misers are all alike. She owes me eighteen dollars, to say nothing of five years' rent, and she's worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars! Be gentle with William, my son," he added, "and don't be proud of your prosperity."

I made up as serious a face as I could under the circumstances, and followed father and mother into the parlor, which was crammed with our kinsfolk; prominent among whom were Aunt Martha and Uncle Grinling Trask, while brother William, dressed in a brand-new sixty-dollar black suit, was seated in a chair by the head of the coffin, gazing at the features of his dear Aunt Dexter.

There she was, in the same old rusty bombazine dress that she had worn the day I met her at the depot.

All eyes were turned upon me, and I heard my Aunt Martha say:

"Well, Con needn't 'pear so tickled; he ain't got her money yet."

"No," said Uncle Trask, "that's true. I believe half-sister Susan had a good heart, and was a good Christian woman. The will ain't read yet. Many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip—hey, Martha?"

"Friends," said father, jerking up his shirt-collar in the old familiar style, "friends, my son, Con Cringle."

Some came forward and shook me by the hand, while others scowled at me for being the heir-presumptive to a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, with ten years' interest added; but, bless you! I wasn't proud, and could have stood a million just as easily.

Poor Bill! he was so overcome by the thought that he was soon to be separated from his beloved clay that he took no notice of me, but kept glancing at the deceased, murmuring:

"Poor Aunt Susan! Poor Aunt Susan! Cut off in her prime! Cut off in her prime!"

Our lawyer was there—a smart, jovial, round, little man. Squeezing my hand, he whispered:

"Congratulate you, Con."

"Thankee," I said.

Just then the minister arrived, and took charge.

He didn't trouble himself much about the deceased; and from the way that he trotted me out, one would have thought that he was celebrating my obsequies.

He wrecked me on the shores of Time; rescued me; pictured me as an humble young Christian, upon whom the golden shower of prosperity had suddenly descended; and gave me such a nice, lovely, perfect character, that I, forgetting all about my sailor-life, adopted his description right away.

"Thunder!" I thought, "I'll build 'em a new church."

When he had driven the last rhetorical nail in the fabric of my new character, he eased up, wiped his perspiring brow, and announced that the conclusion of the exercises would be held in the cemetery.

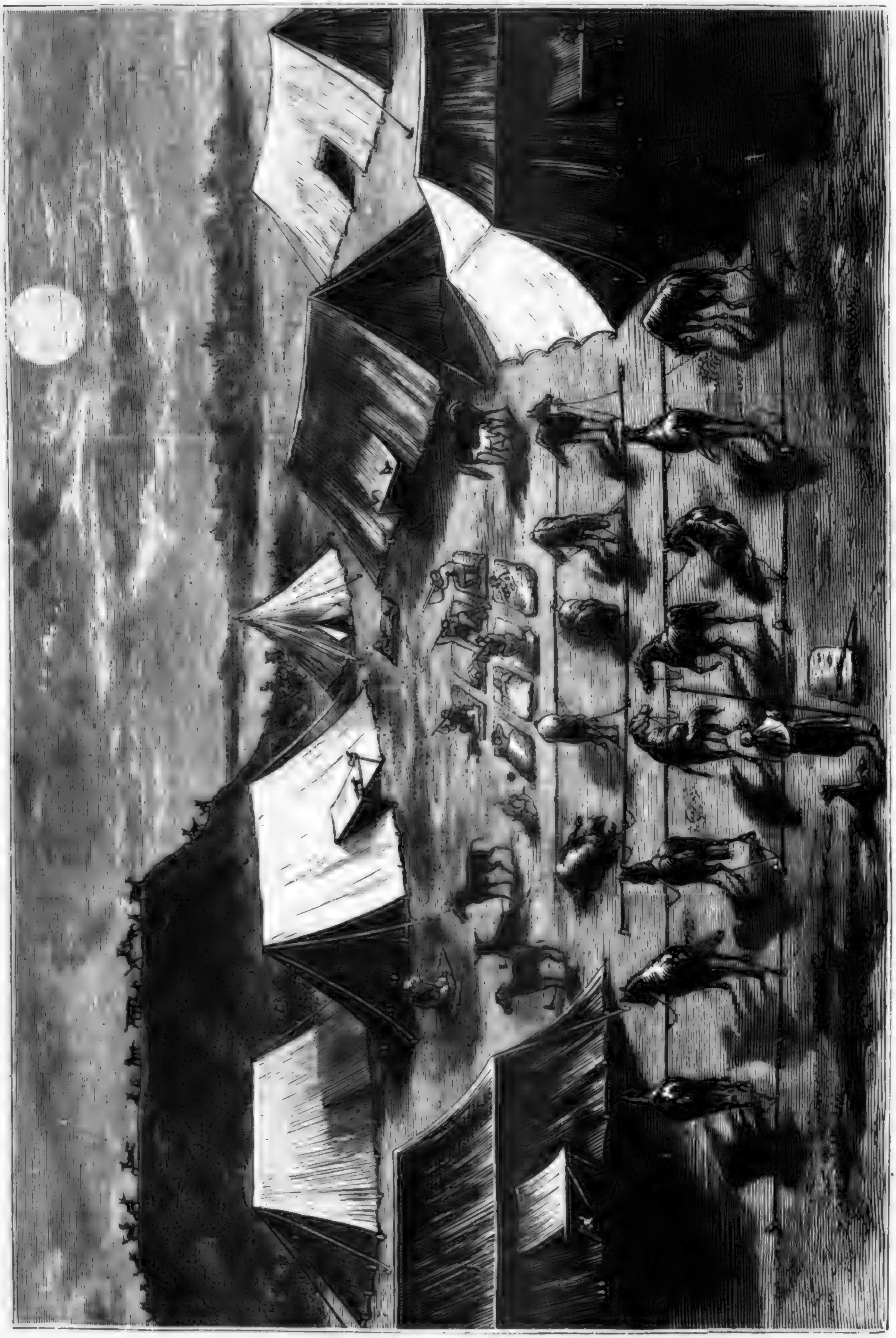
I was chief mourner, and if ever a c. m. tried to get off a tear, I did; but, somehow, the haddock eyes, fish-horn-like nose and yanked-down jaws of Aunt Dexter kept looming up before me.

After a few words, and the usual ceremonies at the grave, we returned home; brother Bill being so overcome with grief that he had to be led by a hired man.

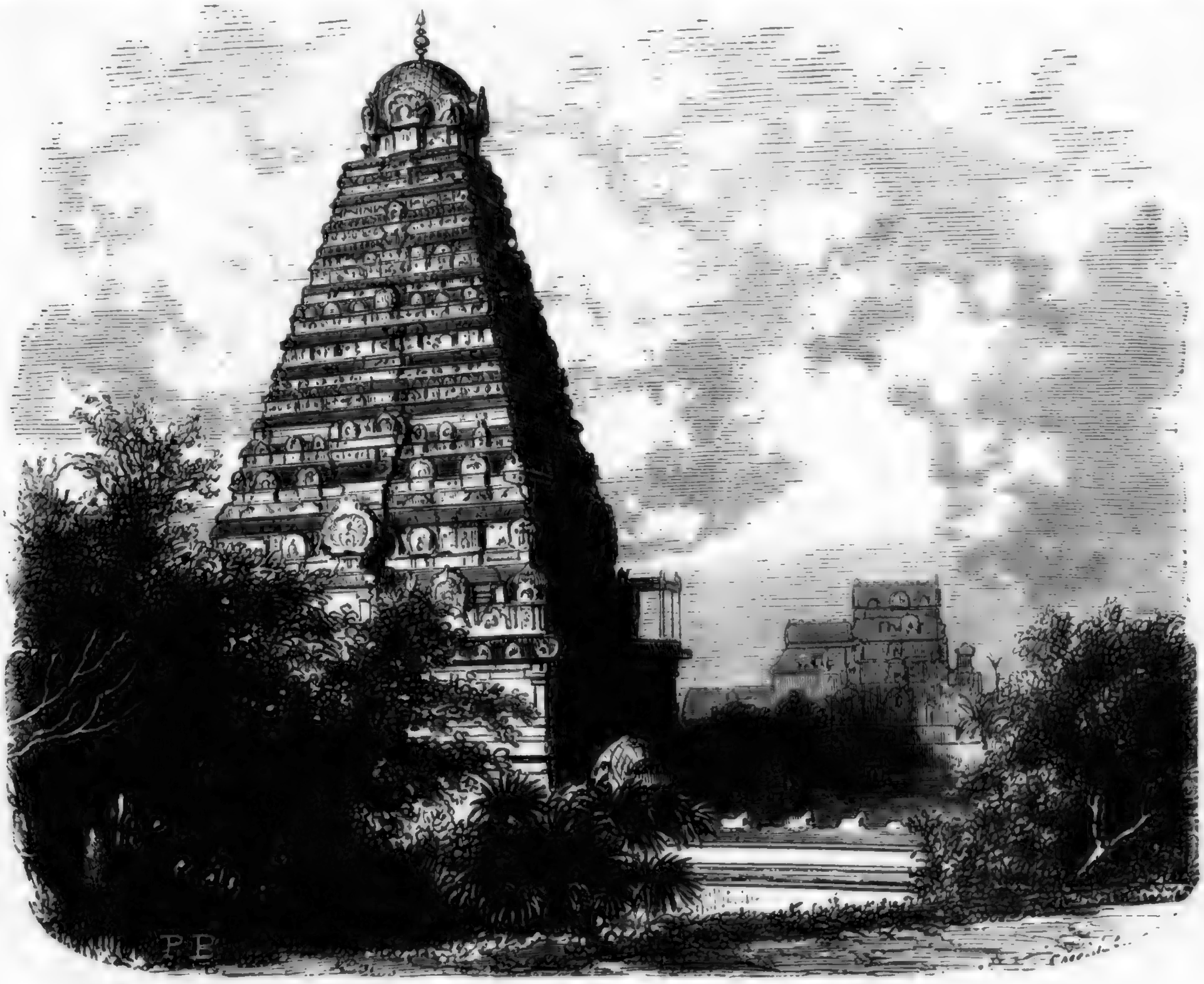
In a short time we were once more assembled in our parlor; and, when all was as silent as the grave that we had just left, the lawyer rose, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: What I am about to say will, I guess, surprise you some. When Miss Dexter came to live here, she was as poor as a church rat; her husband, with whom she had lived on bad terms, having willed all his property to some institution. But—stay a moment, Con Cringle!"—for I was about to leave the room in disgust. "You needn't get mad, Con—you're all right. Since she has resided among you, she has contrived to save six thousand, five hundred and ten dollars and sixty-five cents, which she has invested in bonds and deposited with me, to be given to her nephew, Con Cringle."

XUM



TRACES OF TRAVEL.—OUR CAMP AT SOLIMAN BAGH.



THE GRAND PAGODA OF TANJORE.—SEE PAGE 671.

"A dead robbery, got up by the Cringles!" piped Uncle Grinling Trask. "She owes me two thousand five hundred dollars!"

"And me eight hundred!" moaned Aunt Martha.

"And me two hundred!" said Uncle Ben. "Oh, this is highway robbery!"

"And me four hundred!" said another relative, in a desponding voice; while brother Bill savagely observed:

"Dern her old picter! I'm ruined."

Rising, I said to the lawyer:

"Mister, take and sell them bills, and give the money to the poor."

"Dew yew *mean* that, Con Cringle?" they chorused.

"I do," I said; and, what is more, I kept my word.

I awoke from my dream of avarice, and, while fifty of God's poor blessed an unknown donor, I never saw a cent of Aunt Dexter's money.

OUR CAMP AT SOLIMAN BAGH, ON THE TIGRIS.

On my return to Bagdad from a visit to the famous ruins, or rather site, of the defunct mammoth city of Babylon, a few years ago, I found a letter waiting for me from Signor P——, an Italian gentleman, with whom I intended to return to Europe as soon as he should have succeeded in purchasing the requisite batch of splendid Arab horses, destined for Napoleon III., then Emperor of the French.

The letter was brought from Divanich (a small town on the right bank of the River Euphrates, about one hundred miles south-southeast of Bagdad), by a Bedouin horseman, and informed me that I need not expect my friend back in Bagdad for another month at least.

This news was very welcome to me, as I was longing for a fortnight's sport along the banks of the River Tigris, and heartily sick of traveling about the country examining ruins and digging for antiques, having by that time come to the conclusion that it was rather dull work, after all.

What I sighed for was excitement, and this I knew I should fully enjoy in a fortnight's encampment on the left bank of the Tigris, some twenty or twenty-five miles below Bagdad, hunting partridges, ducks, geese, flamingoes, pelicans, bustards, hares, foxes, jackals, gazelles, wild boars, hyenas and lions; all of which are to be met with in that locality, and this sport could be agreeably diversified by an occasional day or two of fishing, both the Tigris and Euphrates abounding in large and excellent fish.

My Bagdad friends, whom I had invited to join my expedition, declined the invitation, phlegmatically replying that the season was far too hot to think of sport, and that I would kill my horse in a few days by hunting in such oppressively sultry weather.

Luckily, or, rather, unluckily, the cholera broke out in Bagdad the following day, and spread so rapidly that hundreds of the inhabitants died within a short time. A sudden and marvelous change now took place in my phlegmatic friends; they all came almost simultaneously to the conclusion that their constitutions required a change of air without delay. Not one of them was at all afraid of the terrible disease—oh, no! But they felt sure that all they wanted was excitement—not in the filthy town, however, but out on the open desert; and the heat of the sun was declared

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not to be so oppressive, after all, nor was there any more fear of knocking up the horses. In short, three days after the appearance of the epidemic, not one of the twenty European residents (there are no Americans in Bagdad), was to be found in town, but all were snugly encamped in tents, on a barren but salubrious spot on the border of the Lurian Desert, about twenty miles below Bagdad, between the ruins of the walls of "Soliman Bagh" (Garden of Solomon)—which walls are said to have formerly encircled a beautiful garden of enormous extent, now an arid waste, the huge walls being a long range of unsightly mounds of parched clay, gradually crumbling to pieces—and the left bank of the Tigris, the very spot where I wanted them to come.

Even of the native inhabitants of Bagdad, all those who had the means to live for a few weeks outside of the town walls, hastily deserted their homes and pitched their tents about half way between Bagdad and the little, wretched village of Garara, about six miles further down the river.

Our camp at Soliman Bagh consisted of about twenty tents and a batch of excellent horses, guarded day and night by a gang of "Aghels" (armed Bedouins, who make the escorting and protecting of caravans their profession), and a number of excellent watch-dogs and hounds, and last, but not least, protected by the guns of the gallant little gunboat *Satellite*, placed by the British Government at the service of Colonel K——, then British Consul-General of Bagdad, and riding snugly at anchor on the stately river in front of our camp; so that it would have been no easy matter for any marauding Bedouin band to take possession of our camp, even if the "Frankies" (Europeans), who were amply provided with fire-arms of the very best description, had been far away at the time of the attempted capture of the camp.

It never did happen, however, that we were all absent at once, as there were a few ladies to attend to, who shared our camp life, and enjoyed it hugely.

Our time passed in a very agreeable style indeed. Long before daylight the bustle in the camp used to commence. Then you could see Arab grooms busy rubbing down, saddling and bridling horses; others might be seen coupling grayhounds; here a sportsman carefully examining his fire-arms and ammunition, there another engaged in the sensible occupation of stowing away a few of such provisions as were transportable.

In the low shrubbery, some two hundred yards distant from the camp, the last plaintive howl of a prowling jackal dies away as he retires reluctantly to his lair at the approach of daybreak.

Soon a small squadron of silent horsemen issues from the camp, headed by a friendly Bedouin, who carries a hunting falcon on his right hand, and leads a couple of powerful grayhounds, lashed to a line, with his left. The cavalcade is evidently bound for the Desert, for the purpose of hunting gazelles, and is soon lost to view in the dim haze of early dawn.

Again the camp is silent for an hour or so; no sound interrupts the silence of the night and the peaceful slumber of the inmates of the camp, except the occasional cough of a horse, the loud snoring of the sleeping grooms, the sudden splash of a fish in the adjacent river, or the call of, "*Whenek?*" (Where are you?) of one of the Bedouin watchmen on the lookout; with which question he occasionally hails or challenges his fellow-watchmen on the opposite side of the camp, who, in order to prove that they are not asleep, shout back, "*Houi!*" (Here!) which short conversation is indulged in by these guardians about every half-hour, both day and night.

Bedding is frequently carried out of the tents and spread upon the ground, in the centre of the square, near the horses, the young folks preferring to sleep in the open air, under the starry heavens, to being smothered in the oppressive and hot atmosphere inside the tents.

On retiring to rest, each of them places a loaded gun or pistol under his pillow, less for the purpose of protection than to keep the jackals at bay; for as soon as the camp is silent these beasts of prey will prowl in small troops about the low shrubbery which surrounds the camp, attracted by the inviting scent of fat poultry, game, mutton and fish, in our store-tent.

After a while everything in camp appears to be soundly asleep, except two awkward and boisterous puppies. Presently an energetic curse is heard, followed by a well-directed boot coming in rough contact with the head of one of the curs, eliciting an unearthly howl, and causing their abrupt and ignominious exit from the stage.

Scarcely has order been restored when, from the neighboring shrubbery, the half-plaintive, half-jubilant, long-drawn howl of a jackal is heard, soon followed by apparently all the available vocal talent of his species in the Desert, to the intense disgust of every living thing in creation but themselves.

Whoever has had the misfortune to have once been serenaded by these midnight prowlers, can well understand the grudge everybody in camp bears them.

By-and-by the whole available force of jackals in the neighborhood congregates on the crest of the mound in the rear of the camp, and reconnoitres, silently and with knowing eye, the situation.

A keen-eyed observer might now notice a stir, scarcely perceptible though it might be, among the prostrate human forms on the ground; the dogs, which notice the gathering of jackals on the mound, begin to bark, but are soon silenced by a few commanding words, in an undertone. Four or five apparent sleepers may now be seen to turn slowly round on their faces, grasp their rifles and prepare to fire, when, by some inexplicable cause, the jackals disappear, as if by magic, behind the sheltering mound; but they are sure to reappear before long.

Ha! there is one, there another, there a third one, and so forth. None of them make the slightest noise, but with sniffing nose, pricked ears and knowing eye, they take their survey of the camp and its contents, at their feet.

As soon as the wily brutes have grouped together a little, the men, who have remained immovable in the position which they occupied at the time of the sudden disappearance of the jackals, fire simultaneously at the scarcely audible command of "Fire!" Bang go the rifles, and down to the foot of the mound roll a few of the would-be intruders, some of them stone-dead, others dying, yet anxious to get away into the shrubbery if possible. They are, however, speedily overtaken, and mercilessly speared by a few of the agile and keen-sighted Aghels off duty, who, the moment they hear the volley, jump up from their beds, pursue the fugitives with their long lances, wherewith they impale them; considering gunpowder far too valuable to be wasted on such game.

The carcasses are at once dragged down to the river's edge, pitched into the Tigris, and, floating down the stream, get a free passage to the far-distant Persian Gulf.

By-and-by the nocturnal shadows disappear entirely, the morning star alone glitters still visibly on the firmament; but the light of even this last beacon of the night glimmers so unsteadily, and is so rapidly declining, that in a few minutes it will fade away altogether.

Presently the herald of the morning, the proud and wakeful chanticleer, perched on the firewood piled near the kitchen, flaps his wings, stretches his neck, and salutes the new-born day with his shrill yet cheerful voice.

Hajee Habib, the head "saice" (groom), jumps up, and, with a vigorous pull of the arm or a slap on the back, he recalls his still soundly sleeping inferiors to a consciousness of their daily duties.

Other horses are rubbed down, saddled and bridled, some for ladies, some for gentlemen, who presently issue from their tents, mount their animals, and canter together gayly out of the camp, for their usual morning ride, up to the ruins of "Taak Kesra," or "Madain"—an imposing, dilapidated palace of Sassanide origin, built on the site of ancient Ctesiphon, distant only about three miles above the camp—or the whole cavalcade proceeds a few miles into the Desert, leaving only two or three of the "howajies" (gentlemen) at home to see that everything goes all right there during their absence. The drowsy night watchmen are in the meantime relieved by others, and retire to their conical tents to rest.

Numerous camp-fires soon crackle energetically, and cook the various breakfasts. The horses in camp begin to show signs of impatience, and neigh lustily for barley and water, and the shaggy watchdogs loudly challenge a number of dusky human forms, who slowly amble up to the camp. These latter are women of a neighboring Bedouin tribe, and bring milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fowls, sheep, etc., which they offer for sale.

They are not allowed to enter the camp, however, as they are all more or less afflicted with kleptomania; wherefore the servants go out to meet them about fifty yards distant from the outermost tent, near the river's edge, where the barter takes place, and where the servants from the gunboat also have an opportunity of participating in the transactions.

Now and then a shot is fired, either by an officer on board the steamer or by one of the gentlemen in camp who staid at home, into a swarm of wild ducks or geese, flying overhead or floating on the river, or else at the numerous partridges which come out of the shrubbery down to the water to quench their thirst, whilst some of the crew of the steamer are busily occupied with fishing.

After the lapse of an hour or two, the party that went out to enjoy a morning ride returns to the camp, both man and beast in the best of spirits, that is, provided the former finds a substantial breakfast ready upon the table, to which meal more than ordinary attention is paid, even by the delicate-looking fair-sex, whose appetite has been wonderfully sharpened by the pure and bracing early morning air of the Desert.

After breakfast, a game of whist, *écarté*, chess or dominoes is played till between ten and eleven o'clock, about which time the hunting party usually returns, their coming being announced by a servant on the lookout for them, stationed on the crest of the mound some 150 yards distant in the rear of the camp, a portion of the ruins of the walls of the reported famous garden.

Finally our Nimrods make their appearance in the camp, not with the dashing canter of the party of ladies and gentlemen who have merely returned from their morning ride, but slowly and steadily, horse and rider covered with perspiration and dust, evidently quite knocked up, and looking altogether much the worse for wear. Even the proud falcon droops his wings and head, and the hounds, with their long, tapering tails quivering between their legs, limp painfully by the side of the panting steeds, mouths wide open, and tongues swollen and protruding—in short, everything tends to indicate that the little band had a long, break-neck chase after the fleet gazelle, justly famed as the swiftest quadruped on earth.

It appears, however, that the wonderful speed of these animals avails them nothing in their precipitous flight before the gallant falcon, as two of their species may be seen dangling from the saddles of a couple of the hunters, in company with a splendid gray fox, various hares, partridges, etc., all of which fell victims to the velocity of the falcon and grayhounds.

THE GRAND PAGODA OF TANJORE.

Tanjour, or, as the English term it, Tanjore, was for many ages the strongest place in India. It successively resisted the arms of France and England, but finally had to succumb to the latter power, to whom it now belongs.

The temple was a wonder of architecture; and the perfect preservation it still retains enables all at the present time to enjoy its elegant details, which, though sometimes *bizarre*, present truly a marvel of unity, ornamented with a thousand statues.

This beautiful temple is consecrated to Vishnou, and all its ornamental sculpture is devoted to the celebration of that divinity and his adventures.

To Tanjour emphatically belongs the distinction of being the Athens of Hindoostan. Its buildings equal in point of grandeur those of the Acropolis. The height of this grand pagoda is about two hundred and seventy-one feet; it has twelve stages of columns, crowned with statues elaborately carved. The Brahmins assert that the dome is made out of one entire block of stone.

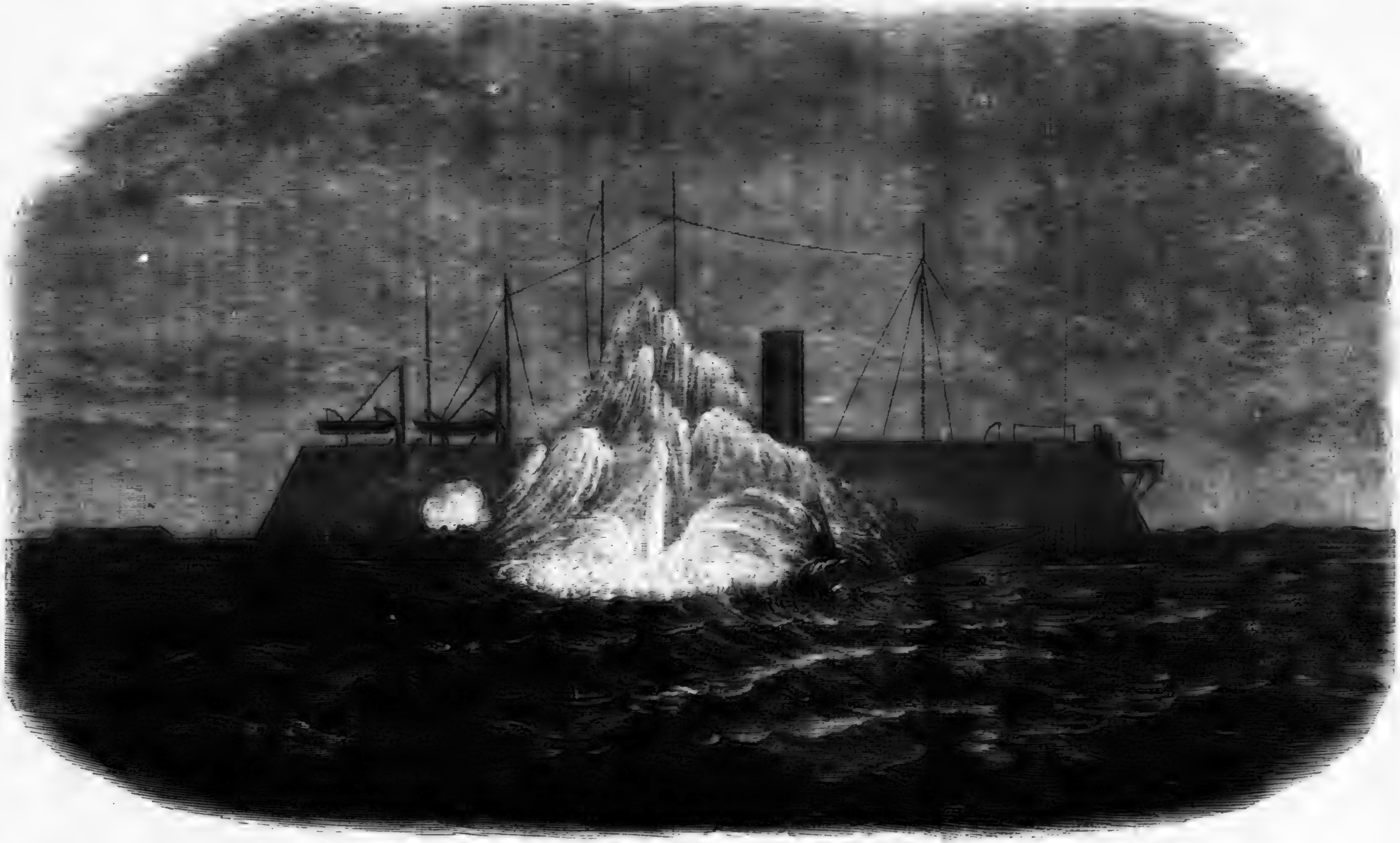
Tanjour is one hundred and seventy miles from Madras, and is the capital of the maritime district of Tanjour. Including its suburbs, the town is nearly six miles in circumference. There are two forts, one of which comprehends the rajah's palace, in which is a group sculptured by Flaxman; the other containing one of the handsomest temples in India, and a college, formerly a place of Hindoo learning. The population is estimated at eighty thousand.

FEIGNED MALADIES AMONG SOLDIERS.

Pretended diseases were once very frequent among soldiers in the Army, in order to effect their discharge. Medical skill may now, however, be said to have almost put an end to all attempts of the kind. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary was the following.

A soldier asserted that he had nearly lost all power over the inferior extremities, in consequence, as he stated, of a hurt received in the loins. Active means were employed to expose him; and, as he was from the first suspected of being an impostor, the measures were long continued. The patience of the medical officer who attended him became exhausted, and the man was eventually recommended to be discharged. Upon the day when he was to receive his discharge, he crawled upon crutches to the office where it was to be given to him. Having obtained the document, he begged one of the officers of the establishment to read it to him, which he did twice. After satisfying himself that the discharge was properly made out, the "cripple" first deliberately threw away one crutch, and then the other, and darted forward, overturning two men who happened to be before him, and finally disappeared, springing over a car with a water-cask on it which stood in his way.

It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the sure destruction, sooner or later, of houses built near the base of Mount Vesuvius, the Italians do not cease to build there. The town of Terre del Greco, containing nearly 10,000 inhabitants, is constructed on the lava stream of 1631.

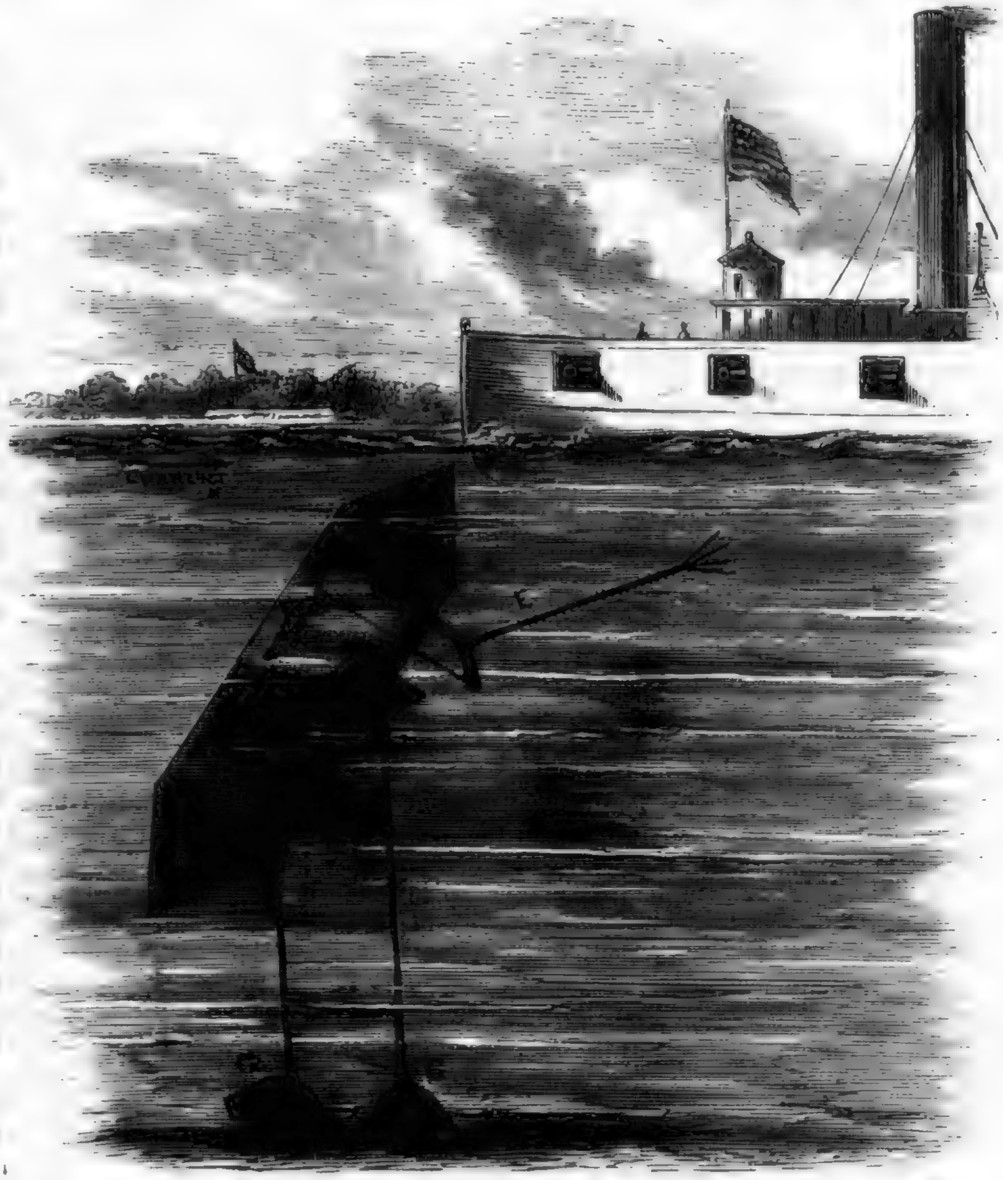


A CONFEDERATE TORPEDO BOAT ATTEMPTS TO BLOW UP THE U. S. IRONCLAD FRIGATE "NEW IRONSIDES," IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, OCT. 5, 1863.

TORPEDOES,

AND THEIR USE IN MODERN WAR.

By LIEUT.-COL. CHAS. H. WEBB



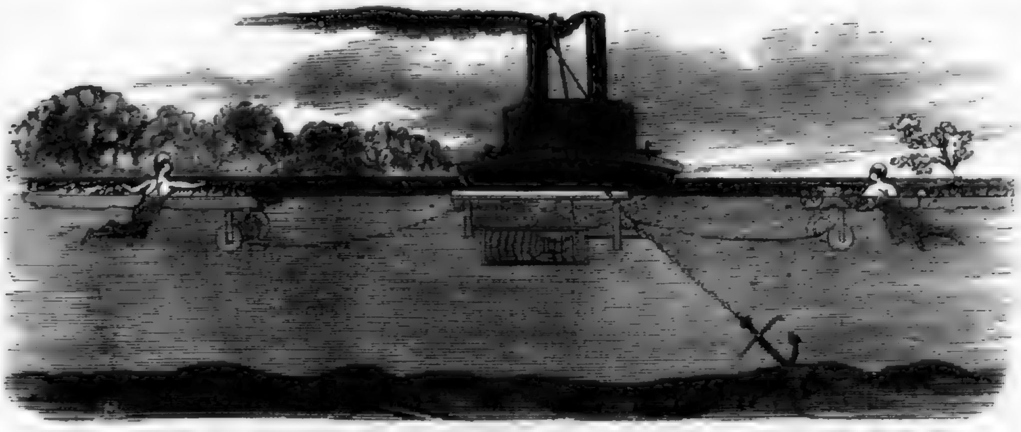
ANCHORED "CONTACT" TORPEDO USED BY THE CONFEDERATES ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE first historical mention of the use of the torpedo in warfare is found in the contemporaneous accounts of the siege of Antwerp, in 1585. It is related that on that occasion the Dutch used what may be deemed the germ of the modern torpedo, namely, vessels filled with explosives, each provided with clockwork, which set a matchlock in action, timed to fire the charges on approaching the enemy's fleet. Of course the destructive effect of these machines depended entirely on the accurate timing of the mechanism, and we may fairly suppose that they frequently failed to inflict any damage upon the enemy; but it is stated that they were so far successful that more than eight hundred Spaniards lost their lives thereby. At the siege of Rochelle, in 1628, the English employed floating petards, and succeeded in destroying several galleys; but it was found that they were as likely to inflict damage upon the assailants as the assailed, and were so uncertain of effect that their use was soon abandoned.

For nearly two centuries thereafter, although many torpedoes or marine explosives were invented, and some of them actually employed in war, none attracted much attention. The first really practical application of the idea to ordinary warfare was made by David Bushnell, a captain of engineers in the American army during the Revolution. His device was that of a submarine boat carrying a torpedo containing one hundred and fifty pounds of gunpowder, intended to be attached by a wood screw to the bottom of an enemy's vessel, and discharged by means of clockwork. The invention was tested in 1776, in New York Harbor; Sergeant Ezra Lee, of the Continental Army, attempting to blow up the *Eagle*, a British ship of war, the flag-ship of Lord Howe. The result was failure. It was found impracticable to attach the torpedo, which was cut adrift, and soon after exploded, without doing any injury, though it doubtless occasioned considerable astonishment among the finny inhabitants of the bay. The following year Captain Bushnell made another attempt, directing a floating percussion-torpedo against the English frigate *Cerberus*, then lying off New London. It completely destroyed a schooner moored alongside the frigate, but did no harm to the latter. Torpedoes of similar construction were employed against the English ships in the Delaware, but without result.

Charles I. Bushnell, a direct descendant of David Bushnell, is now residing in New York City, and preserves the original models, plans and designs of his distinguished relative, who may justly be termed the father of the torpedo.

The next development of the idea of submarine explosives was due to the inventive genius of Robert Fulton, to whom we owe the successful application of steam propulsion to marine navigation. Nearly twenty years after Bushnell's first efforts, he took up the subject, and, through many experiments, felt his way to the evolution of the fact which proved the germ from which all subsequent inventions in



DARING ATTEMPT OF CONFEDERATES TO EXPLODE A FLOATING TORPEDO UNDER THE BOWS OF A UNITED STATES GUNBOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

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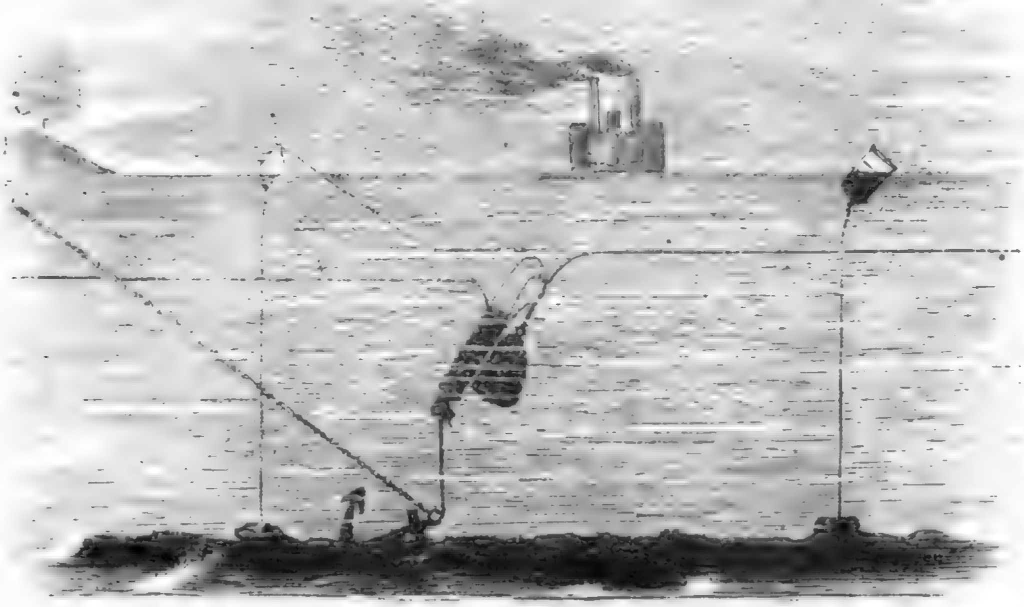


ANCHORED CONTACT TORPEDO USED BY THE CONFEDERATES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

the same line have sprung. The name "torpedo," taken from the Electric Ray or Skate, which had that designation in the Latin tongue, was first applied to submarine explosives by Fulton. He endeavored unsuccessfully to induce the Emperor Napoleon to employ his invention against the English fleets, and, failing in that, went to England in 1804, and, with great difficulty, obtained authority to undertake the destruction of the French fleet at Boulogne.

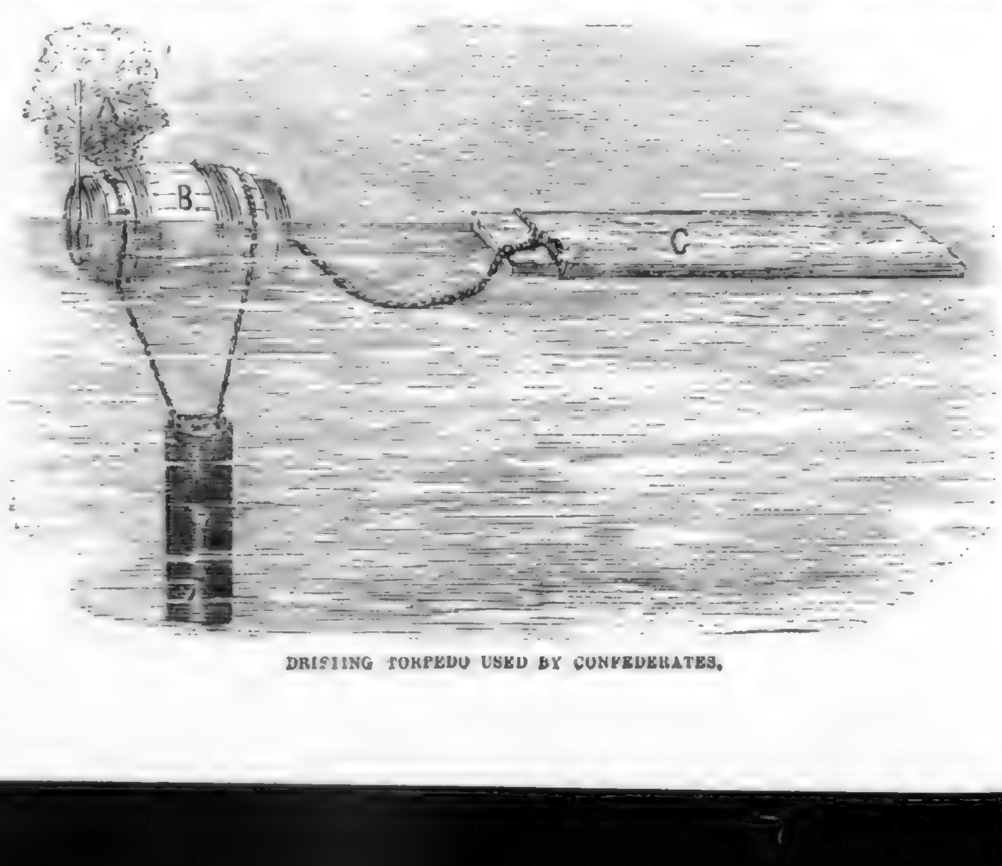
Fulton's attempt was known as the "Catamaran Expedition," and was sent against the flotilla which Napoleon had prepared at Boulogne for his projected invasion of England. The "catamaran," invented by Fulton, was a coffer, or oblong box, about 21½ feet long by 3½ broad, made of thick plank, lined with lead, calked and tarred in the seams, and coated with hot pitch; it contained 40 barrels of powder, other inflammable matter, a piece of clockwork, and enough ballast to keep the upper surface about on a level with the water. The catamaran was towed near the enemy, and then left to the action of the tide to be drifted foul of the enemy's vessels, to which it was to cling by means of grappling-irons, floated with pieces of cork. The clockwork was so adjusted that in five or ten minutes after the catamaran was launched, a mainspring drew the trigger of a lock and fired off the powder. There were too many chances of failure here, and the attempt was unsuccessful, owing to the difficulty of timing the clockwork used to fire the fuses. In the following year Fulton made an experimental trial in the harbor of Deal, and blew up and entirely destroyed the brig *Dorothea*, which had been provided for that purpose. He employed two drifting torpedoes, which were connected by a rope and floated down until they fouled the hawser by which the vessel was anchored, when one of them, charged with nearly 200 pounds of powder, exploded under her bottom, and utterly destroyed her.

The English Government, however, notwithstanding this complete demonstration of the power of the torpedo, looked coldly upon the invention, and gave no encouragement to the inventor. Proud of the tacitly acknowledged sovereignty of the seas, England showed little favor to a device which her practiced seamen saw at once would, if successful, peril her naval supremacy, and place the weakest power on an equality with the strongest.

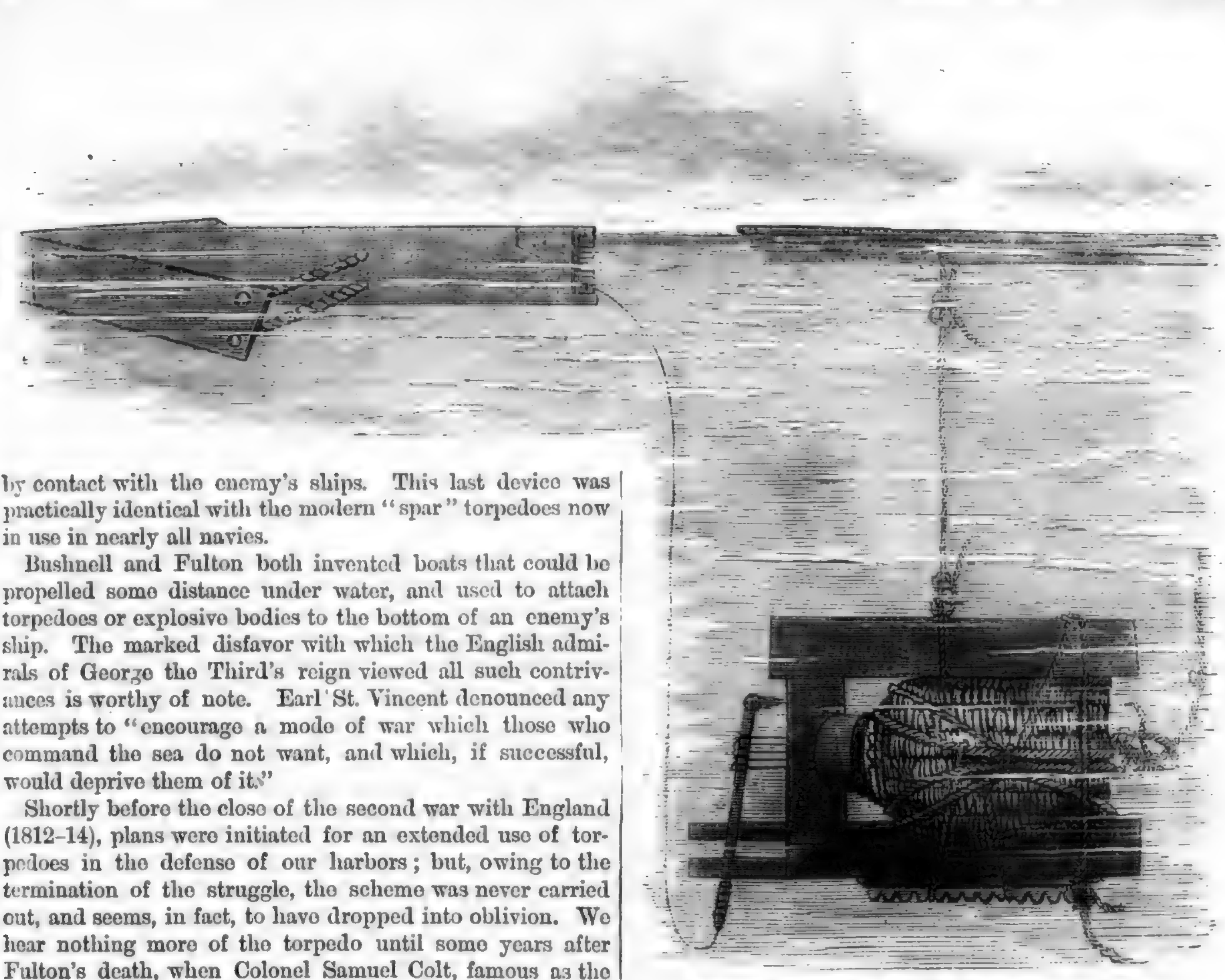
One British admiral, whose well-won reputation had been earned in many a hard-fought naval conflict, argued, in a report to the Admiralty, that Fulton's invention, while undeniably ingenious and effective, was barbarous and inhuman, and calculated to take from England that empire of the seas over which she had so long held a more than imperial sway.

The theory that such a mode of warfare was non English, and unworthy of the descendants of the sea-kings, found general acceptance, and Fulton, despite the success of his experiments, found himself ignored by the British Admiralty, and returned to America, where he repeated his experiments with equal success, and experienced a like repulse; the naval authorities having no faith in the torpedo for use in actual warfare.

Fulton's system comprised four distinct classes of torpedoes; floating or buoyant mines, to be anchored in channels or harbors, and provided with mechanism for exploding the charge when struck by a vessel; drifting, or line torpedoes, of the kind he used in destroying the *Dorothea*: harpoon torpedoes, designed to be attached to an enemy's vessel by a harpoon shot from a gun, and then to be exploded by clockwork; and what were termed by the inventor "block-ship" torpedoes, to be carried on projecting spars borne by vessels specially constructed for the purpose, and exploded



DRIFTING TORPEDO USED BY CONFEDERATES.



BUOYED TORPEDO USED BY THE CONFEDERATES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

by contact with the enemy's ships. This last device was practically identical with the modern "spar" torpedoes now in use in nearly all navies.

Bushnell and Fulton both invented boats that could be propelled some distance under water, and used to attach torpedoes or explosive bodies to the bottom of an enemy's ship. The marked disfavor with which the English admirals of George the Third's reign viewed all such contrivances is worthy of note. Earl St. Vincent denounced any attempts to "encourage a mode of war which those who command the sea do not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it."

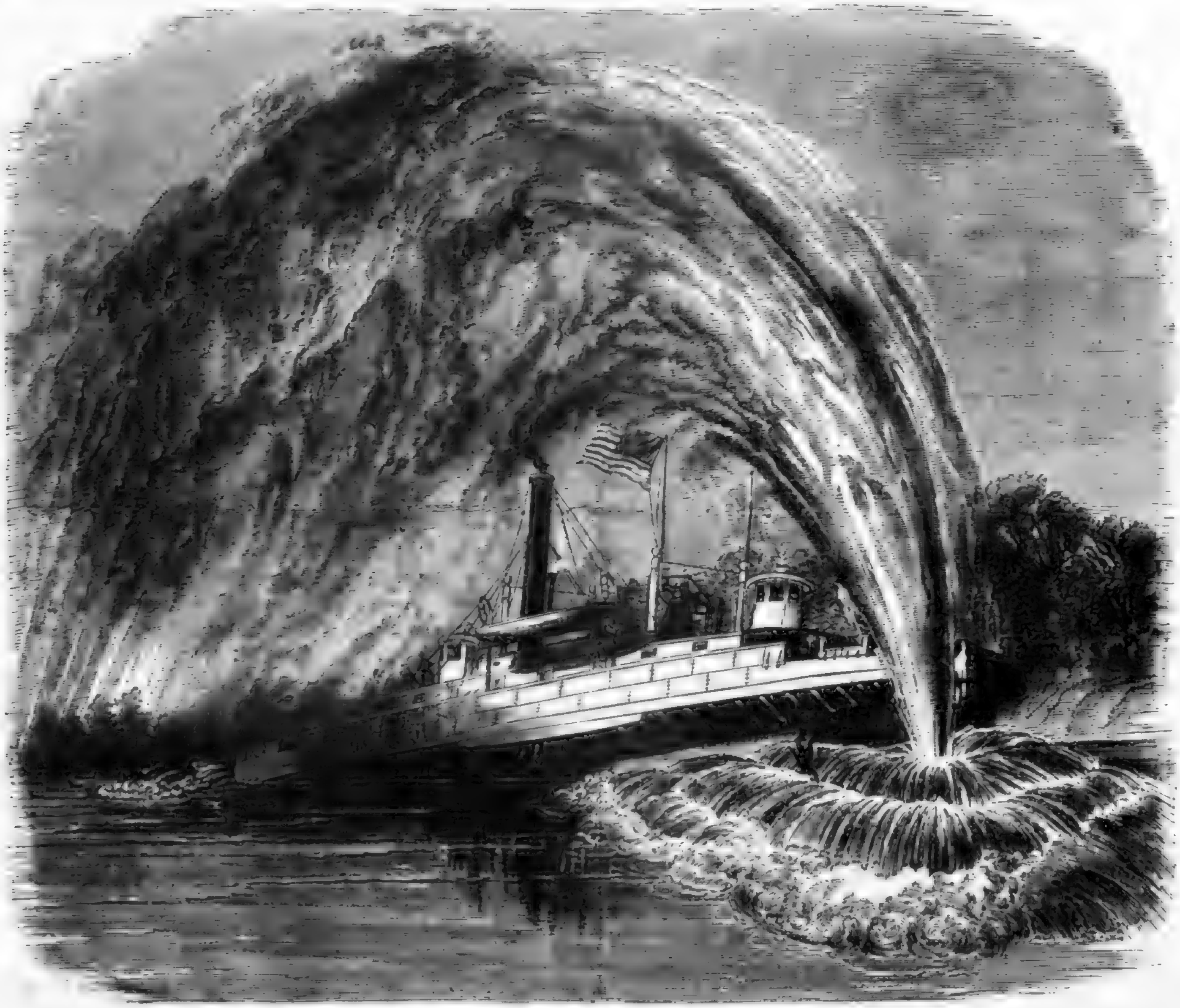
Shortly before the close of the second war with England (1812–14), plans were initiated for an extended use of torpedoes in the defense of our harbors; but, owing to the termination of the struggle, the scheme was never carried out, and seems, in fact, to have dropped into oblivion. We hear nothing more of the torpedo until some years after Fulton's death, when Colonel Samuel Colt, famous as the inventor of the revolver, took up the inquiry, and made many experiments in the application of electricity to the firing of submarine explosives. He produced some striking results, between 1829 and 1843, successfully blowing up several vessels at anchor; and finally, in the latter year, he destroyed a brig under full sail on the Potomac, operating by electricity from a station in Alexandria, five miles distant. The success of this experiment created quite a sensation among naval men at the time; but, notwithstanding this and similar demonstrations of the power of the torpedo, Colonel Colt's plans were not systematically adopted by any government. After Colonel Colt's death there was found among his papers a project for a complete system of buoyant submarine mines, which were to be planted in groups of five in the channel to be defended. He devised one of the very first insulated cables ever attempted, for the purpose of connecting them with the shore. It terminated with a platinum wire fuse imbedded in a priming of gunpowder. Colt proposed, by the use of a powerful reflector, to throw the image of the ship upon a map of the submerged mines at the operator's station, thus enabling the latter to fire the charge exactly at the right moment. A modification and improvement of this plan has been adopted by the United States Government for the defense of our harbors.

From the conclusion of Colt's experiments, the subject seems to have slumbered until the breaking out of the Crimean war, although much progress was gained in submarine blasting, and some valuable discoveries made, applicable to marine torpedoes. Captain Hennebert, an engineer officer of the French army, devised an elaborate system of submarine mines, but no opportunity was offered for its use. M. Jacobi, in 1855, invented a new kind of contact mine, which was used in the harbors of Cronstadt and Sebastopol. The fuse was formed by a small bottle of sulphuric acid placed in the centre of a preparation of chlorate of potash and sugar. The shock of contact with a vessel broke this bottle, when an explosion followed, communicating with the charge and igniting the mine. Torpedoes of this description were exploded under the frigates *Firefly* and *Merlin*, but without any serious result.

The knowledge that these infernal machines were hidden obliged the combined fleets of England and France to manœuvre with great caution; but beyond a few accidents, and inspiring some amount of fear, the torpedo did little actual damage.

The failure of Jacobi's torpedoes was due rather to the fact that he employed very small charges than to any defect in his plan. He used but eight or nine pounds of powder, and his mines were consequently deficient in force. Besides mechanical and contact torpedoes, he also employed those exploded by electricity, but without much success.

During the siege of Sebastopol, the French engineers used, with complete success, torpedoes for destroying the vast granite docks built by the Russians at that port; and the attention of the naval authorities of all maritime nations was thus again called to the subject of submarine explosives, and their importance generally conceded. As a consequence, when the Franco-Austrian war of 1859 broke out, Colonel Von Ebner, of the Austrian army, prepared a system for the defense of Venice more complete than anything of the kind previously undertaken. He devised buoyant torpedoes, contained in wooden cases strengthened by iron hoops. Each case was moored to a triangular frame resting firmly



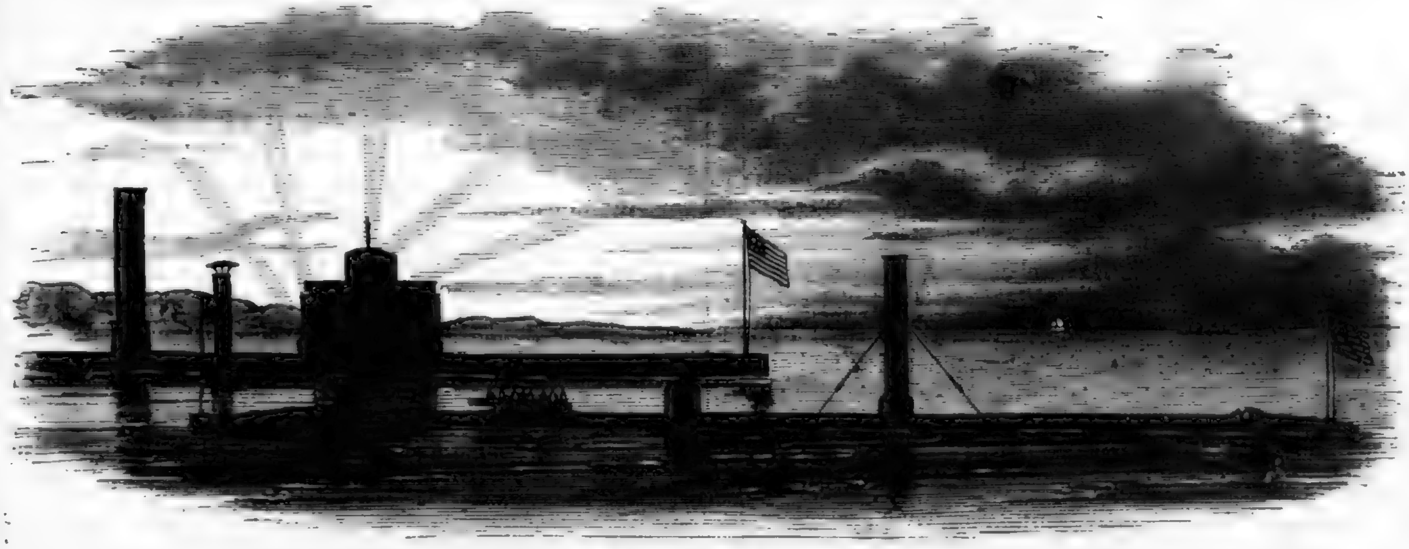
EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO UNDER THE GUNBOAT "COMMODORE BARNEY."

on the bottom. The three chains secured to the case were kept taut by the tendency of the torpedo to rise to the surface, while the spread of the triangle prevented their twisting—thus keeping the conducting cable connecting with the galvanic battery free from injury. Von Ebner's torpedoes were charged with gun-cotton and ignited by electricity. No estimate can be made of their relative value, as no occasion was offered for a practical test.

The real development of the torpedo into an effective weapon for coast and harbor defense dates from the American Civil War of 1861–5. Here, for the first time in history, the torpedo took the first place among engines of war—doing far more damage than the well-known artillery, the more recent application of the ram, and all other efforts and accidents combined. The Confederates, having no fleet, and very insufficient means for improvising one, naturally turned their attention to so simple and effective a method of defending their numerous harbors and extensive line of coast. Their newly created navy was entirely too weak to cope with the powerful fleets of the United States, or to guard the many inlets by which the interior might be reached, against invasion by ships superior in number, in build, and in armament. Neither had old-established or newly built fortifications proved themselves adequate to keeping out the enemy's ships, whenever they made a serious attempt at passing. The importance of the torpedo was, therefore, recognized at a very early period of the war. Naturally the subject

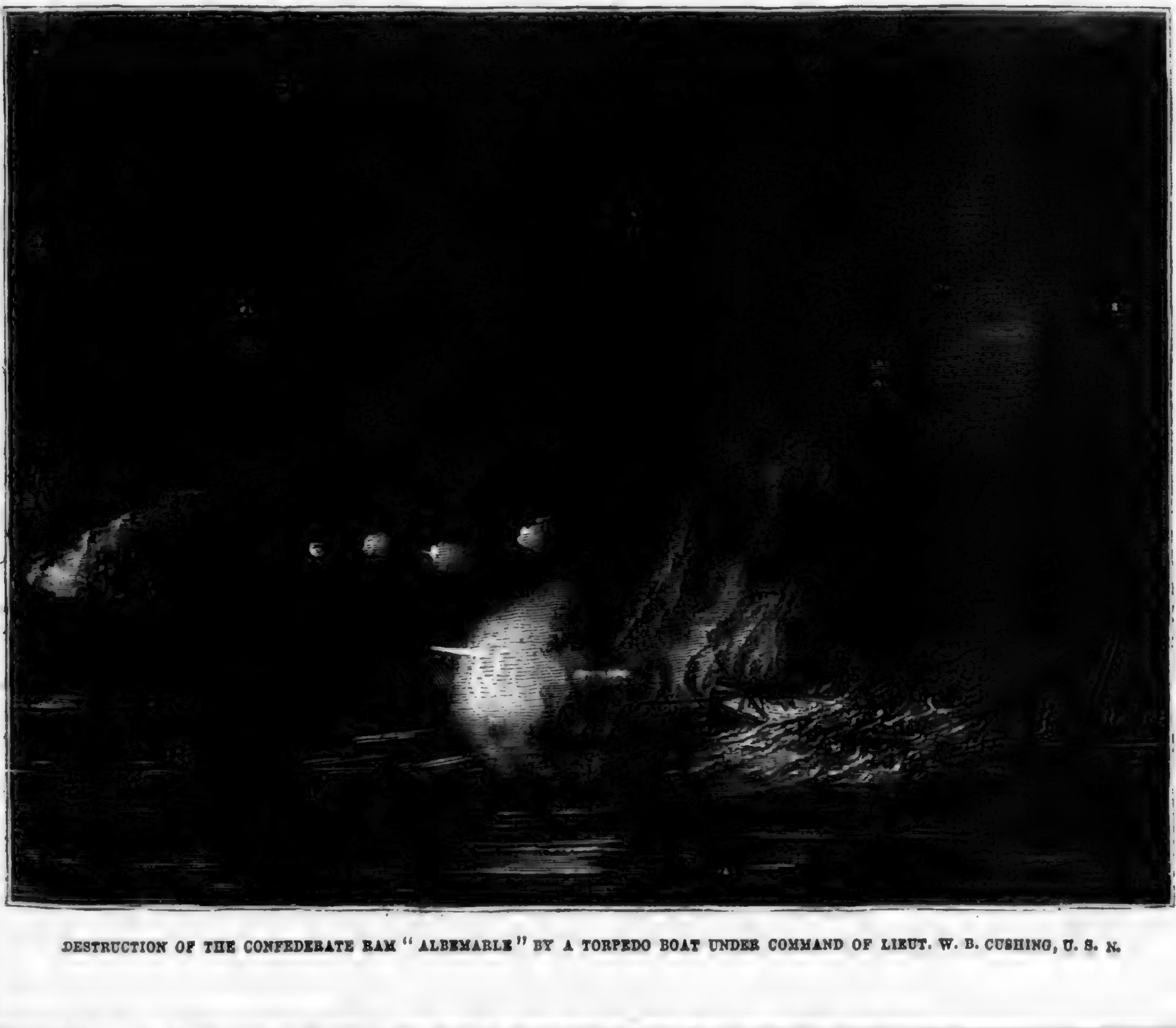
U. S. TORPEDO BOAT "STROMBOLI."

XUM



U. S. TORPEDO BOAT "NAPA."

attracted the earnest attention, not only of Confederate naval officers, but of inventive civilians, and many an ingenious mind turned its attention to the task of inventing some submarine explosive by which the largest and most powerful vessels might inevitably be sunk within a few minutes after being struck. As a result, the Confederate War Department was absolutely overwhelmed by the applications of inventors, every one of whom demanded an examination of his plan or model. It being necessary to grant all such requests, for fear of possibly overlooking a perhaps really useful invention, the attention of the examining officers was, naturally enough, often called to the most absurd schemes. Among the various devices submitted may be mentioned twin torpedo-boats, propelled by rockets; diving apparatus, by means of which torpedoes might be attached to the bottom of the enemy's ship; balloons, that were to ascend, and, when they arrived just above the vessel, to drop some kind of torpedo on the deck; rotation torpedo-rockets, to be fired under water; submarine boats, with torpedoes attached to a spar; buoyed, drifting, contact and



DESTRUCTION OF THE CONFEDERATE RAM "ALBEMARLE" BY A TORPEDO BOAT UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

XUM

electric torpedoes; in fine, any variety of plans, and yet very few practicable ones.

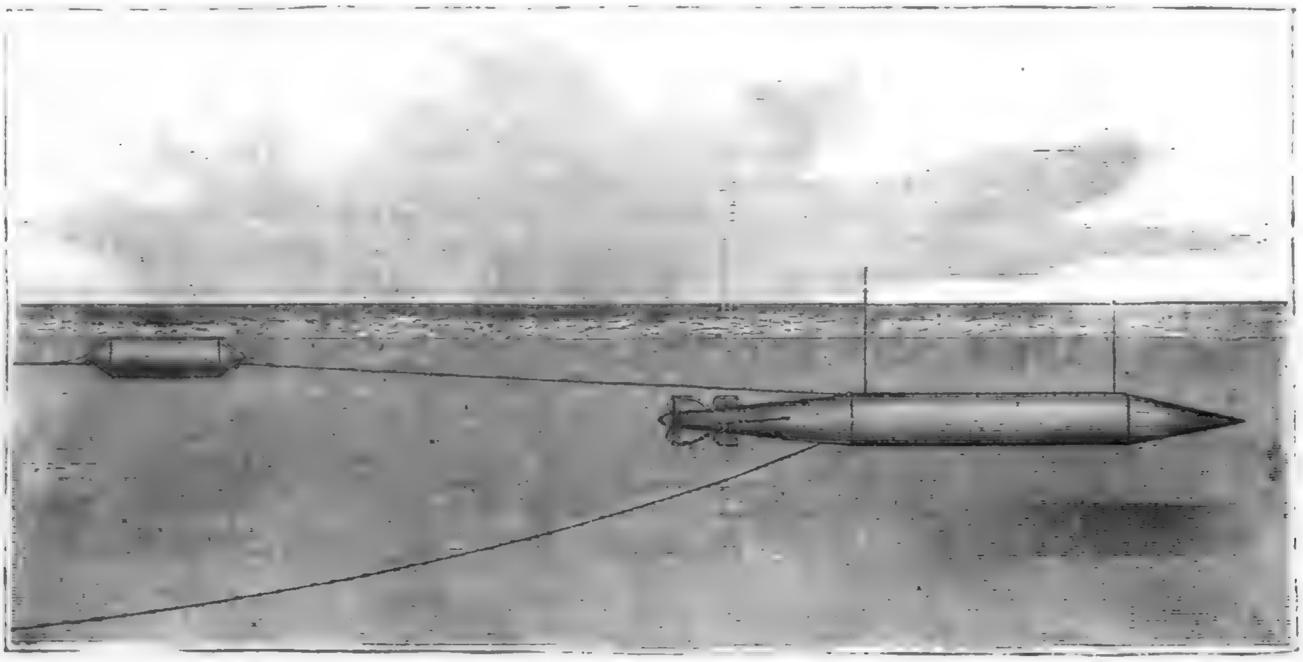
The great error into which most of these inventors fell was, that they aimed at accomplishing, all at once, far too much in a field which, to most, if not all of them, was still unexplored. As a consequence, the apparatus was, in most cases, so complicated and uncertain in action as to result in utter failure on being tried.

Those torpedoes by which the heaviest losses were caused to the Union fleet during the War of the Rebellion excelled in simplicity of construction and in cheapness. The torpedoes used by the Confederates included those fired by the slow-match, by acids; ignited both by concussion and clock-work, by percussion, by friction and by electricity; and much valuable experience was gained concerning the advantages and defects of the several methods employed.

Singer's buoyant and mechanical torpedo, with some modifications introduced by Captain McEvoy, was largely used during the Civil War. The machine consisted of a conical iron cylinder; the apex, to which the mooring-chain was secured, being the underneath side. The lower part contained the powder, the upper the air-chamber to give the necessary buoyancy. A loose metal top covered the torpedo, and was attached to a copper friction-tube fitted into the lower end by a chain, so arranged that when the torpedo was inclined by a vessel's striking it, the heavy cover slid off, and, throwing its weight on the rasp, drew it out, thus exploding the tube and charge. This torpedo, as at first constructed, was exploded by the concussion of a bolt, moved by a spiral spring, upon percussion caps fitted to tubes connected with the powder-chamber. In this form the torpedo became quite useless after lying six or seven months in fresh water, or even one month in salt water. Investigation showed the cause to be a very curious one. Marine worms (the *terredo navalis*, *limnaria*, and others that abound in Southern waters) attached themselves in perfect clusters to the torpedo, between the caps and the bolt, deadening the force of the blow on the caps, and thus preventing the explosion of the charge.

From the use of various kinds of submarine explosives, the Southern waters soon became so dangerous as to interfere seriously with naval operations. During the continuance of the war, the Union Navy lost eight iron-clads, eleven wooden war-vessels and six army transports, besides several tugs and dispatch boats, by torpedoes; while many other ships were temporarily disabled. In twelve cases the torpedo destroyed the vessel using it. The Confederates lost one fine iron-clad, the *Albemarle*, at Plymouth, North Carolina. The destruction of this vessel was effected by a spar-torpedo attached to a small launch, commanded by Lieutenant Cushing, of the U. S. Navy.

It was a most daring exploit; the explosion destroyed the launch as well as the enemy's vessel, and of the crew of thirteen men only the commander and one other escaped. Two Confederate steamers in Charleston harbor, and a flag-of-truce boat on the James River, were blown up by the accidental explosion of their own torpedoes. The first vessel actually destroyed by a torpedo during the American Civil War was an iron-clad called the *Cairo*, blown up in the Yazoo River, in December, 1862. Her destruction was accomplished by a torpedo of very primitive construction, an illustration of which is given on page 675. It consisted of an ordinary demijohn filled with powder, and kept floating a few feet below the surface by buoys to which it was attached. The buoys were anchored with ropes and weights. The ignition of the charge was effected by a friction-tube, from the ring of which a long string led to a station on shore. The *Cairo* was so completely shattered that she sunk in about twelve minutes after the explosion. The United States monitor *Patapsco* was sunk in Charleston Harbor, January 15th, 1865, by a torpedo. The vessel went down within less than a minute after being struck, and more than two-thirds of her crew were lost.



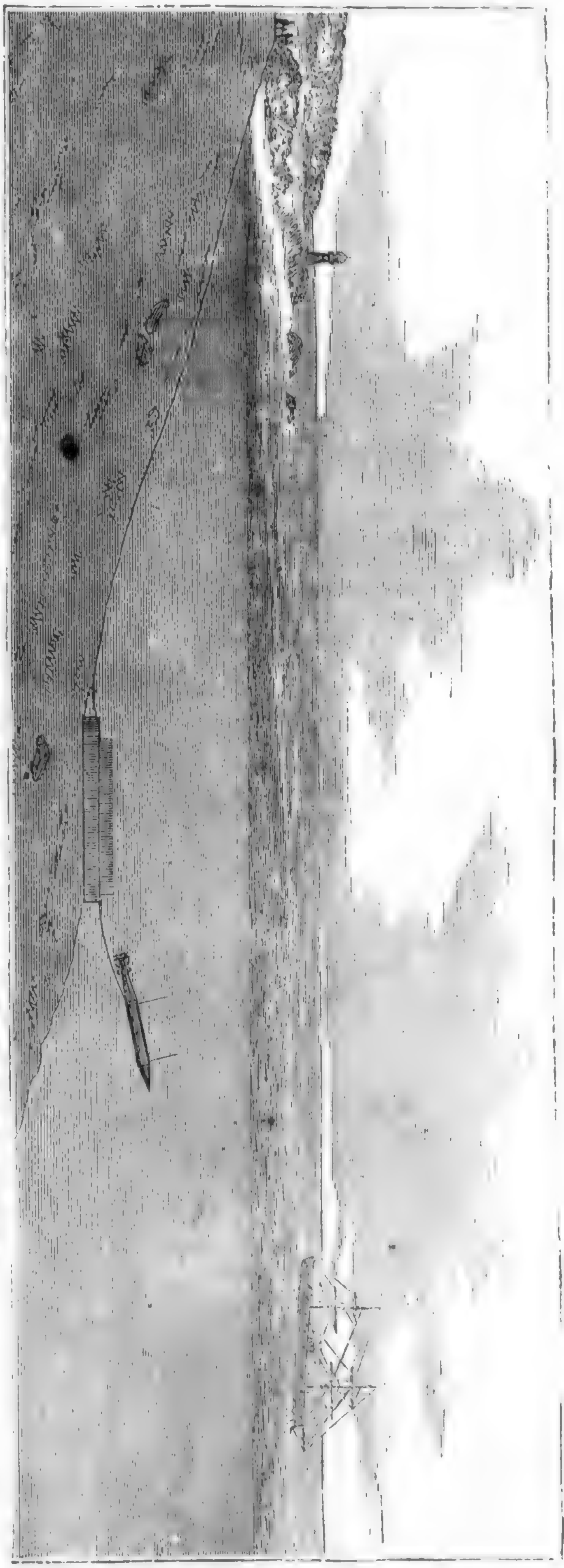
THE LAY TORPEDO TOWING OTHER TORPEDOES.

In Admiral Farragut's daring fight in Mobile Bay, the United States monitor *Tecumseh* was destroyed by a torpedo, all of her crew of 130 men but two officers and five seamen escaped. The gunboat *Commodore Jones* was blown to pieces by a charge of 1,750 pounds of powder, placed in the bed of the James River, and fired by electric wires managed on shore. Another gunboat, the *Commodore Barney*, originally a Williamsburgh ferry-boat—a service to which she has returned since the war—struck a contact-torpedo in the James River, which exploded under her bottom with such force as to lift the vessel ten feet out of the water; while a jet of water was hurled fifty feet in the air, and then fell with deluging effect on the deck, washing thirty men overboard, all of whom but two, however, were saved. Owing to the great strength of her frame, the gunboat escaped with little injury.

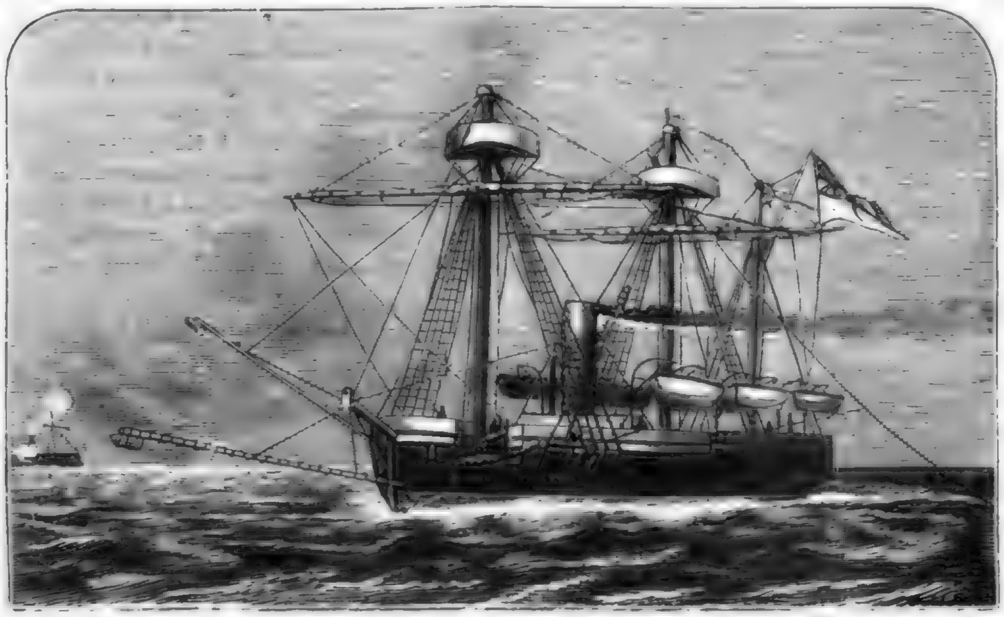
It is unnecessary to refer to the many other instances of the successful use of defensive torpedoes in the American Civil War. Their employment in offensive operations during the same mighty struggle presents many features of interest; and although the results obtained were rarely commensurate with the risks incurred, much valuable experience was gained which has since been utilized.

It may be affirmed to be the opinion of all naval authorities that a boat, by means of which torpedoes may with the greatest secrecy and safety be brought into contact with the enemy's vessel and exploded at the moment of touching without damage to the operator, will form, hereafter, an essential part of all judicious arrangements for coast defense. Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, this conviction of the importance of torpedo-boats turned the attention of naval engineers to such devices. The first attempts aimed at submarine boats, since these only could approach the enemy unobserved. The results from the use of this class of boats were very unsatisfactory, so much so as to almost justify practical engineers in declaring against their use. The first of these boats was built at the Tredegar Works, Richmond, Va., in 1861. It was only twenty feet long, built of boiler-iron, and intended to be used as a diving-bell, from which to attach a torpedo to the bottom of a vessel. It proved an utter failure. Another submarine boat was built at Mobile in 1863, which seemed, theoretically, to promise a better prospect of proving effective. Its inventor was so sanguine of success, that he induced the military authorities to send the boat by railroad to Charleston. It was a cigar-shaped steamer, all but a small portion submerged; a spar ten feet long extended laterally, with a torpedo containing a sixty-pound charge suspended from the end, to be ignited by a chemical fuse. On the first attempt at using this contrivance, the little vessel was lying alongside a float in Charleston Harbor, preparing to start on her mission of destruction among the Federal fleet; while her crew were getting on board, she was suddenly swamped by the swell of a passing steamer, and went to the bottom, carrying three men with her. She was soon raised again, and a second attempt made, which also resulted in disaster, and the drowning of five men. Raised for the second time, a third attempt was undertaken, under the direction of Lieut. Glassel of the Confederate navy, when the Union iron-clad frigate *New Ironsides*, one of the blockading squadron off Charleston Harbor, was attacked. An illustration of this exploit is given on page 672. The *New Ironsides* received a very severe shock, and a great volume of water was thrown over her spar deck, deluging the engine-room, but no serious damage resulted. The torpedo steamer disappeared in the vortex occasioned by the explosion; her commander, Lieutenant Glassel, was picked up in an exhausted condition by a boat from the *Ironsides*, the remainder of the crew perished.

A submarine torpedo-boat, called, from the name of its inventor, a "David," used in 1864, was so constructed that it could be lowered to any depth, propelled at the rate of four knots an hour by hand-paddles, and supply fresh air to a crew of nine men for half an hour. This was a cigar-shaped vessel, only about one-fourth of it being above water, and that portion not unlike the back of a whale. She dragged a floating torpedo until it came under the keel of an enemy's ship, when it was made to explode, and could also carry a spar torpedo. The latter was of copper, fitted with eight sensitive fuses, to explode on contact with the enemy's side, and was carried on a spar end, which, by means of a topping-lift, could be lowered some eight feet below the surface. In this position the torpedo was sixteen feet from the boat. Using this last device, this boat, under the command of Lieutenant Dixon of the Confederate navy, made an attack upon the United States steamer *Housatonic*, in Charleston Harbor. The commander of the latter vessel reported that the torpedo-boat was first seen about one hundred yards from the ship, and had the appearance of a plank moving in the water. It came directly toward the ship, and was close alongside within two minutes from the time when it was first seen.



MEN ON SHORE DIRECTING THE "LAY" TORPEDO FROM A SUBMARINE CAISSON TOWARDS AN APPROACHING VESSEL.

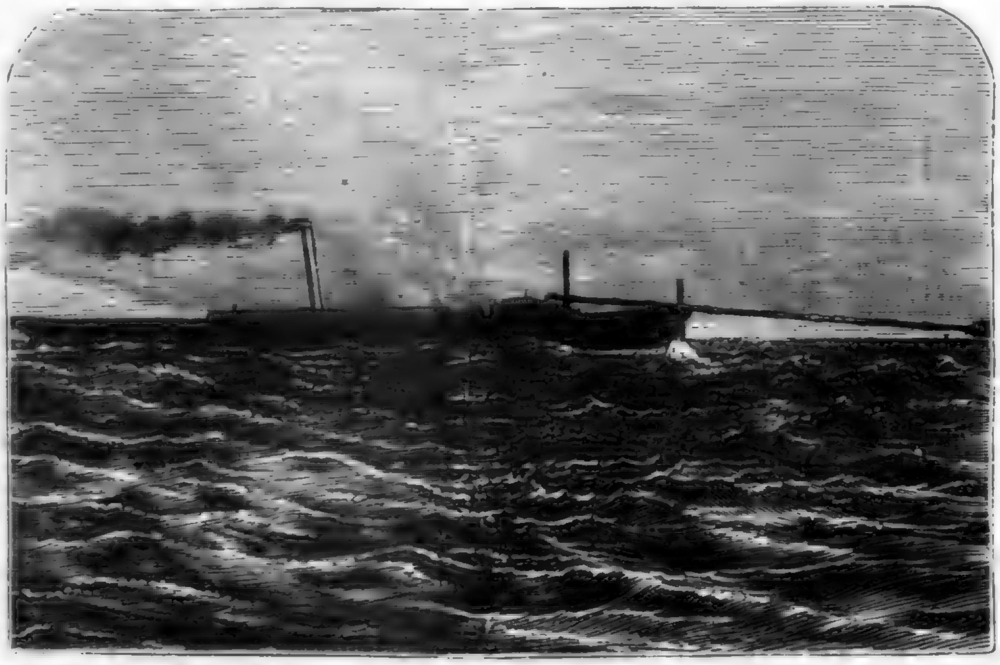


THE NEW BRITISH TORPEDO-SHIP "FLAMINGO."

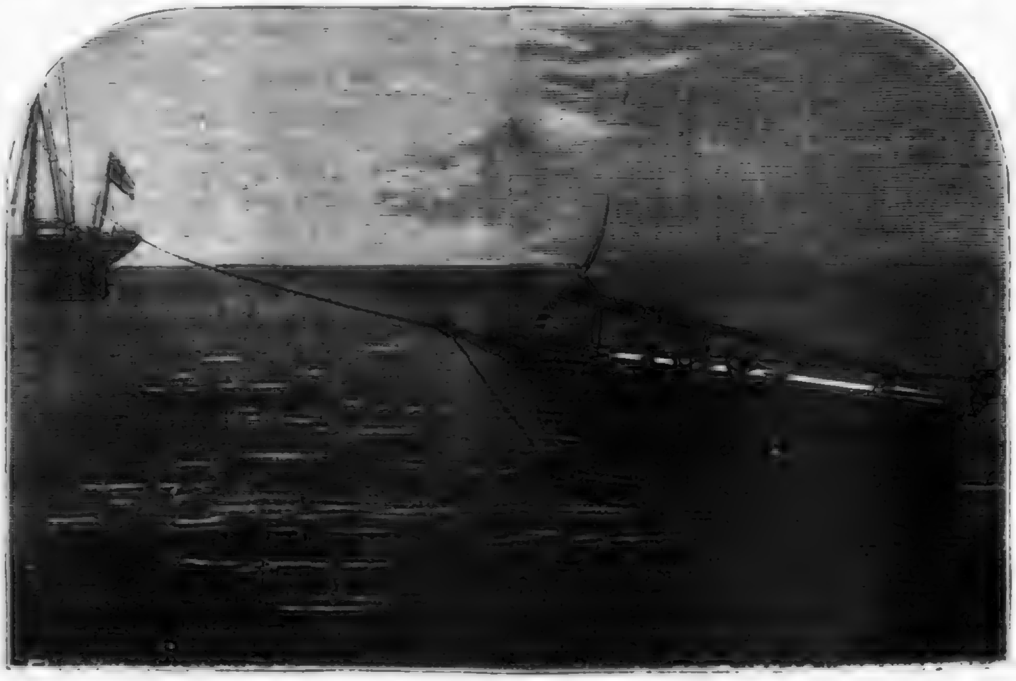
During this time the chain was slipped, the engine backed, and all hands called to quarters on board the gunboat, but in vain. The torpedo struck the ship forward of the mizzenmast on the starboard side, in a line with the magazine; the explosion occurred almost immediately, and the *Housatonic* sank, stern first, within a few minutes; the crew having barely time to reach the deck before she went down. Neither the torpedo-boat nor its crew was ever seen again. The torpedo having been placed in the bow of the boat, it is surmised that she went into the hole made in the *Housatonic* by the explosion, and having no power sufficient to back out, sunk with her. Other attempts with submarine boats were usually disastrous, and their use was practically abandoned.

In the construction of a practicable submarine boat, designed to carry a crew, and to be operated by them, there are two conditions to be fulfilled. First, the speed of the boat must be great enough to enable it to advance at least one mile, and retreat the same distance, without the necessity of coming up to the surface. Second, its course under water must be accurately determinable.

The first condition is difficult to fulfill, because it involves the intricate question of the motor to be employed. To fulfill the second question is wellnigh impossible. In the numerous trial-trips which various inventors of submarine boats have had to make, it has almost invariably happened that the boat deviated from the prescribed course after going a few knots, and missed the appointed mark more or less widely; the boat sometimes even, to the great astonishment of those in it, coming up near the starting point.



TORPEDO LAUNCH USING SPAR TORPEDOES.



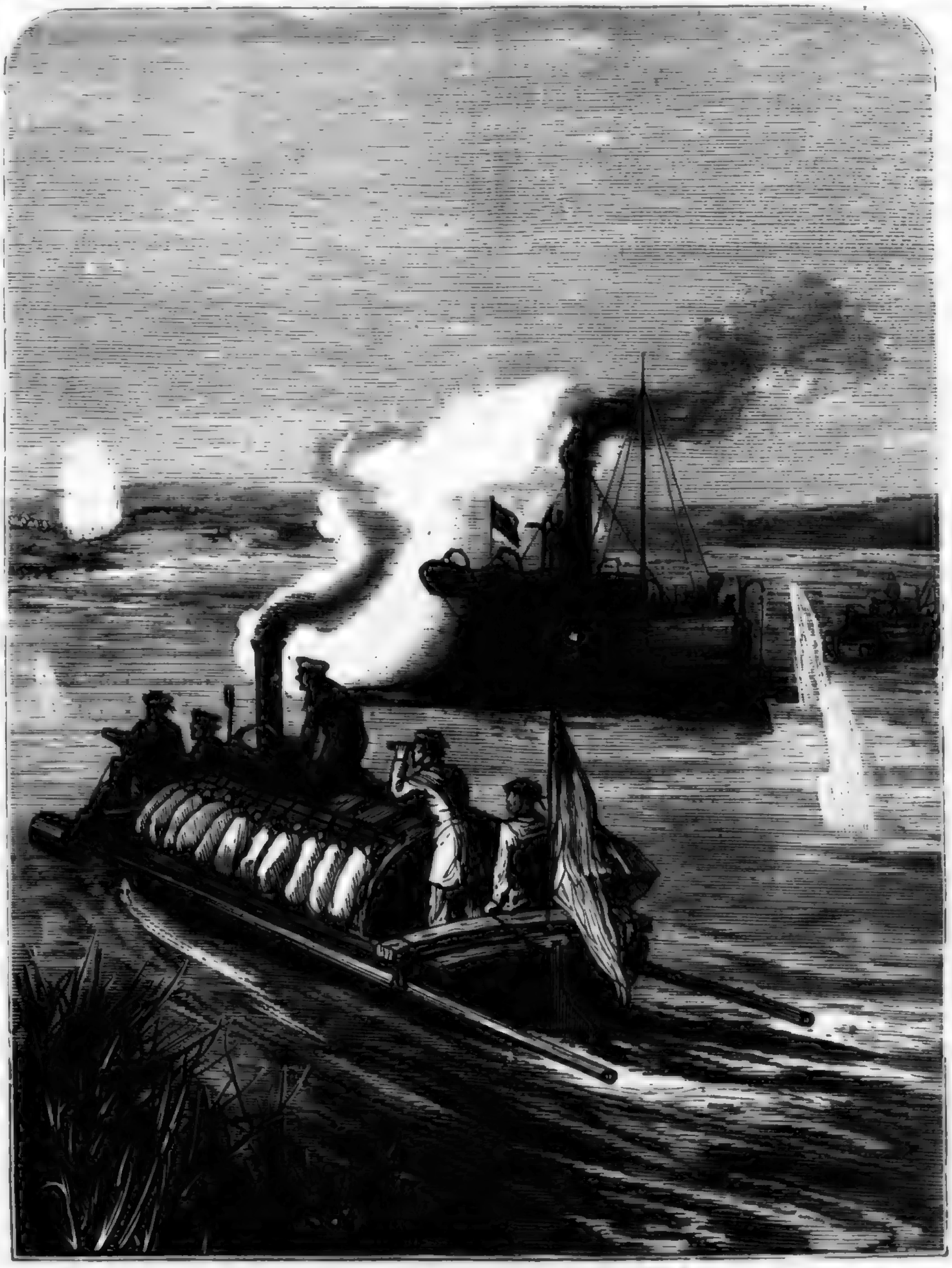
THE "HARVEY" TOWING TORPEDO.

Steam cannot be employed as a motor for submarine boats, because the maintenance of the fire requires too much air; and, moreover, the escape of the smoke would betray the position of the boat. Constructors have, therefore, turned their attention to compressed air and man power; but the latter will never suffice to turn a screw so as to attain the speed required, and all trials of boats moved by that means have proved unsatisfactory. The method of employing the expansion of compressed air has the advantage of requiring no separate chamber for supplying the crew with air.

More recently, compressed carbonic acid has taken its place among motion-generators. As it is solidified under a pressure of forty atmospheres, it occupies very little space; it still expands under a pressure of about twenty atmospheres, and is, therefore, probably the most compact material for the feeding of engines yet discovered. The objections, however, to the employment of submarine boats, which require a crew, are so many and manifest, that naval engineers are almost unanimous in pronouncing against them; preferring those operated automatically—managed from the shore or from another vessel by means of electricity.

The most elaborate form of submarine boat is the French *Plongeur*, a model of which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867; but this, like all its prototypes, is now regarded with little favor, since experience has shown that either success or failure generally involves the lives of the crew.

It is worthy of note as showing the slow development of torpedo warfare, that most cases of the destruction of vessels by this means during our civil war occurred in the last two years of the struggle.



RUSSIAN TORPEDO LAUNCHES ON THE DANUBE.

Denmark, in the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864, planted her coasts and harbors thickly with torpedoes, and succeeded in destroying one of the invading vessels. In the war between Paraguay and Brazil and her allies in 1865-8, the Paraguayans employed torpedoes in defending their river coasts, and although their engineers labored under great difficulties from the want of proper materials and means of construction, they destroyed the iron-clad *Rio de Janeiro*, and disabled the *Tamandare*.

The coasts of the Baltic and North Seas were so effectively protected against the French fleet, during the Franco-German War of 1870-1, that the French commanders dared not attack them; while the French naval authorities made use of similar means for protecting their rivers and harbors. The war between Russia and Turkey, which has just terminated, furnished some examples of the successful use of torpedoes. One Turkish monitor was surprised and blown up, with the loss of her entire crew, by a torpedo expedition; the Russians using ordinary steam launches fitted with spar-torpedoes.

The improvements in marine architecture which have resulted in the production of iron-clad vessels capable of withstanding the heaviest fire of modern artillery have rendered it necessary to devise some means of attacking the only remaining vulnerable points — namely, the deck and bottom. The former can sometimes be struck advantageously by the vertical fire of mortars; the latter may be most easily and effectively assailed by the torpedo.

This fact has led to the establishment by all the chief maritime nations of special schools for the investigation and improvement of submarine warfare, and, quite naturally, the studies and experiments carried on are enwrapped in the greatest possible secrecy. Several countries, among them the United States and Great Britain, make a distinction between the offensive and defensive branches, keeping the schools devoted to these respective objects entirely separate.

England has the *Vernon* torpedo-ship at Portsmouth, the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and the School of Military Engineering at Chatham.

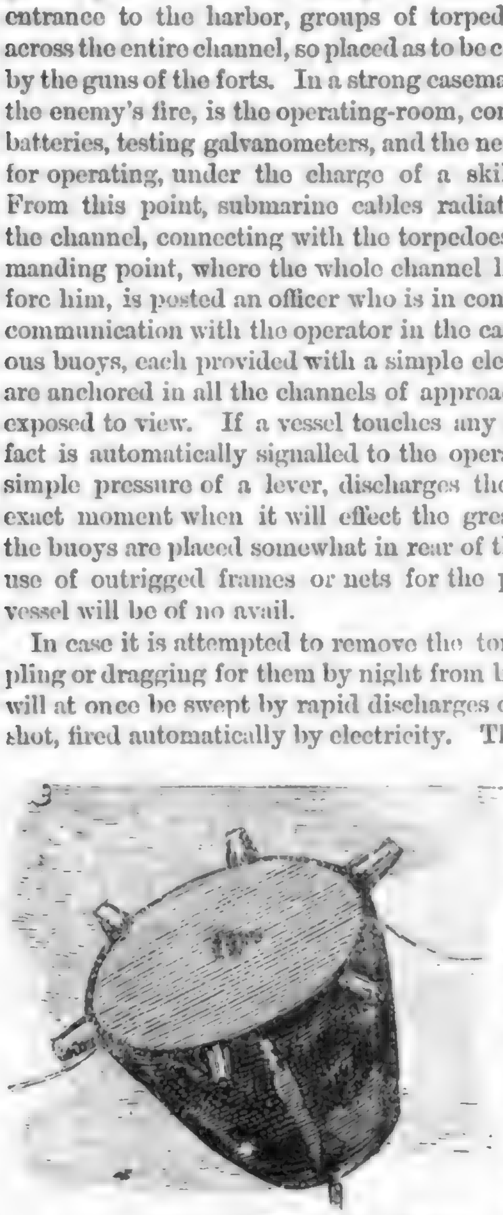
In this country, the school for defensive torpedoes is located at Willett's Point, New York Harbor. Here experiments are being constantly made, and members of the Corps of Engineers trained in the use of submarine explosives of all descriptions. The general principles upon which this service should be conducted have now become, by experiments and experience, quite well established. The great commercial cities lying on the seaboard are, under the present conditions of marine warfare, their most vulnerable points, and it is, therefore, of the first importance to protect them.

The war fleets of the present day, protected by almost impenetrable iron armor and driven onward by the untiring power of steam, are enabled to rush swiftly past the forts which guard the entrance of a harbor, taking advantage of the darkness of night or the obscurity of fog, leaving their adversaries to find them in the morning securely anchored in positions where their fire can either destroy a city or compel the payment of an enormous indemnity. The modern engineer has, therefore, to solve this problem: he must devise means for the effective obstruction of the channel, which, while interposing an impassable barrier to the enemy's ships, shall allow the free passage of friendly vessels. This means is best supplied by defensive torpedoes planted in the channel, and operated from the forts on either shore.

Hence, military engineers are devoting the utmost attention to the study and improvement of submarine mines, and to the development of systems of defense which shall best subserve these ends.

While no detailed description of the American system of submarine defenses is made public, enough is known of the general plan to render an intelligible account possible. At the entrance to the harbor, groups of torpedoes are arranged across the entire channel, so placed as to be completely flanked by the guns of the forts. In a strong casemate, out of reach of the enemy's fire, is the operating-room, containing electrical batteries, testing galvanometers, and the necessary apparatus for operating, under the charge of a skilled subordinate. From this point, submarine cables radiate to all points of the channel, connecting with the torpedoes. At some commanding point, where the whole channel lies like a map before him, is posted an officer who is in constant telegraphic communication with the operator in the casemate. Numerous buoys, each provided with a simple electrical apparatus, are anchored in all the channels of approach, but are never exposed to view. If a vessel touches any one of them, the fact is automatically signalled to the operator, who, by the simple pressure of a lever, discharges the torpedo at the exact moment when it will effect the greatest injury. As the buoys are placed somewhat in rear of the torpedoes, the use of outrigged frames or nets for the protection of the vessel will be of no avail.

In case it is attempted to remove the torpedoes by grappling or dragging for them by night from boats, the channel will at once be swept by rapid discharges of grape and case shot, fired automatically by electricity. The torpedoes used are just as effective a year after they are planted as when first laid; but if a single cable becomes defective or a single charge wet, the same ingenious mechanism reports the fact automatically, and within five minutes after its existence the exact location and nature of the injury are known in the operating room. To prevent the enemy from attempting operations under cover of night, the electric light is brought into play.



A RUSSIAN TORPEDO CAPTURED BY THE TURKS.

In rivers where a rapid and constant current exists, use can be made of double drifting torpedoes, so arranged that the connecting rope will foul the hawsers of vessels at anchor. The torpedoes being thus brought alongside a ship by the force of the current, a simple mechanism is set in motion by the same agency, which soon releases a hammer and causes an explosion.

Pile torpedoes carry a charge of gun-cotton within an elongated iron shell fixed at the head of the pile, which is driven into at such a depth that the torpedo, although out of sight, is in the best position for exploding on being struck by the enemy's vessel.

Frame torpedoes consist of three or four heavy timbers parallel to each other, and a few feet apart, tied together by cross timbers. On the head of each timber is a cast-iron torpedo. One end of the frame is fixed in the bed of the river or harbor to be defended, and held by weights so as to present the other end, carrying the torpedoes, to the bottom of the vessel approaching.

There are several varieties of ground torpedoes. Those usually employed are made of iron or wooden cylinders securely weighted to the bottom, and fired either by mechanical or electrical agency—that is, on the vessel's coming into contact, or at will.

Buoyant torpedoes are more useful and more largely employed than any other kind. Like the ground torpedo, they can be fired by mechanical or electrical agency; or can be made to combine the two by attaching to them a very ingenious contrivance termed a "circuit closer."

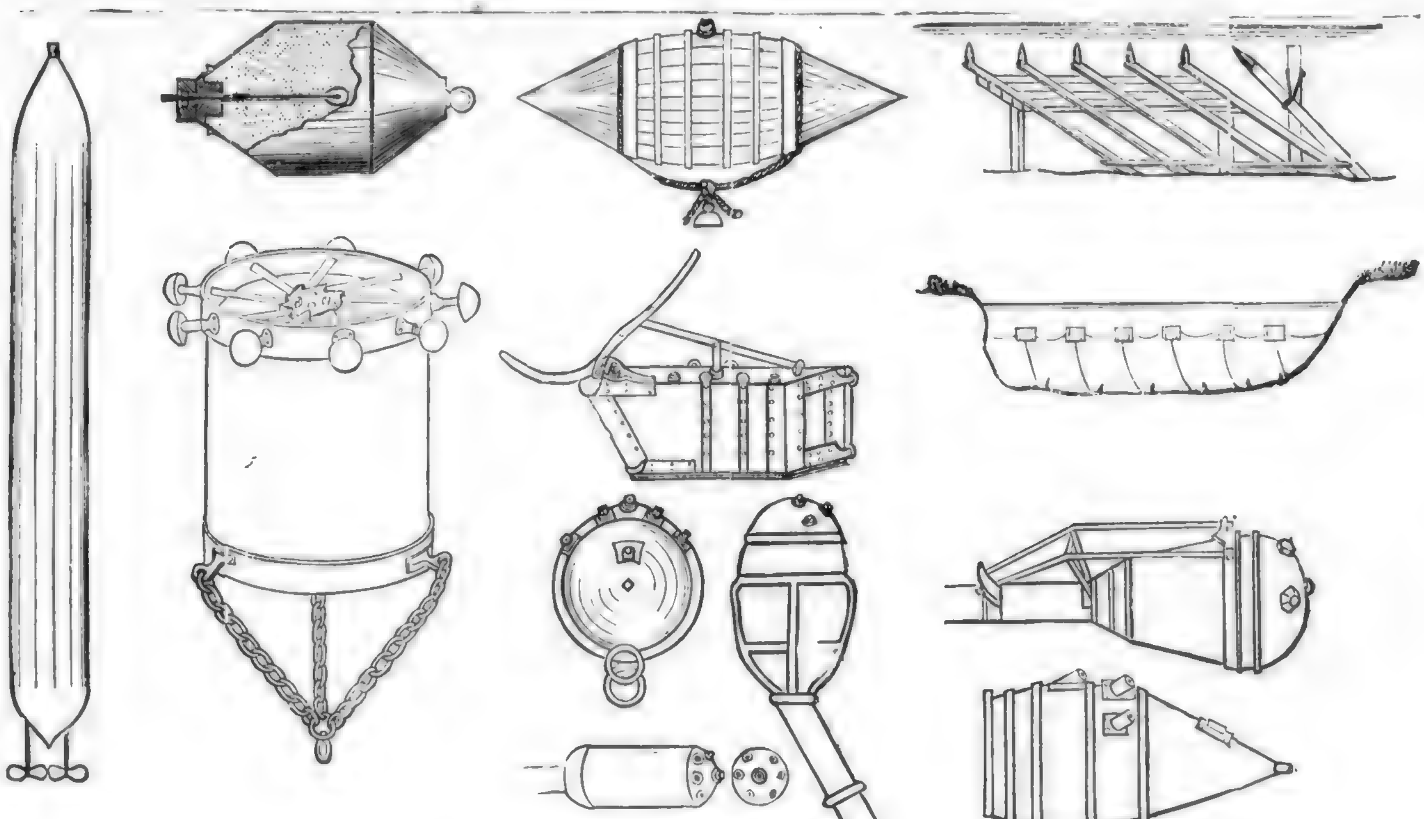
Offensive torpedoes are employed chiefly in naval combats between vessels, and require for their management much technical skill. They are of many varieties, and are subject to constant modification and improvement, since many naval officers of all nations are closely engaged in their study and development. This class includes spar torpedoes, automatic fish torpedoes, otter or Harvey torpedoes, submarine rockets, and torpedo boats. There is also a mixed class, those termed fish torpedoes, which are directed and controlled by means of electricity.

Some of the most brilliant naval exploits on record have been accomplished by means of the spar torpedo, notably that of Lieut. Cushing, in the destruction of the *Albemarle*, to which we have already referred.

The American school for offensive torpedoes is located at Newport, Rhode Island, and its classes are kept constantly full by details from the officers of the navy, who are required to go through a regular course of instruction in all the details of torpedo warfare.

The various kinds of torpedoes now in use in the principal navies of the world may be divided into two general classes. First, stationary torpedoes used for coast and harbor defense; second, those employed in offensive operations against the enemy. The ordinary contact torpedoes belong to the first class, and of these we furnish several illustrations. As an example of this class, the following description of one of the earliest forms used by the Confederates in the American Civil War will suffice. The references are to the engraving at the top of page 673, it being a representation of an anchored contact torpedo used by the Confederates on the Tennessee River. *A*. Torpedo and bottom cone, made of heavy iron securely riveted. Body, four feet long; cones, one foot in length each. *B*. Air chamber, made of sheet-zinc, lightly fastened. *C*. Chamber containing seventy-two pounds of gunpowder. *D*. Pistol, the muzzle of which rested among the powder. *E*.

XUM



THE VARIOUS KINDS OF TORPEDOES USED BY THE NAVAL POWERS OF THE WORLD.

Firing-rod, with prongs, designed to catch the bottom of a boat going up against the stream. *F. F.* Heavy iron bands for strengthening the torpedo, and to which the anchors were attached. *G. G.* Weights to keep the torpedoes in position.

Any vessel coming from up-stream would press down and pass over the torpedo, while any boat going up and coming in contact with it would discharge it.

The illustration on page 674 shows the mechanism of a drifting torpedo used by the Confederates on the Mississippi and other Western rivers. The details of the contrivance may be understood by the following description:

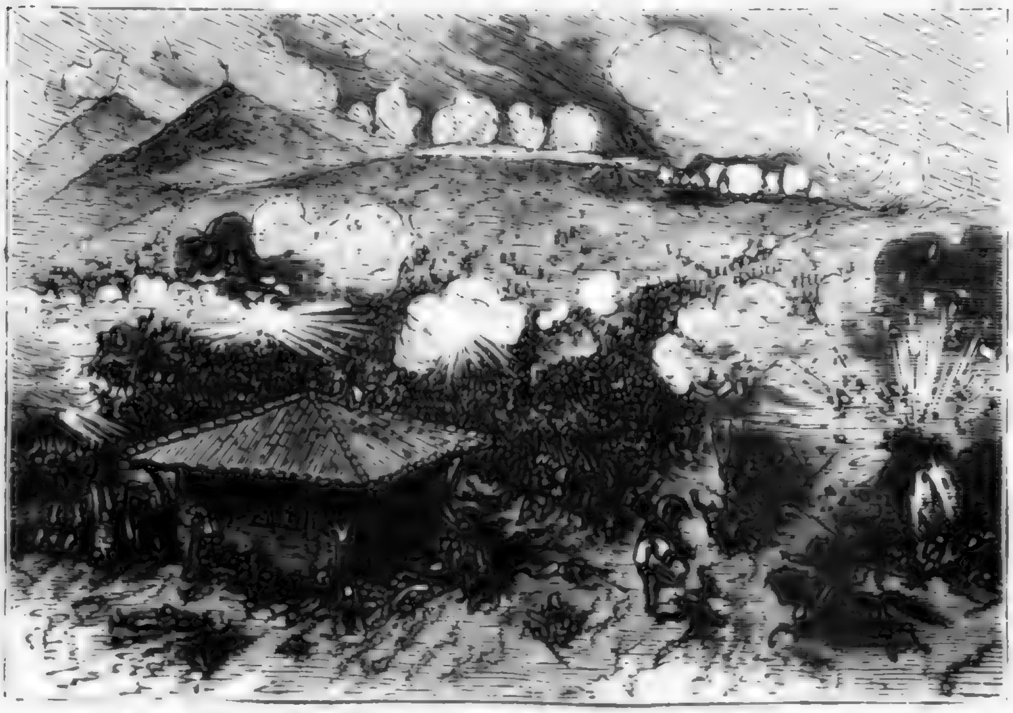
A. Is a bunch of cotton, several feet out of water, tied on the top of a pole fastened to the buoy. *B.* A sugar-cask, made air-tight, to act as a buoy or float. *C.* A long piece of timber, or plank, attached to the cask by a rope, for the purpose of swinging round a vessel's bow. *D.* A tube, ten inches wide and three feet long, made of boiler iron three-eighths of an inch thick, inclosing about 500 pounds of powder, in the centre of which was a clockwork attached to a hammer and percussion cap connecting with a slow-match, the whole surrounded by fine powder. This was picked up on the Mississippi near Baton Rouge, by a boat's crew from the United States ironclad *Essex*. The clock-work, which was of brass, secured on an iron plate one-quarter of an inch thick, four inches wide and fourteen inches long, was still running when the torpedo was examined by its captors. Attached to the clock-work were two hammers, under which were two ordinary percussion tubes inserted in the plate and covered by percussion caps. A sheet of tin was bent over this whole arrangement, forming a protection to the machinery, and this again was in a cloth bag to keep it clear from the powder, in the centre of which it was placed the tubes being connected therewith by percussion paper. It did not appear how much time would have elapsed before the hammers would have struck the caps.

Captain McEvoy's contrivance is the best example of the drifting torpedo. It is usual to suspend it from a log of timber or drift-wood, which floats on the surface, carrying the torpedo some ten feet beneath. So long as the apparatus continues to drift, all goes well; but as soon as the motion of the torpedo is interrupted by fouling a vessel at anchor or the piers of a bridge, the current running past acts on the rudder-blade, when a given number of revolutions releases a hammer, and causes the explosion.

The Harvey towing torpedo is the joint invention of Captain John Harvey and his nephew, Commander Frederic Harvey, both of the British Navy, and is considered by the British Admiralty to be the most practical weapon of the kind for sea service. A full-sized torpedo, such as that shown in our engraving, contains a charge of from seventy to eighty pounds of powder, or one hundred pounds of dynamite. It can also be loaded with gun cotton or any other explosive agent. This torpedo is towed by the operating vessel and diverged from the ship forty-five degrees on either quarter. When the torpedo comes in contact with the enemy the centre bolt is forced down, which causes the explosion. A loaded torpedo weighs about three hundred pounds, and has a cork buoy attached to keep it from sinking too deep. It is not necessary to make a "hit" with this torpedo. If the enemy fouls the tow line at any point, the continued movement of the operating ship brings it into contact and causes an explosion. After a long series of experiments this weapon was adopted by several maritime powers, including Great Britain and Russia.

The Lay movable torpedo is a cylindrical iron hull, of a cigar shape, 23 feet in length, 22 inches in diameter, propelled by an engine worked by compressed air, and capable of carrying a magazine with an explosive force equal to a ton of gunpowder. The vessel is run submerged in the water, and is wholly guided and perfectly controlled in all its movements by the operator, who is stationed on shore or on shipboard, who directs all the motions of the boat, and explodes the magazine at will, by the agency of a single small electric cable attached to the boat, and which is paid out as she runs; the other end being attached to a small key-board which is under the hand of the operator.

Repeated trials have conclusively demonstrated the fact

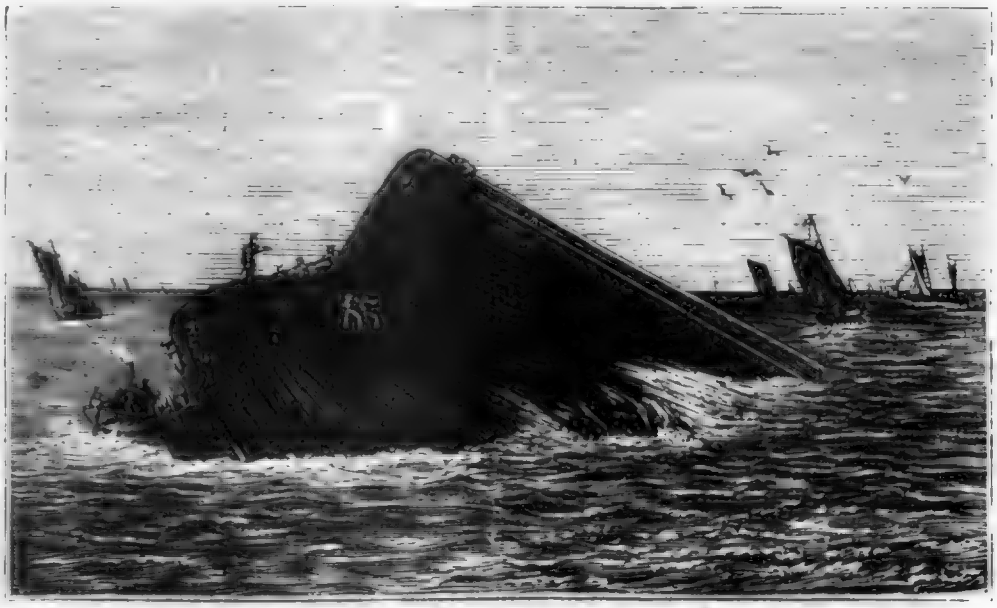


THE TURKS ASSAULTING FORT ST. NICHOLAS IN THE SHIPKA PASS—RUSSIAN TORPEDOES EXPLODING IN THE PATH OF THE CHARGING COLUMNS.

that the Lay torpedo is as perfectly manageable in action as the most easily handled small-boat, and that it can be sent with accuracy and speed in any required direction. This torpedo cannot be exploded by concussion, but only at the will of the operator; thus securing both safety and certainty in its operation.

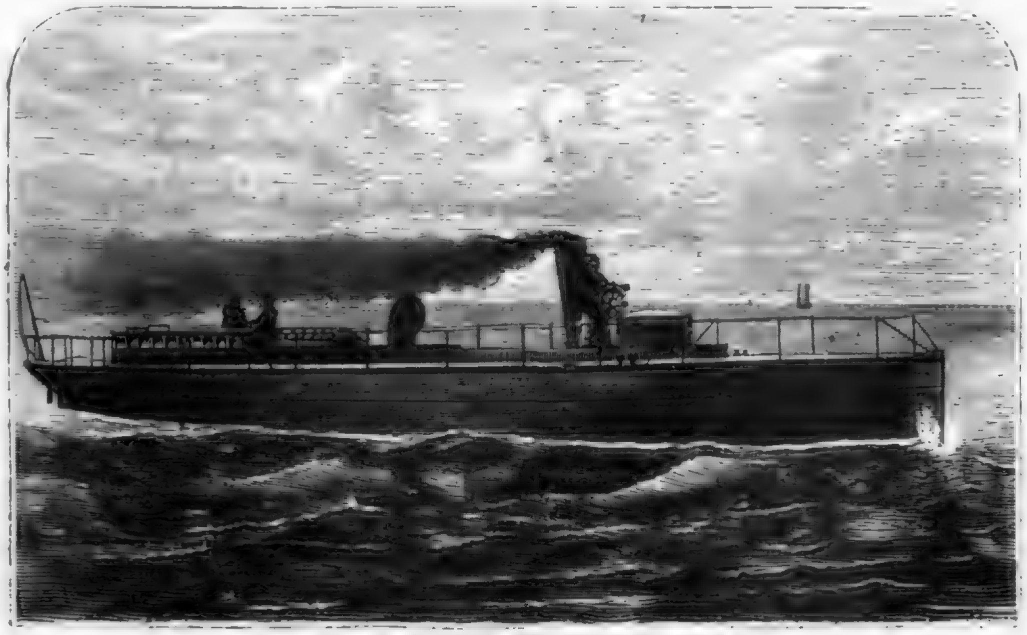
It is the opinion of many naval engineers that the Lay torpedo is one of the most effective weapons of marine warfare ever invented and constructed. Either for attacking or destroying an enemy's vessel, or for coast and harbor defense, it appears to be in all respects perfectly adapted to the purpose. It can be used as a towing boat, to effect an entrance to the harbor of an enemy or approach his fortifications, even if they are protected by fixed mines or torpedoes in the channel.

To the Lay torpedo-boat may be attached a line of floating explosive mines, connected with the operator's station, like the torpedo itself, with electric cables. The torpedo-boat may be dispatched with these floating mines in tow to open the channel. The mines can be detached from the boat at any given point, and sunk in position by an arrangement peculiar to their construction, still retaining their electric connection with the operator's station.

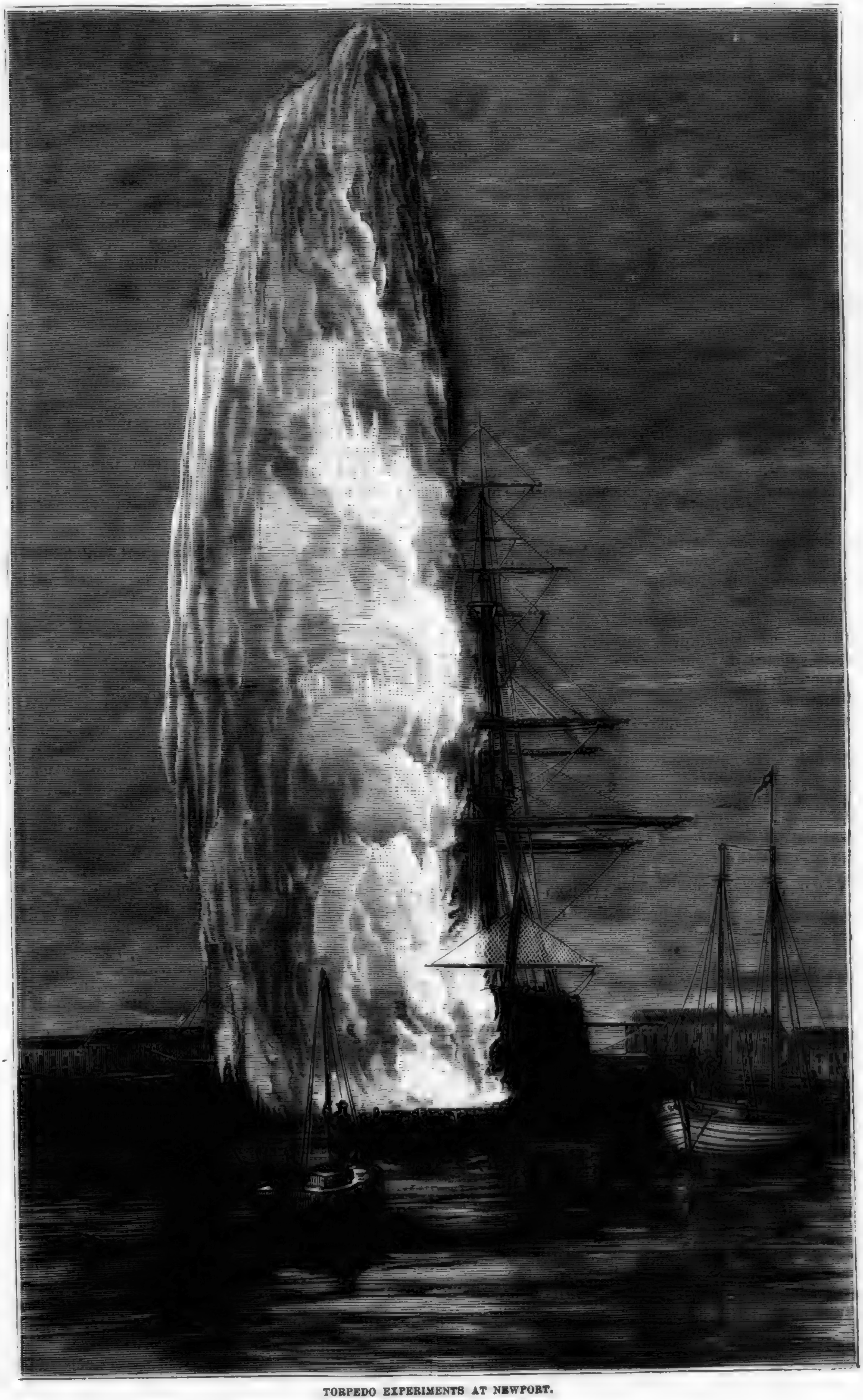


BLOWING UP THE WRECK OF THE AMERICAN SHIP "FOREST" WITH TORPEDOES.

The Whitehead fish torpedo differs from Captain Harvey's in being a sort of projectile. It is a sheet-iron submarine rocket, about 14 feet long, the fore part containing gun-cotton or dynamite, while the remainder contains a pneumatic arrangement for compressing air, a four-bladed screw and rudders. It is discharged from a tube in the bows of a steamer; an apparatus called the ejector drives it out, and at the same time sets the mechanism in action. The torpedo travels forward by its pneumatic force, and explodes when the fore end strikes an enemy's ship. The operators in the steamer take aim before they discharge this singular missile, which was originally designed to travel 1,000 yards at a speed of seven knots an hour. It has since been improved,



NEW ENGLISH TORPEDO VESSEL "LIGHTNING."



TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT NEWPORT.

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so that it is now claimed that it can be propelled at the rate of 20 miles an hour, while another invention on the same principle, recently tested by the English naval authorities, is asserted to have traveled at the astonishing speed of *forty* miles per hour. It seems probable that, if either the ship from which it was discharged, or the enemy's vessel should be moving, still more, if both were under way, accuracy of aim would most likely be an unsurmountable difficulty.

The improved Whitehead torpedo is in reality an explosive submarine cigar-shaped cylinder, worked without the aid of electricity. The large size is nineteen feet long by sixteen inches in diameter. The bow portion contains a bursting-charge of 360 lbs. of gun-cotton (equivalent to about 1,000 lbs. of gunpowder), together with the fuse and detonating apparatus, arranged to explode on striking. The central portion carries the engines to drive the twin screws by which it is propelled; whilst the stern chamber holds the compressed air, reduced to a pressure of about 1,000 lbs. to the square inch, the air being employed for driving the engine. The engine, although weighing only 35 lbs., is capable of exerting a force of something like 40 horse power. The torpedo is steered in a horizontal direction by an automatic pendulum working fore and aft. This arrangement, and another for making the detonating material harmless in the event of the torpedo failing to strike the object attacked, is kept secret. Direction is given to the torpedo by means of an iron impulse-tube built into the vessel, where it can be discharged at a considerable depth beneath the surface of the water. The torpedo is passed into this tube on rollers, and eventually expelled from the ship by a piston. On its way out a tripper catches against a stud in the tube, and sets in motion the propelling power. Aim is taken by laying the ship herself on for the enemy—a line of sights parallel to the axis of the torpedo being fitted on one of the decks for that purpose. The speed of this torpedo on first leaving the vessel is about twenty-six miles an hour, with a proportionately reduced speed as the distance of travel increases, till about three-quarters of a mile is reached, when the motive power is expended.

There are only two known attempts at using this weapon with intent to destroy: the first made by the British cruiser *Shah*, about midsummer last, when she unsuccessfully tried to sink the Peruvian rebel ironclad *Huascar;* the second, quite recently—the night of the 26th of December last—when Russian steam launches fired some Whitehead fish torpedoes against the Turkish fleet at anchor off Batoum. The vesssels were most injudiciously lying unprotected, and unsurrounded by floating spars or a circle of hanging nets. Two of the expended Whiteheads—most perfect machines of the newest kind (it is not known how many were fired)—were picked up at daylight. Both had failed in the attack, although one bore unmistakable evidence that it had struck its mark and crushed in its head against the side of one of the ironclads. Providentially for the Turks, it only partly fulfilled its mission, failing to explode, through an imperfection in the firing apparatus.

Captain Ericsson, the famous inventor of the system of iron-clads called "monitors," which may be said to have revolutionized the naval warfare of the world, has invented a movable torpedo, which is designed to be submerged to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and to carry a charge of four hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine directly under the bottom of an enemy's ship. It is moved by atmospheric air under moderate pressure. The operator is in a vessel which tows the torpedo; a tubular cable about half a mile long connects them. Compressed air is driven through this cable, and the movements of the torpedo are thus governed from the vessel.

The torpedo, which is made of light galvanized iron, is ten feet long by nineteen inches in diameter, and has propellers which can be acted on by the compressed air conveyed by the cable. The cable can be wound or unwound on board the vessel, so as to retain the torpedo at any distance, not exceeding half a mile; the steam power of the vessel gives a speed of ten knots an hour on approaching an enemy's ship; while the firing of the torpedo can be delayed until the proper moment seems to the commander to have arrived.

Outrigger torpedoes attached to small steam launches have been experimentally tried in many different forms; the outrigger being, in some instances, twenty-five feet long and immersed ten feet under water; the trigger line, electric wire or fuse, running along the outrigger, and the torpedo itself being shaped and charged in diverse ways.

Several Governments have constructed special torpedo vessels instead of attaching torpedo outriggers to ordinary steam launches, and these are undergoing trial and scrutiny.

A most remarkable experiment with a new vessel of this kind was recently made at Cherbourg, France. A little steamer, called the *Thornicroft*, worked by a lieutenant and three men, pursued and overhauled, successively, two old disabled vessels, which were towed out to sea at the rate of fourteen knots an hour; delivering upon each blows with a torpedo which projected from her bow. "A rent as big as a house" was made in the side of the ship, and she sank at once. The *Thornicroft* only spun round and round for a few moments, and then returned uninjured to the squadron from which she had started.

The United States torpedo vessel *Alarm*, constructed by Admiral Porter, is also furnished with spar-torpedoes, but is a much larger vessel, and, unfortunately, of inferior speed, steaming only 12 knots, while the *Thornicroft* runs 18 knots, and the new English torpedo-boat *Lightning*, although only 84 feet in length, by 10 feet 10 inches beam, is the fastest vessel in the British navy, the mean speed attained by her being considerably over 19 knots an hour. This vessel is designed to used the improved Whitehead torpedo—an explosive instrument that can be made to go at the rate of twenty knots for a thousand yards, and at any desired depth from one to thirty feet. It can be set to explode either on striking an object or at any particular distance under one thousand yards. It can also be set so that if it misses the object aimed at, it goes to the bottom and explodes on half-cock; or to come to the top again, so as to be recovered, as it has buoyancy enough just to float on the surface of the water when not in motion.

It is calculated to make a hole, on bursting, of seventy feet area, and there seems to be no doubt that if one of them strikes a ship of any sort or description now afloat, she must at once go to the bottom. The torpedo vessel need not be nearer than one thousand yards, and if the first shots do not take effect, she can still deliver more, as the vessel assailed would be positively unaware of the attack until she was blown up.

The British torpedo-ship *Flamingo*, of which we give an illustration on page 680, is now with the British fleet at Prince's Islands, in the Sea of Marmora. She is a composite screw vessel of 774 tons, and carries three guns. In this new class of vessel it has been the aim of the constructors to combine good sea-going qualities and handiness under sail with great offensive power for attack with ram, guns and torpedo, while the ship is defended against similar assaults by being provided with several water-tight divisions of the hull, and with numerous boats, which might act as guard-boats to ward off a torpedo attack. The ship is also furnished with a metal spur, which can be shipped or unshipped as thought desirable; the bows being so strengthened as to be capable of resisting the shock of ramming any description of vessel. The engraving represents the ship cleared for action, the outrigger torpedoes being ready for lowering beneath the water, a Harvey torpedo towing on each quarter, and the topmasts, etc., sent on deck.

Messrs. Thorneycroft, of Chiswick, and Messrs. Yarrow, of Poplar, England, are the largest and most scientific builders of steam torpedo-launches in the world, and, as may be expected, have introduced many valuable improvements. Their boats are more like the ordinary steam launch than the American "Davids," exposing very much more of the hull—a difference requisite to give ample internal working room, a high rate of speed, and a fair certainty of working their spar-torpedoes in rough seas, such as they are intended to encounter. The speed of these boats varies, according to their size, from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour.

A novel use of torpedoes is shown on page 684. On September 11th of last year a terrible collision occurred off Portland, on the English coast, between the English ship *Avalanche* and the American ship *Forest*. Both vessels were sunk, and many lives lost. The wreck of the *Forest* afterward rose to the surface, bottom up, and drifted about in the channel, a dangerous obstruction in the path of navigation. After several fruitless attempts, the wreck was finally blown to pieces by means of torpedoes, and the shattered fragments towed into the neighboring harbor of Portland.

Torpedoes have frequently been used in land warfare, for the defense of fortifications and intrenched positions; but the effect upon the assailants has generally been found to be rather moral than material. An exception must be made to this statement, however, as regards the recent war between Russia and Turkey. That struggle was noteworthy for the successful use of land-torpedoes, with frightful loss to the attacking forces, on several occasions. On the 21st of August, 1877, forty battalions of Turks assaulted Fort St. Nicholas, in the Shipka Pass, held by a greatly inferior Russian force. As the charging columns rushed up the rugged slope, under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery, terrific explosions of torpedoes, fired by electricity, suddenly burst forth beneath their feet, annihilating whole battalions, and filling the air with clouds of earth, stones and human *débris*. The assault was utterly repulsed, and the Turks suffered a loss of more than five thousand in killed alone. These results render it probable that torpedoes will hereafter be much more widely used in military operations on land, and are likely to prove an important factor in the defense of all fortified places, while they may often be used with advantage in field operations.

For some time past naval authorities have been searching for protectives against torpedo attacks of all kinds. The electric light carried at a vessel's topmasthead, to illuminate the sea around her at night-time, probably stands first. Then there is the "crinoline" of wire netting hanging from wooden booms, which stand out at right angles to the vessel's side and encircle her, and catch such dangerous missiles as the fish torpedo, causing them to explode harmlessly, away from the vessel's side. Then come Gatling guns, throwing a perfect hailstorm of large bullets; and lastly, many means of dragging and destroying the enemy's fixed or defensive mines. But of all these last, probably no method is more effective than that of employing torpedoes to destroy torpedoes—*countermining*, as it is termed. This is executed in the dark, under cover of the ship's guns, when the boat advances to the supposed site of the torpedoes, and sinks another, firing it by her boat electric battery, when sufficiently removed from the force of the explosion · 150 lbs. of gun-cotton so exploded would probably destroy one-half of the torpedoes within a radius of 200 yards; thus opening out a passage for the attacking ship.

The marine torpedo has, for some reasons difficult to explain, played an insignificant part in the Russo-Turkish War—probably chiefly due to the want of torpedo material, rather than the deficiency of objects to be attacked.

Another war with Russia will find her very differently armed, for she has recently ordered 142 of the most powerful torpedo-boats known, 100 of which are to be delivered at Odessa, in the Black Sea, within a few short months.

A last and most important item in the application of the torpedo, is a sufficiency of well-trained officers and men. Strenuous endeavors are being made by all the Great Powers to be perfect in this respect

It will be seen that marine torpedoes vary greatly in their character. Gunpowder, gun-cotton, dynamite and nitroglycerine are severally used as the explosive material, while mechanical concussion, chemical action, the time fuse and the electric current are variously employed as the means of ignition. The floating power may be in the torpedo itself, or may depend on the power of a boat or some other vessel. The explosion of the torpedo may involve the destruction of a costly apparatus, or only of an inexpensive sheet-iron vessel filled with combustibles. It may be available for use in any sea or ocean, or only within a short distance of the shore; and may be visible to the enemy, either on or near the surface of the water, or be immersed at a depth of several feet.

These numerous diversities show that the whole subject is yet in an experimental stage. The next great naval war is likely to solve many of the problems connected with it, and give to the torpedo a definitive rank as a weapon of offensive and defensive marine warfare.

Navies are at present estimated very much in proportion to the magnitude and armament of the ships which compose them. A vessel like the *Devastation* or *Inflexible*, of the English navy, or the *Dandolo* or *Duilio*, in the navy of Italy, is assumed to be the embodiment of the greatest amount of force which can be put upon the water. The Italian Government, it is said, is about to build a ship, to be plated with armor three feet in thickness, to carry 150-ton guns, and to sail at the immense speed of 18 knots. That the building of such vessels should be attempted at all, indicates what are the qualities in which it has, up the present time, been supposed that naval strength lies. But while huge engines of war of this kind are devised, another invention is being gradually perfected, which threatens entirely to neutralize them. The once despised torpedo now seems destined to render useless the most ponderous guns and the heaviest armor, and to place the weakest naval power almost on an equality with the strongest.

As a weapon of war, the torpedo is yet in its infancy, but the possibilities of its development seem as boundless as the seas over which it may yet rule unchallenged.

EBBING AND FLOWING WELL.

This extraordinary spring is at Soolen, in Germany. At every hour of the day crowds surround the well, which is encircled by a proper guard, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the mysterious phenomenon. Each person tries to detect its beginning, by fixing his eyes on the empty space in the shaft, the eleven or twelve feet depth of which, from the brim to the water, presents nothing but "darkness visible." On the black surface at the bottom, a gentle ripple is scarcely perceptible, produced by a few bubbles of gas; in other respects all is as still as the grave. Presently certain hollow sounds reach the ear, resembling the report of

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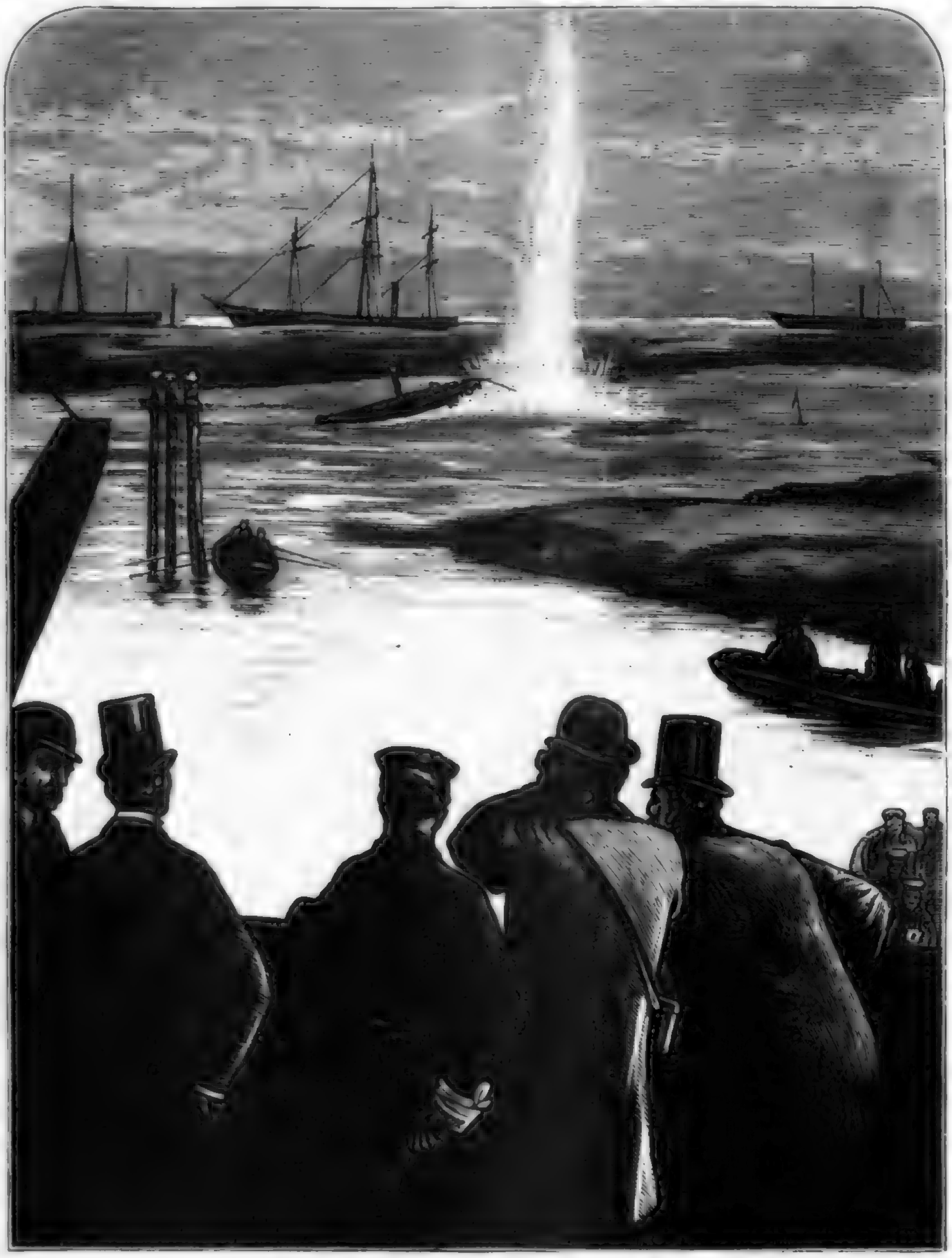
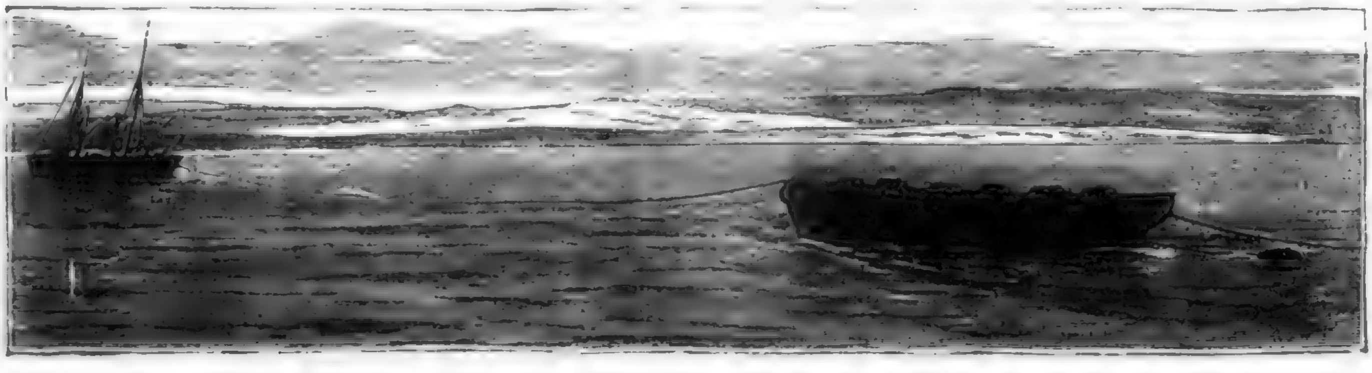
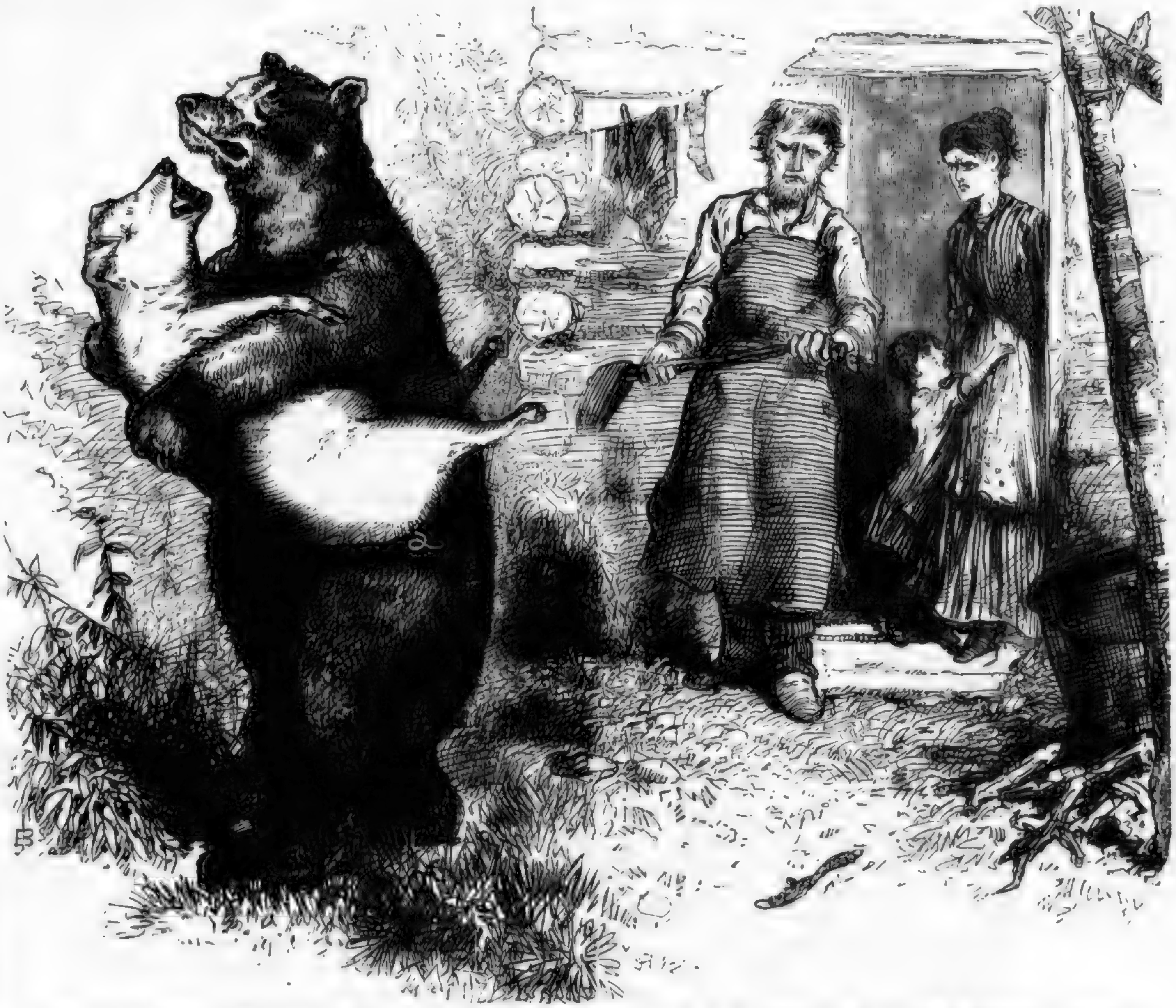
distant artillery, or drums; and the shaft is observed to fill slowly, by the water ascending like mercury in a thermometer, the surface becoming, at the same time, agitated and noisy. A thick foam covers it, which is only broken in the centre, by a rapid succession of explosions of gas (almost carbonic acid), during which the water, where the foam is partially dispersed, assumes the green hue of the sea in high latitudes. In the meantime, the upward progress of the water, accompanied by great commotion, continues steadily, until the great shaft is filled to the brim with water, agitated in the most violent manner.


TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

To those who have looked down from the stern of a ship, hurried along by a gale through the sea, and have seen the water foaming against and lashing the rudder, in perpetual leaps and contortions, it will afford some notion of the aspect of our well at the moment here indicated; in short, a sailor is reminded of that very phenomenon. Or, the well may be compared, in its extreme turbulence, to a great caldron of water boiling on a furnace as rapidly as possible.

When this turbulence is at its maximum, the emission of gas which preceded the ascent of the water in the well abruptly ceases, and in a few seconds the surface of the water in the shaft becomes perfectly tranquil. The water descends, and continues to do so, at first rapidly and then more slowly, until it has subsided about nine or ten feet. This point has but just been reached, when a sudden swelling-up of the water first, and then of the gas, is again observed at the bottom. The shaft fills very slowly, and the flow of water and gas continues for a long time progressively to increase, apparently not attaining its maximum until the water is at its full height, which requires from thirty to forty minutes after the first return of the stream. In this state of violent agitation it remains for about two hours, sometimes more, but often much less, when the preceding cycle of the phenomena is repeated. The period of intermission varies considerably. In general, that peculiarity has been observed every three hours, but its recurrence is greatly influenced by the number of pumps at work to extract the water from the well: the more pumps, the fewer periods of intermission.


BOAT STEERED BY ELECTRIC CABLES DROPPING TORPEDOES TO CLEAR THE WATERWAY OF ENEMY'S SUNKEN MINES.



A REAL BEAR STORY.—"TO HIS UTTER DISMAY HE DISCOVERED A HUGE BLACK BEAR, ALMOST AS BIG AS AN OX, WALKING LEISURELY OFF WITH THE PIG IN HIS ARMS."

A REAL BEAR STORY.

Everybody has been telling "Bear Stories," good, bad, and indifferent; but as I can vouch for the authenticity of one in which a king and a queen, in connection with Bruin himself, were the principal actors, and that too in the backwoods of Canada, I think the mere announcement of my *dramatis personæ* ought to whet the teeth of the reader, as well as his appetite, so that he may be prepared to devour my narrative with gusto and avidity, as it ought to be devoured.

In speaking of my king and queen, however, it may not be known, generally, that those distinguished titles were invariably bestowed upon the man and wife who happened to be the first settlers in any township; so that the number of these potentates was not by any means few in the unreclaimed wilderness, where a degree of respect was paid them from the fact of their being the pioneers of those specified localities, and consequently better versed than their neighbors in stirring stories of the bears, wolves and Indians that infested them at an early date.

Humphrey Finley and his wife Margaret were the acknowledged sovereigns of the township of Emily. They had left their native country, Ireland, and settled on a Government grant here about the year 1825.

Those were the times that tried a man every way, although, strange to say, there was often a weird charm about them that steeped them to the lips in a sort of strange and dusky romance.

If the king and the queen were the rulers of a small patch of clearing in those early days, the bears and the wolves were the terrible lords of the forest, and this these two settlers and their little ones soon began to comprehend to the fullest. The fox was a thief, and only stole an occasional goose or hen, but the other two classes of enemies were destructive beyond measure to their majesties' infant resources in live stock and grain.

The bears laid waste their little patch of Indian corn, and the wolves destroyed their two or three sheep at one sweep, until, the second year of their settlement, they found that their whole Winter provisions consisted of a few bushels of potatoes, a single bag of flour, and a hog between two and three hundred weight, yet to be killed, and which was regarded as the mainstay of the family, with what further sustenance could be drawn from the milk of a small cow.

The Fall had arrived, and every one in "the bush" then made his own shoes. The king, like another Crispin, set to work to cover the feet of his wife and his little ones, tying before him a huge buckskin that he had himself tanned for an apron, and which he fastened round his waist with stout thongs cut from the hide. This covered his breast and nether limbs completely, and served to preserve his

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clothes from the stains and the wear and tear incident to the "gentle craft."

He had pegged away bravely all day until verging toward the afternoon, when it was voted that the hog should be killed, as the weather was sufficiently cool, and a desire for even a taste of any kind of fresh meat almost overpowering.

No sooner thought of than the door was taken off its hinges, and laid across two empty barrels, while a roaring fire was lighted under the sap-kettle, filled with water.

In due course everything was ready, and poor piggie was soon lying quiet enough, and displaying such monstrous proportions, that the king, who was an exceedingly active and powerful man, could scarcely get him into the kettle, with the help of the queen and the two youngsters. Before dusk, however, he was scraped as white as your shirt-collar, and hung up to a stout iron-wood pole, laid across two beech saplings firmly planted in the ground, the pole lying in a fork of each, from which it and the pig might be readily removed by a couple of men.

The king had not removed his apron, as he intended to resume his indoor work by the light of some fat pine knots for an hour or so, and as, strange to say, it was neither wet nor soiled. He was adverting to this latter, when his attention was arrested by a slight noise outside.

Not knowing what to make of it, he stepped to the door, when, to his utter dismay, he discovered a huge black bear, almost as big as an ox, walking leisurely off, with the pig in his arms, and with as much apparent ease as if the dead animal were as light as a feather.

One cry of alarm and surprise, and the king grasped an ax, and was out of the house, followed by his wife, who now comprehended the calamity that threatened them.

In a few paces the terrible robber was overtaken, when a severe stroke of the ax caused him to drop his prey, and turn upon his pursuer. Once again the ax was raised, but before it had time to descend upon the now infuriated monster, it was dashed away through the gathering gloom, and the next instant the king was rolling on the earth in the clutch of the antagonist that sought to disembowel him with the fierce and powerful nails or claws of his hind feet.

Now it was that the tough and stout buckskin apron came into play; for had it not been for the resistance it offered to the immense claws of the bear, the township would have been without a king in a very few seconds.

All this time the queen was beating the brute with a club she had picked up; but she might as well have been tickling him with a straw.

Bewildered with the cries of her husband and those of her children, she forgot to go in search of the ax; but now, as his voice began to grow weaker, as he was being strangled to death in the gigantic grip of the beast, the thought of the butcher-knife flashed across her mind, and, with the speed of the wind, she darted off for it, returning in a few seconds to hear what seemed to her to be the last dying groans of her only prop on earth.

The king had some way managed to keep his head beneath that of the bear, and to clutch him about the neck, so that the animal was unable to use his teeth. Now, however, as if satisfied that his victim was secure, he again rolled over him, and rested the whole of his ponderous weight upon his trembling frame.

At this juncture, the queen, with a coolness and bravery, and a desire for sure and swift vengeance on the destroyer of her husband, as she supposed, stole up quietly to the animal, and deliberately feeling for a space between two of his ribs over the region of his heart, with one fierce plunge, buried the knife to the handle in him.

There was a brief shudder, a low, gurgling sound, and he rolled off the body of the prostrate man, as dead as a door-nail.

An hour afterward, Humphrey Finlay was conscious, although severely "mauled and knuckled." Owing to some distant neighbors, who had fortunately called, the pig was reinstated in its former position; but this time in company with another dead animal that cut up to fine advantage a day or two afterward, and whose skin and grease, as well as meat, were found to be most valuable although rather expensive godsends, as the king carried the marks of that fearful encounter to his grave.

It was to the queen, however, and her affectionate courage and daring, that the whole success of the dreadful affray was attributed; for, from the hour of its occurrence, her right to rule over Emily became established on a basis so broad and firm, that the monarchs of all the adjoining townships paid her special deference at all bees and merrymakings.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN RHINELAND.

As a result of the war with Germany in 1870, France lost the last of the conquests of the great Bourbon, Louis XIV. It has been so usual to depreciate the Bourbons, that this seems strange, and perhaps, after all, the thought may arise, that the same Bourbons were not the worst of rulers, either for the good or the glory of France. They wrested from Germany territory which their successors have failed to hold.

Alsace and Lorraine were German and Protestant. When they fell to France, many of the people sought homes in Ireland or America, where they were long known as Palatines. In Ireland they have been absorbed into the Celtic element, improving it by a little German thrift; and to these Irish Palatines we owe the commencement of the Methodist Church in America.

In this country the Palatines settled in Dutchess County, on the Mohawk, and in Pennsylvania.

Zenger in New York is their noblest man, as Barbara Heck their heroic woman.

Those who submitted to France retained to a great extent their Protestant faith, and the Sunday afternoon in Alsace resembles rather our Puritan Sabbath than the Sunday of the gayer French. Calm and quiet, reading the Bible or books of devotion, characterize the severe morality of these Germans, who were annexed but not assimilated.

Though the larger cities yielded somewhat to the influence of their French conquerors, the inhabitants of the country parts and smaller towns adhered tenaciously to the customs and language of Germany. It was thus the stronghold of Protestantism in France, and, from its vicinity to Germany, kept alive its language and traditions, corrupted, of course, in time by French intermixture, so that the Alsatians were rather slighted by the French as not speaking pure French, and by the Germans as not speaking pure German.

Alsace is also remarkable as containing a very large proportion of Jews, who often become objects of the fierce anger of the peasantry, whom their usurious dealings render permanently hostile.

Alsace, rich in its fertile soil, and in its mineral wealth, as well as in manufactures, will prove a welcome addition to Prussia when time shall have reconciled the people to their change of masters.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people; for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a cent about them.

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THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SKEVE MHOIL.

IT was the sixth of September, some thirty years ago, and Jamie Gurlock's birthday. Jamie was a flaxen-haired, apple-cheeked lad, six Summers old, with strong, sturdy limbs, and a spirit like his father's—fearless and bold. He was in great glee this afternoon, having been allowed a half-holiday from school in honor of the day; besides which, there was to be a splendid currant-cake for tea; and, better than all, Mam Gurlock was engaged in putting the finishing touches to a new coat, bright blue as to color, and with beautiful gilt buttons, in which he was to be arrayed after tea, and go with his mother to the lighthouse, and surprise his father with an unexpected visit.

So, when tea was over, Mam Gurlock and Jamie took their way, by a zig-zag path, to the sandy beach, where they found Miles Gurlock's own little boat, the *Seamew*, moored high and dry, just above the highest fringe of sea-weed which the ebbing tide had washed. The boat was quickly run down to the water, and Jamie and the basket of eggs placed carefully in the stern; after which Mam Gurlock took her seat and pushed out boldly from shore, showing, by the way she handled the oars, that she thoroughly understood their use; and, as soon as she got into deep water, began to pull steadily in a straight line for the lighthouse, two miles away, which stood out, stern and gray, from the flaming wreck of clouds in the western sky.

A tall, comely young woman of six or eight-and-twenty, with a fresh, frank face and dark, sunny eyes, was Mam Gurlock. The daughter of a fisherman, and the wife of a lighthouse-keeper, she was thoroughly at home on the water, and never looked to greater advantage than when engaged as she was at present. She had rolled the sleeves of her lilac dress high up her white and shapely arms, and had thrown off her bonnet and let down the coils of her dark hair, that she might have the full benefit of the cool evening breeze; and, as her well-rounded figure swayed gracefully to the motion of the oars, she looked like what she was—a picture of fresh, healthy womanhood—homespun, I grant you, but of thoroughly good material.

Mam Gurlock, turning to look while she was yet half a mile away from the Skeve Mhoil, could see her husband standing out on the rock to receive her; for Miles Gurlock had not forgotten that it was his boy's birthday, and had watched mother and son through his glass from the moment the tiny speck of a boat had caught his eye when it was first putting out from land. His sunburnt face broadened into a glad smile of welcome as he secured the little craft, and, lifting out Jamie, gave him a kiss and a rough, hearty hug, not forgetting a word of praise for the pretty blue coat.

"We've brought thee a lump of cake, dad, and it's ever so good," said Jamie; "and some eggs, and a posy that smells as if all the garden was squeezed up together."

"I'm right glad thou's come, Mam," said Miles, giving his wife's hand a warm grip of welcome. "I was just longing to have my little *Seamew* here, when I saw thee putting out from shore."

"Nothing wrong, dad, is there?" said Mam, turning anxious eyes on her husband.

"There is something wrong, my lass, but nothing that need frighten thee," answered stalwart Miles. "Old Martin was taken with a fit about an hour and a half since, and, though he soon came out of it again, it has left him very weak and poorly-like; so I'm going to take him ashore and see him safe to his sister's house in Warrendale; and now that my own boat's here, I'll e'en go in that, and then I shall get back in half the time it would take me if I went in that great, awkward coble of ours, which is one of the nastiest boats to pull that ever I was in in my life."

"And what's to become of me and Jamie while thou's gone?" said Mam.

"Thou talks as if I was going to be a month away, when I shall be back in three hours at the furthest. Thou must just make up thy mind to spend a night on th' Skeve, and help Abel Rushton to look after the lamps; for since he met with his accident, 'tother week, he hasn't rightly got the use of his arm; besides, thou knows what a timersome chap he is. Thou can put Jamie into my berth when it's his bedtime; and I'll pull both of you ashore early in the morning. And now I'll go and fetch old Martin down to the boat."

Very cadaverous and ill looked Martin Gilbert, the head-keeper, as he followed Miles Gurlock down the rocks to the boat—a middle-aged man, with grizzled hair that fell to his shoulders, and with aquiline features that looked almost as keen and hard as if they had been carved out of wood.

Another hug of the youngster, a cheery "good-by, old lass!" to Mam, and Miles Gurlock stepped after Martin into the boat. A shove with the oar sent her out into deep water, and then, under the long, steady strokes of Miles, the *Seamew* sped swiftly on her way.

The trio who were left behind stood watching the receding boat till it showed like a speck in the distance. Jamie, as soon as he got over his disappointment at not being taken ashore with his father, made up his mind that it would be very pleasant to spend a night on the Skeve Mhoil. He had manufactured a tiny fleet of paper boats, whose evolutions he watched as they were tossed to and fro on the mimic waves of a little pool left by the tide among the rocks.

The evening grew at once dull and chilly.

"Hadn't thou and the lad better come up-stairs, mistress?" said Abel Rushton. "We shall do no good standing here, I reckon; and it's high time I set about lighting the lamps."

Mam Gurlock gave a ready assent to the proposition; and after another last look the three went up the steep, copper ladder that led from the base of the lighthouse to the little square doorway high up in its side, through which admission was gained to the interior—Abel first, then Jamie, and Mam last of all.

To gain access to the lighthouse, you had to climb a fixed copper ladder, for some twenty or thirty feet, which brought you to a low-browed doorway in the thick wall, entering through which, you found yourself in a room, much more spacious, probably, than you had been led to expect. This lower apartment was used chiefly as a workshop and store-room; in the middle of the floor was a square wooden trap-door, which, on being pulled up by means of an iron ring, disclosed to view an extensive aperture, in which the provisions and better class of stores were usually kept. From this room an iron staircase conducted you to the one next above it, which was fitted up with some degree of comfort, and was dining-room, sitting-room and bedroom in one, the beds being three narrow berths, like those on board ship, raised one above the other against the wall, and shut in by neat dimity curtains. Everything, in fact, not only in this room, which the men called their parlor, but throughout the building, was characterized by cleanliness the most exquisite. An iron staircase led from the parlor to the lamp-room, the highest point of the lighthouse, outside of which ran a narrow gallery, whence, in clear weather, there was a magnificent view.

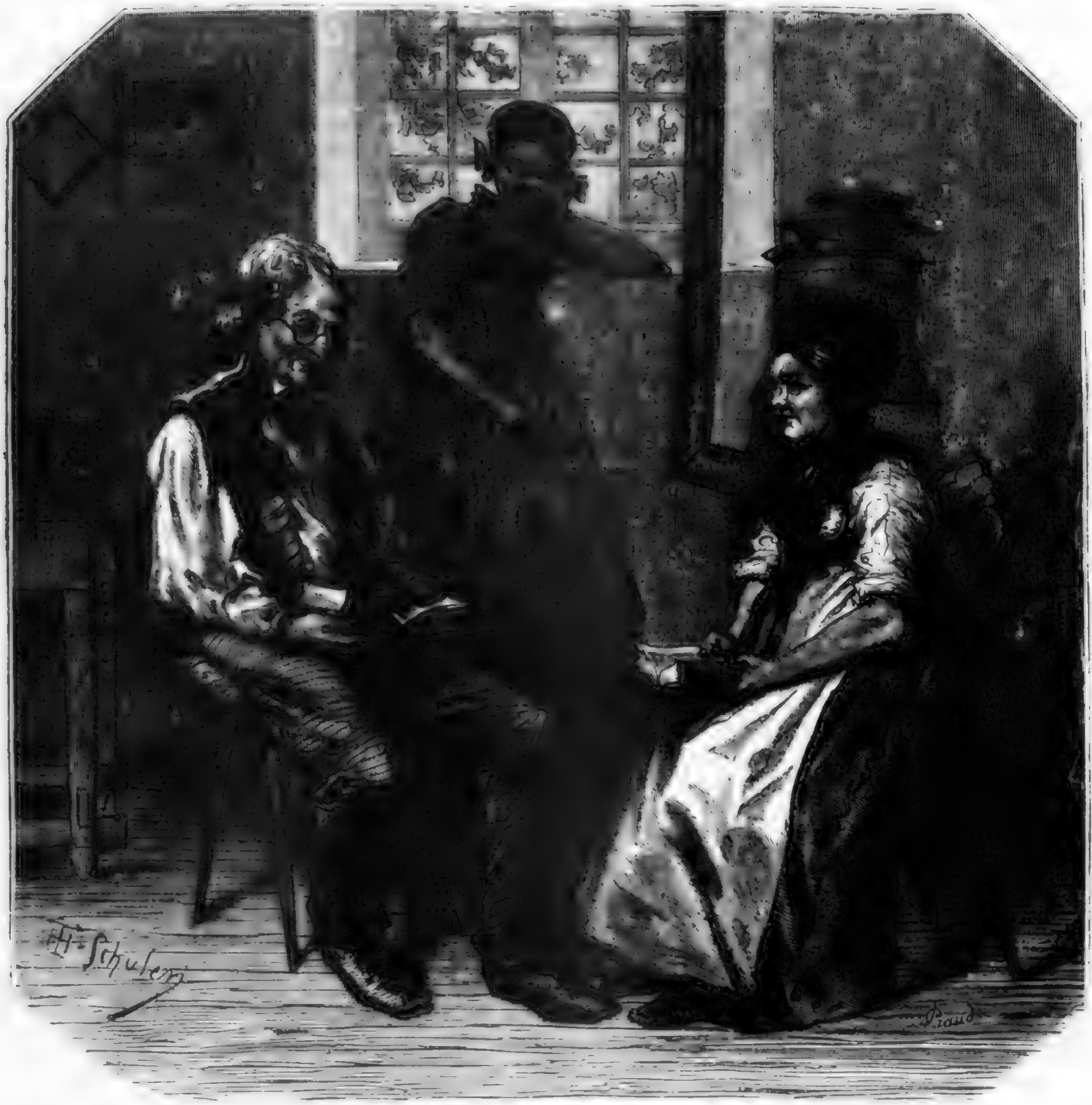
Mam Gurlock and Abel Rushton sat in the little parlor together, one on each side of the table, with an oil lamp burning betwixt them—the former employing herself, while waiting for her husband, in mending one of his old coats, for Mam always carried a housewife in her pocket; while Abel was doing his best to spell out a well-thumbed collection of country-side ballads, leaving off now and then to vary the monotony of his occupation with a few attempts at conversation.

"Ay, ay, mistress, I'll try it, if so be as thou recommends it; but if I don't get better soon, I must just go and see owd Dr. Sampson."

"It's time the *Seamew* was back, I'm thinking," said Mam. "Thou might just step outside and look out for her; thou would see her in the moonlight a good way off."

"Miles has mappen had to stay a while with th' owd chap," remarked Abel; "thou's no occasion to get anxious about him."

"Nay, I'm not exactly anxious," said Mam; "only it's time he was back again."



SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN RHINELAND.—SEE PAGE 690.

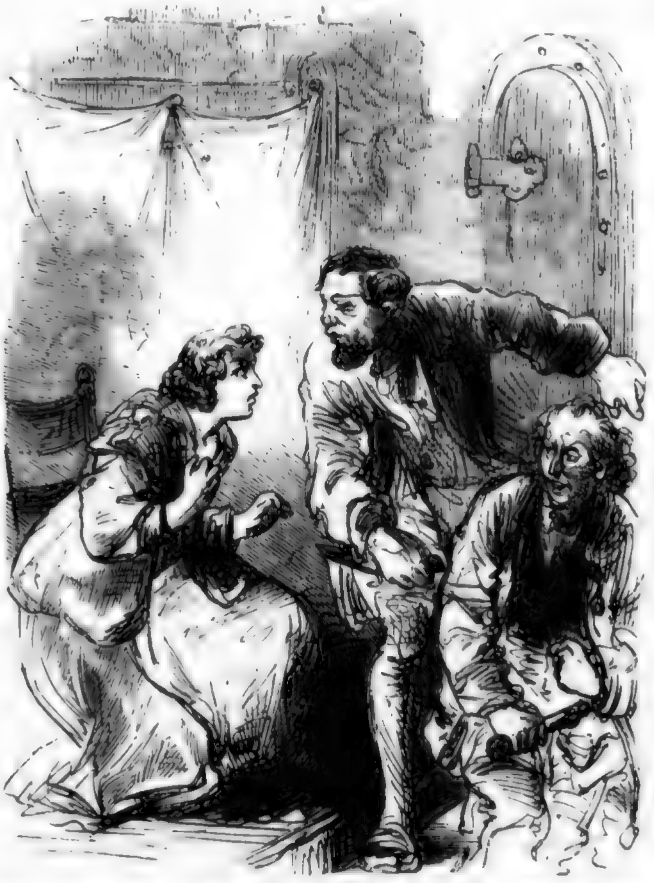
It had been quite dark for some time past, and Miles Gurlock, in the *Seamew*, might be back at any moment. Jamie, contrary to his usual custom, had put in no protest this evening against being put to bed, the temptation of sleeping in his father's berth proving stronger than his desire to keep his mother and Abel company.

"I will send thee some ointment for thy shoulder by the first boat," said Mam Gurlock to Abel, "and thou must get Miles to rub it in for thee. It's made from a recipe of my mother's, and is reckoned very good for anything of that kind."

Abel Rushton put down his book, rose, stretched himself, yawned, and then went slowly down the staircase in obedience to Mam's request. A minute or two later his voice was heard calling from below:

"I can just make out the boat, but she won't be here for ten minutes yet."

Mam's grave face relaxed into a smile, and her needle shot more quickly through her work. She wanted to finish the coat before her husband got back, but she had still five minutes' work to do when she heard voices below, too far off for her to recognize the tones. Then she heard the



THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SKEVE MHOIL.—"SHE STARTED TO HER FEET AT SIGHT OF TWO STRANGE FACES."—SEE PAGE 691.

noise of footsteps ascending outside, which came presently into the lower room; and then, after a pause, began to mount the iron staircase that led into the room in which she was now sitting.

"The footsteps of two men—those of Miles and Abel," she said to herself, without turning her head to look, for she was putting in the last stitches. Did Miles think she had not heard him coming up, that he stood there stock still at the top of the staircase, thinking, perhaps, to surprise her when she should turn round? Next moment saw the last stitch put in, and, with an emphatic "There!" Mam stooped, and bit her thread in two, and then, with the coat held out at arm's length, turned smilingly to confront her husband.

The coat dropped from her fingers, and, with a low cry of terror, she shrank back a step or two, crying as she did so:

"Steve Davidson, what hast thou done with my husband?"

"By the great Fiend himself, it is Janet Gawne, and nobody else!" exclaimed the man thus addressed.

He was a man of immense size and strength, with black hair and beard, and eyes to match; with large, well-shaped features, which years of dangerous warfare against whatever was good and lawful had hardened into a set expression of mingled cruelty and suspicion.

His companion was a little, shambling, red-haired man, who squinted horribly, and walked with a limp—a villain of a far more intellectual stamp than Black Steve.

Black Steve, when he had in some measure recovered from his surprise at finding Mam Gurlock there, or, as he called her, Janet Gawne, such having been her maiden name, gave vent to a laugh that seemed to shake the very building, so loud and uproarious was it; while poor Mam, white and terrified, crept still further away, till the wall arrested her further progress.

"Caught in as pretty a little trap as ever I seen in the whole course of my life!" exclaimed Black Steve, with much gusto. "Sit down, Mr. Cris; sit down for a moment, while I explain this little affair."

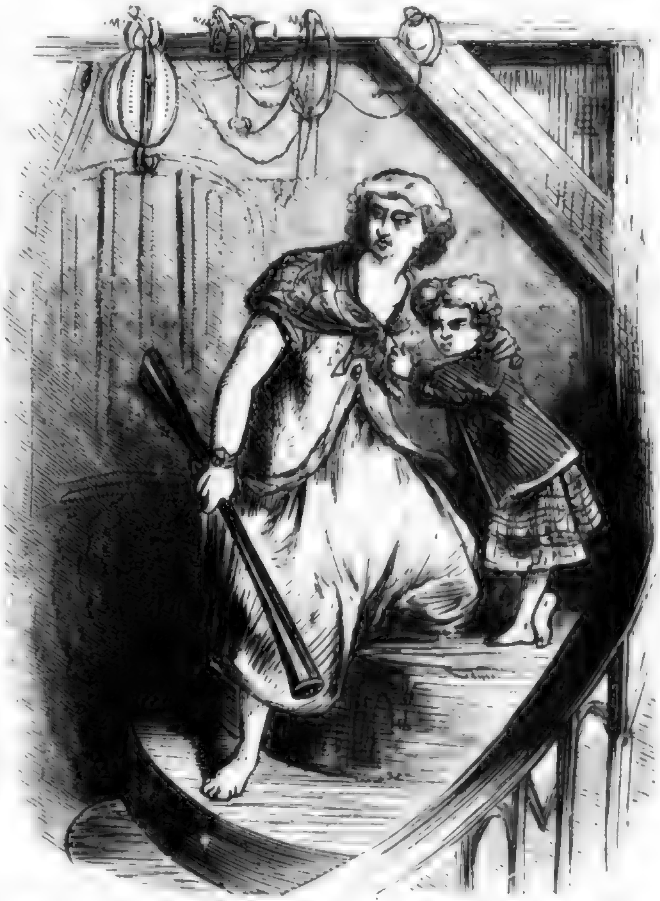
Mr. Cris took a chair, and nodded to his friend to proceed.

"You'll perhaps scarcely believe it, but I was once in love with that white-faced cat," resumed Steve; "and I believe I should have won her if that smooth-faced Miles Gurlock had not come between us. But from that day I was like dirt under my lady's feet, and there was never a kind word for me afterward. On the night of Warrendale Fair, I, thinking no harm, tried to kiss her; but she up with her hand and slapped me in the face, and told me her mind in a way that opened my eyes completely; and then up came Gurlock, and knives were out, and there would have been blood spilt if they hadn't separated us by force. I swore to be revenged on both of them, and Black Steve always keeps his promises, either for good or bad. I swore to be revenged, and you will see whether I know how to keep my promise!"

He brought his huge fist down upon the table with a bang, and emphasized what he had said by half a dozen terrible oaths.

The noise awoke Jamie, and next moment one of the dimity curtains was drawn on one side, and the lad's pretty, disheveled head thrust through the opening. The two men were, fortunately, standing with their backs to the berths, and did not see the movement; but Mam saw it, and her heart gave a great bound as the thought of her child's danger flashed for the first time across her mind. A drooping of the eyebrows over the staring, wide-open eyes, an almost imperceptible movement of the head, and quick-witted Jamie took the hint intended for him; he drew back in silence, the dimity curtain dropped into its place, and the wild look of terror died, in some measure, out of the trembling mother's eyes.

"As pretty a little romance of unrequited affection as I've



THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SKEVE MHOIL.—"MAM GURLOCK, TAKING JAMIE, WENT UP TO THE LAMP-ROOM."

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heard for a long time," exclaimed Mr. Cris; "and I'm not the one to stand in the way of your revenge, Steve, my boy. But, first of all, let us attend to business—let us accomplish the purpose for which we came here; there will be time enough to consider this young person's case afterward—eh?"

"Will madame oblige me by taking a seat?" resumed Mr. Cris, in the blandest of tones, addressing himself to Mam, and pointing to a chair.

Mam felt that she was obliged to comply, and sat down accordingly.

"Pardon the liberty I am about to take," went on Mr. Cris; "but the necessities of the case must be my excuse."

So speaking, he drew from his pocket some pieces of thin cord, with which he proceeded to fasten Mam dexterously and securely in her chair. Mam would probably have begged for mercy; but when she looked from one face to the other of the two villains, she saw how worse than useless any such plea would be.

"I am now going to put one or two interrogatives to you," resumed Mr. Cris, "and the more truthfully you answer me, the better it will be for your own welfare."

"I'll answer none till thou or thy mate tells me what has become of my husband," said Mam, stubbornly.

"Your husband! What do I know or care about your husband?"

Black Steve whispered a word or two in his friend's ear.

"Oh, that was him, was it!" said Mr. Cris, aloud. "He has been well looked after, you may be sure," he added, turning to Mam; "we have not forgotten to attend to his little comforts; only it's not convenient for him to come home this evening. He desired his love to you, and begged you would not fret—no, not even if it should so happen that you were never to see him again."

Black Steve was tickled by his friend's pleasantry, and vowed, with a terrible oath, that Mr. Cris was the best company in the world.

A horrible misgiving took possession of Mam's heart; these men had murdered her husband and seized his boat, and were here for some vile purpose, of which, as yet, she was in ignorance. And Abel Rushton, too—what had become of him? Had he shared a similar fate? Well, if Miles were really gone, it scarcely mattered what became of her, she thought. Ah, yes; there was Jamie! for his sake she must strive hardly for her life—for his sake she must pray that Heaven's mercy might find for her some loophole of escape!

These thoughts occupied Mam Gurlock, so that she scarcely heard the question which Mr. Cris put to her.

"Where does Martin Gilbert keep his store of money?"

"I don't know," said Mam, wearily.

"You lie!" said Mr. Cris, fiercely. "Don't you know that three months ago old Gilbert had a legacy of £300 left him, and that he is such a miser, and puts so little faith in the safety of banks, that he always keeps the money by him, wherever he may be—on shore during his holiday times, and in the lighthouse when he is on duty? Don't you know these things, I say?"

"I know that old Martin had a bit of money left him, and that he likes to keep it somewhere near at hand; but where he hides it away, I know no more than the dead."

"We'll soon teach you to know," said Mr. Cris, with an oath. But at this juncture Black Steve touched his friend on the shoulder, and drew that personage's attention to a seaman's chest, on which the name of Martin Gilbert was painted in large letters.

"It will be here, if anywhere," said Steve.

The chest was locked, as a matter of course; but Steve, with a skeleton key, soon opened the simple wards. The clothes were tossed unceremoniously on the floor; and Steve's itching fingers, diving here and there toward the bottom of the box, brought to light, before long, a canvas bag full of sovereigns, which he flung on the table.

The two men seated themselves at the table to count over their ill-gotten gains. While they were thus employed, the dimity curtains opened again, and Jamie's frightened face peered through. The men were so intently occupied, that Mam could, without fear, signal Jamie, by sundry frowns and shakings of the head, that he must on no account allow himself to be seen. Jamie understood, and was seen no more.

"A hundred and ninety each—and a very pretty little haul!" exclaimed Black Steve.

"The old fellow's legacy and savings all in a lump," remarked his friend, complacently.

"No doubt of it," said Steve. "For my part, I think we can't do less than drink Mr. Martin Gilbert's health. What say you? We are not hurried for half an hour, and I daresay we shall find a drop of the right stuff somewhere about."

"Agreed. Find something to drink, and I'm your man."

"Oh, I've been here before, and know where the stores are kept."

"What about *her?*" said Mr. Cris, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his prisoner.

"Time enough to finish her little business, curse her! before we go," said Steve; and he descended toward the lower room, taking with him a small lantern. "A prize! a prize!" he shouted next minute. "Come here, old fellow, and give a helping hand."

Mr. Cris jumped up, and with a last scrutinizing glance at his prisoner, followed his friend. Black Steve had, in fact, found a bale of rich stuffs and a keg of hollands, which the lighthouse keepers had picked out of an abandoned ship a few days before, and which Martin Gilbert had put temporarily away with the other stores.

Mam Gurlock was left alone. Now or never she must make an effort for liberty and life. If they could only creep out unseen—she and Jamie—and get down to the boat before their flight was discovered! But in that little *if* lay the whole difficulty. It was a dangerous game to play, with the two men in the lower room, through which she would have to pass with Jamie in her arms; but no other plan offered even the faintest loophole for escape. Both the men were armed; and even if she got clear of the rock before they discovered her flight, she could scarcely hope to get out of range, and would they not shoot her down as she sat at the oars? Well, it would be better to die, either by a bullet or by drowning, than to fall again into the hands of these terrible men. To prevent pursuit, the other boat must be cut adrift.

"Hist, hist, Jamie!" called Mam, in a loud whisper, and next moment the little face showed itself through the curtains.

"Don't speak, but get softly out of bed and come hither," added Mam, in a low, smothered voice. Jamie slipped out of bed with the quickness of a lamplighter.

"Oh, Mam, what have the bad men done to thee?" he cried, forgetting his mother's caution as he ran to her.

"Hush-h-h!" cried Mam, with a look of terror. "Thou mustn't speak just yet; but take that knife that lies on the table, and cut this cord that holds my arms. That's it. Now give me the knife," and next moment the severed cords fell one by one to the ground.

Her first act was to snatch up Jamie in her arms.

"God in Heaven bless thee, my darling, and keep thee from all harm!" she murmured through the yearning, passionate kisses. The next moment, she was herself again,

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resolute and composed. She put the lad down, drew off her shoes, and stealing on tiptoe to the staircase, went down on her hands and knees, and looked through the opening.

The trap-door was open, and tilted upon end. Black Steve and his companion had leaped into the cavity. They had apparently opened the bale of silk, and having satisfied themselves as to its quality, were now, by the obscure light of the lantern, engaged in driving a large gimlet into the keg of hollands.

Suddenly, there flashed through her brain a thought, which sent the blood coursing to her heart. Holding up a finger to Jamie, she stole noiselessly down into the lower room, and glided forward till her hand rested on the trap-door; and peering round the edge, she saw that the two men were still intent on their occupation.

One after the other, the two iron hooks that held the door in its upright position were silently removed, and the same instant it fell forward into its place with a terrific crash, and shut in the two men who were below. Mam Gurlock sprang forward as the door fell, and before either Black Steve or his friend could recover from their astonishment, she had run home the two large bolts.

Now for the boats! To run nimbly up the staircase into the upper room; to wrap Jamie in the warm pea-jacket she had been mending for his father; to lift him in her arms, and hasten down again, and so past the trap—where the imprisoned men were already making desperate efforts to break out—to the outer door, and then swiftly down the outside ladder; and then skirting the base of the lighthouse, along the rocks at a rapid pace, toward the little cove in which the boats were ordinarily moored, still holding the lad pressed tightly in her arms—was for Mam Gurlock the work of a minute. She knew that she had not a moment to lose; that the old wooden trap would not long withstand the desperate strength of Black Steve. Down she went swiftly, but cautiously, over the slippery rocks, picking her way with caution toward the little basin in the rocks—before her, life and liberty—behind her. But where were the boats?

Once, twice, thrice she looked around; but the boats were nowhere to be seen. "Heaven help me, or I shall go mad!" murmured Mam to herself.

In agonized despair she stood for a minute or two, utterly puzzled and confounded. She set Jamie down for an instant, and strained her eyes out over the dark waste of waters. More than a quarter of a mile from the Skeve Mhoil, she plainly saw two boats, evidently lashed to each other, in the larger of which a man was seated. Looking more intently, she distinguished that the smaller boat was her husband's little *Seamew*, and the larger one that belonging to the lighthouse, while the man could be none other than Abel Rushton, whose sprained shoulder would prevent him from using the oars.

He had not been killed, but got clear away; his purpose in taking both boats doubtless being to prevent pursuit, and, by cutting off their means of escape from the rock, to render the capture of the two men a matter of certainty. In doing this, Abel had thought of nothing except to get ashore as quickly as possible, and gather a number of trusty friends to Mam's rescue. But he might drift on for hours. Abel's accident precluded him from rowing; and although the tide had turned now, and was coming in rapidly, the boats had got into a current which ran direct for the lee of the Giant's Nose, a headland some four miles away.

Mam turned, and hurried back to the spot where she had left Jamie. But when she reached the lighthouse, with Jamie in her arms, and had set foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, she heard the crash of breaking wood in the room above, and the loud voices of the two men as they burst out of their confinement, and knew that she was too late.

All her mother's soul went forth in a brief agonized cry to Heaven that her child might be saved; and then, scarcely knowing whither she was going, she ran back to the landing-place, in the desperate hope that help might already be coming from the shore.

All the instincts of her nature rose up in revolt at the idea of self-destruction, and she dismissed the thought as soon as it was conceived. No! she would fight for her life, while the faintest hope remained, and when that was gone, would strive to die bravely, as the wife of Miles Gurlock ought to die.

"I wish dad would come and take us home," sighed Jamie, whose fears were beginning to be lost in his desire for sleep. "Last time I was here I crept into the Kelpie's Hole, and when dad couldn't see me, he thought I had tumbled into the sea, and rarely frightened he was."

The Kelpie's Hole! How foolish of her not to have thought of it before! She bent her head humbly for a moment, and a solemn feeling of gratitude pervaded her whole being. But she had no time to lose.

"Thou must hide in the Kelpie's Hole again to-night, Jamie, my man," she said; "and thou musn't speak, nor let anybody know thou's there, nor show so much as thy nose out of it, till the two bad men have gone away, and Abel Rushton or thy dad comes back to the Skeve. Dost thou understand?"

She had been stripping off her warm woolsey petticoat as she spoke thus, in which she now proceeded to wrap Jamie, putting Miles's heavy pea-jacket over all; and then snatching him up in her arms, she ran, as fast as her strength would allow her, to the little jutting ledge of rock under which was the entrance to the Kelpie's Hole—an entrance only large enough for Jamie, encumbered as he was, to wriggle through, but expanding inside into a tiny cavern, with sufficient space for a lad of his age to sit or lie without being cramped.

Then she ran with weak, uncertain footsteps, from the dangerous neighborhood of the hole, and then, pretending that her foot had slipped, she sank down on her knees on the rock, and waited for what might happen next.

With many loud oaths, Black Steve hurried after his victim, Mr. Cris bringing up the rear.

"You Jezebel!" exclaimed Black Steve, "I'll put an end to your vagaries at once and forever!" but Mr. Cris hastened up, and striking his friend's arm on one side, sent the bullet intended for her to flatten itself harmlessly against a rock.

"Don't you be in quite such a hurry, my friend," said Mr. Cris; "there will be plenty of time for that sort of thing afterward. I want to have a little conversation with this young person."

Black Steve growled.

"In the fiend's name, how did you contrive to get loose?" said Mr. Chris to Mam.

"That is for thee to find out, and not for me to tell," replied Mam.

"Perhaps so, but if——"

What more Mr. Cris intended to say was never known, for at that moment, Black Steve, with a loud cry, came running back from the landing-place.

"The boats, the boats—they are both gone!" he exclaimed.

"Stir from this spot, and I'll shoot you through the head!" said Mr. Cris to Mam, as he hurried away to verify with his own eyes the startling assertion.

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"This all comes of your clumsy style of tying the fellow up," said Mr. Cris, savagely. "If I had secured him myself, we should have found him where we left him!"

"How about your own handiwork, then?" retorted Steve, pointing to Mam. "She didn't get away, did she? Oh, no!"

"There's some deviltry about the whole business that I can't make out," said Mr. Cris. "I could have sworn that it was impossible for that woman to stir; and yet in less than five minutes after I leave her she is free. I can't understand it at all. But, however, we have no time to bother our heads with that just now; the question is, how are we to get away from this cursed den?"

Black Steve scratched his head disconsolately.

"Wasn t that a boat I saw lying on the other side of the rock?" said Mr. Cris.

"Oh, that's one of the old lighthouse boats that got a hole knocked in her bottom last Winter," said Steve.

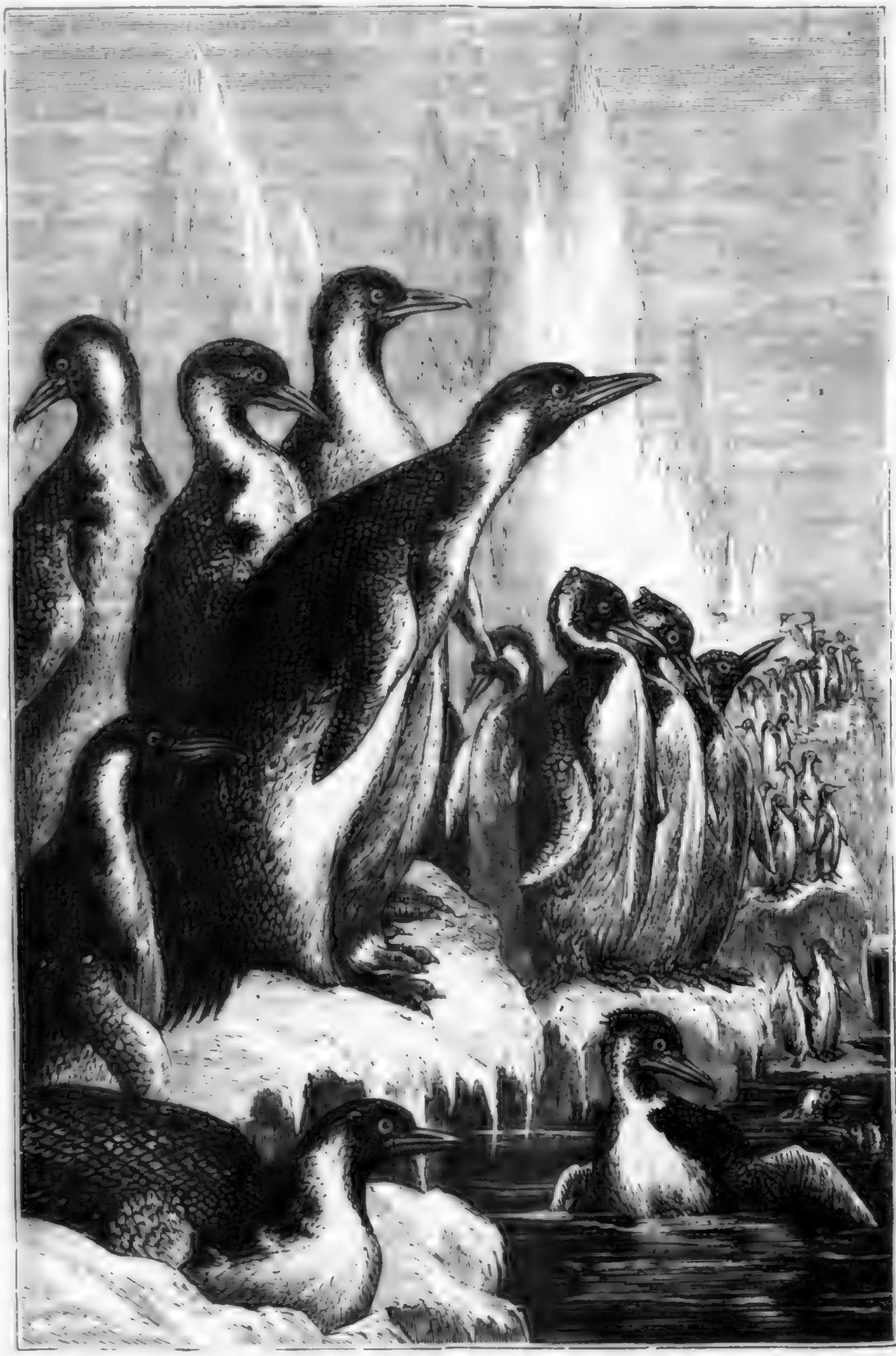
"You mind this she-cat, while I go and have a look at the boat," answered Mr. Cris.

In the course of a minute or two he came hurrying back.

"All right, my hearty!" he exclaimed. "There's nothing the matter with the old tub that I can't set to rights in a couple of hours—at least, sufficiently to make her answer our purpose. There's wood and tools and a kettle of pitch in the lighthouse. We'll cheat those longshore fellows yet, Steve, my boy; and live for years to come to tell our adventures."

"But, first of all, how are you going to dispose of this piece of goods?"

"Oh, shoot her, or drown her," replied the brutal giant; "so long as you finish her off, it don't matter."



PENGUINS ON THE SOUTH POLAR ICE.—SEE PAGE 699.

"Nay, my friend; if you would allow me a suggestion, I would say, why not bind her securely to this wooden stoop, and leave her there?"

"Leave her there for the tide to come up and drown her, I suppose you mean?"

"Nay, my impulsive Stephen; you have no right to assume that I meant anything of the kind. All that I said was to fasten her to that stoop. If the tide persists in coming up, as you say, why, that is no business of ours."

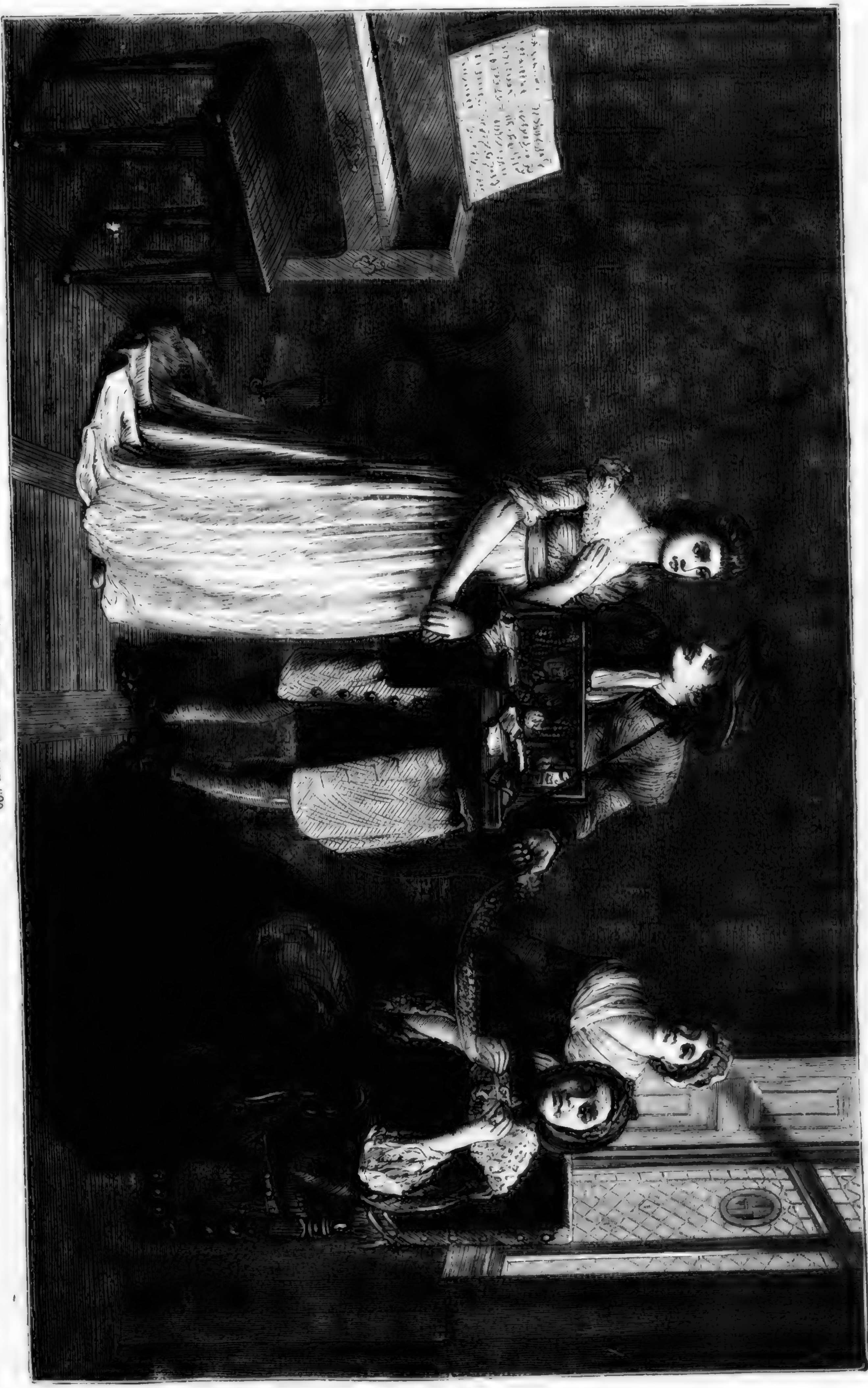
Black Steve picked up the rope that had been used to bind Abel Rushton, and grasping Mam roughly by the shoulder, bade her get up.

She sprang to her feet as though a serpent had bitten her, the moment Steve touched her shoulder.

"Are you men or monsters?" she exclaimed, turning suddenly, and facing her tormentors, "that you talk of torturing a poor helpless woman thus? Have you no mothers or sisters of your own to think of, who would shame you out of so terrible a crime? If I must die, let me die quickly: you have the means at hand. What have I done to either of you, that you should condemn me to a death so horrible."

"Look here, Janet Gawne!" exclaimed Black Steve, fiercely; "seven years ago I swore to be revenged on thee, and this night I'll keep my word. I've longed, times out of mind, to be revenged on thee and thy smooth-tongued husband. Now that the chance has come, I'm not going to let it slip through my fingers." And Black Steve laughed a great, brutal laugh of triumph.

Mam Gurlock uttered no further word of any kind, but passively suffered herself to be led to the "stoop," Mr. Cris in so far assisting his friend; after which Black Steve



LOVE'S DISGUISE.—SEE PAGE 699.

proceeded to tie her to the post as securely as his skill knew how. Then, after a few mocking words, they left her, and at once set about their task of patching up the old boat, on which their safety now entirely depended.

The stoop was merely a stout wooden post, fastened down to the rock with iron clamps and screws, to which the larger class of craft might be safely moored.

Yes, Mam Gurlock was left to her fate, and a very dreadful one. The tide was rising fast. Already its tiny, lapping waves were washing about her feet and ankles; in less than an hour it would cover her head. The wind had died away again with the turn of the tide, and a bank of cloud was now creeping up the sky with dark intent, shutting out the stars, one after another, and would soon obscure the moon itself.

Mam Gurlock's eyes unconsciously followed the cloud in its slow, steady advance. By the time that black canopy had shut out the whole sky, the waters would have closed over her, and she would be reckoned no more among the living. Well, now that Miles was dead, there did not seem much in life to desire. Jamie would be well cared for and properly brought up by Miles's relations at Birchallen; still, it would have been sweet to see the lad grow up, and to watch the ripening promise of his childhood fulfill itself. But not for her might such happiness be.

How fast the tide was rising! It reached to her waist already. But a very little while now, and her life, with all its pleasures and pains, would be closed, like a book that is shut up for ever.

What was that! She could not keep down the smothered shriek that burst from her lips, as suddenly she felt the touch of something on her shoulder.

She was so fast bound that she could not turn her head to look; but the next moment Jamie's voice sounded in her ears, and it seemed to her the sweetest music she had ever heard.

"Oh, Jamie! why didn't thou stay in thy hiding-place?" said Mam. "Hie thee back, dear, as fast as thou canst go, and don't stir out again till daylight."

"I'm frightened, Mam, to be there by myself in the dark. If the kelpie came home and found me, what would he say? Have the bad men tied thee to the stoop, Mam? Shall I run up into the lighthouse, and try to find a knife again?"

"Nay, lad; the bad men would see thee, and then they would kill thee. But, oh, Jamie, if thou couldst but undo that knot in the rope just under my arm!"

Jamie set to work, with fingers and teeth, to unfasten the knot indicated by his mother, which he was able to reach without difficulty, the back of the stop resting against a shelf of rock some three feet in height, on which the lad was now standing. But the knot was a hard one to unpick, and seemed, at one time, as though it would withstand all Jamie's efforts; but after a while it began to feel looser to his fingers, and he had just said: "I shall soon have it done now, Mam!" when the mother's watchful ears heard footsteps advancing over the rocks.

"Into the water, Jamie!" whispered Mam, turning sick with terror; "and don't speak or stir till I tell thee."

Jamie slipped into the water like a young otter, and crouched under the lee of the rocky ledge on which he had been standing, with nothing but his nose and chin exposed to view; while Black Steve came striding down, to see that his victim was still secure. Having felt at the rope, and satisfied himself:

"By the seven holy pokers! but this is the finest bit of sport I've had for many a day! How does the water feel this evening, Mistress Gurlock? Cool and pleasant, eh?" said the ruffian, with a laugh which told at once that he was half-drunk. "Yes, you're a plucky one; but you'll look rather washed-out, I reckon, at low-water to-morrow. Well, good-by, dear—good-by, and pleasant dreams to you!" And, with another brutal laugh, Black Steve strolled back slowly over the rocks.

Mam Gurlock breathed once more.

"Now, Jamie, lad, try thy hand at the rope again," she said, in a low voice; and Jamie scrambled on to the rock, and shook the water carelessly from him, somewhat after the fashion of a dog, and set to work again, with nimble fingers and sharp teeth, to free his darling mother. At length the task was accomplished, and, for the second time that night, Mam Gurlock's bonds fell from her, thanks to the aid of Jamie.

Having wrung some of the water out of her dress, Mam, followed by Jamie, proceeded to creep cautiously on her hands and knees round the lower edge of the Skeve Mhoil, till she came to a point in a direct line with the entrance-ladder, and in full view of both the men, had they turned their heads to look. Peering from behind a rock, Mam saw the two men very intent on their task—Mr. Cris hammering away with might and main, while his amiable friend held a huge lantern. Mam felt that she could scarcely have a more favorable opportunity, since the noise of the hammering would serve to drown any that might be caused by the movements of herself or Jamie; but, at the best, it was a dangerous proceeding.

Inch by inch, silently and cautiously, Mam Gurlock, with Jamie by her side, emerged from the shelter of the rock, and crawled across the open space to the next large stone; then, after a minute's rest, forward again to the next sheltering spot; and so from one to the other, ever nearer the desired haven. While they were still some distance from the lighthouse, and at the moment they were half-way between the two boulders, Mam saw Black Steve put down his lantern and turn his face directly toward the spot they then were. Mam's hand gave Jamie a warning squeeze, and mother and son remained as immovable as though they had been cut of stone, till the danger was over. The black-haired giant yawned, stretched out his huge arms, and, after gazing seaward for a few moments, resumed his task.

This danger over, Mam and Jamie crept stealthily on their way, reaching, at last, the foot of the lighthouse. Then Mam, taking Jamie on her back, began the ascent of the ladder. Step by step, as silently as a shadow, she had reached the top in safety, and had just swung Jamie round from her shoulder, and passed him in through the little entrance-door, when Mr. Cris, pausing from his work for a moment, turned to contemplate the state of the weather; and as he did so, his quick eye caught the outline of something dark moving on the ladder.

"Look to your prisoner, Steve!" he cried; and, drawing a pistol from his belt, fired.

The bullet whizzed past Mam Gurlock's head, but did not touch her; and before there was time to fire a second shot, she was safe within the lighthouse, with the little iron door shut and bolted.

She caught Jamie to her heart, and murmured a brief thanksgiving to Heaven; and then her overwrought nerves gave way, and she fell into a sort of half-swoon, from which she was aroused, after a minute or two, by a violent hammering at the iron door.

It was Black Steve, furious at her escape, trying to force an entrance. She had little fear that he would effect his purpose, for she knew the stout old door would not yield readily. Still, there was a possibility that the door might give way under the assaults of the furious giant; so Mam, followed by Jamie, ascended to the room above, and, taking down an old blunderbuss which hung against the wall, more

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for ornament than use, she proceeded to load it, to the best of her knowledge, from the bag of bullets and the powder-flask in her husband's chest, which Miles always kept there ready for an occasional fowling expedition.

Thus armed, Mam Gurlock, taking Jamie by the hand, went up to the lamp-room, determined, should Black Steve break in, and such dreadful occasion arrive, to sell her life as dearly as possible.

She stole out into the gallery, and looked down. He was still hammering savagely at the door, but, as yet, to little purpose; while Mr. Cris, on the rocks below, was swearing at him for a senseless fool, and vowing that they would not have time to finish the boat and get clear away, if he delayed a minute longer.

Mam crept round to the opposite side of the gallery, and, straining her eyes, without hope or expectation, over the dark waste of waters, saw—what? A large boat, pulling rapidly and steadily for the Skeve Mhoil! It was only a few hundred yards away, and could be clearly seen, thanks to a momentary break in the clouds, through which the moonlight streamed, full and bright. And then Mam Gurlock, with a sob of heartfelt gratitude, accepted the appearance as a blessed reality. As a signal that the boat was seen, she then began to toll the bell, rung by the keepers in foggy weather, when the lamps were invisible; and its solemn tones now boomed forth with dread significance to the two wretches below.

But wary Mr. Cris had also seen what was coming, and had passed the alarm to Black Steve; and as the bell gave forth its first stroke, the two men were pushing their boat down into the sea. Another moment, and they were pulling for the shore. But the boat had been badly mended, and the water began to come in rapidly, so that Mr. Cris had to occupy himself in bailing; while Black Steve could make but little headway with the water-logged craft.

Five minutes later the strange boat rounded the edge of the Skeve Mhoil, on its way to the landing-place; and next moment the flight of the two men was discovered, and the boat's head was at once put round in pursuit.

Black Steve and his companion at once ceased rowing, and sat quietly on their oars, as though merely waiting for their pursuers to come up, to yield. But when the pursuing boat had got within a dozen yards of the other, Mr. Cris leaped suddenly from his seat, and fired both his pistols at the advancing foe; and then, with a wild, inarticulate cry of rage and despair, he leaped headlong into the waves, and sank to rise no more. Black Steve was an excellent swimmer, and before the confusion incident on the firing of the two pistols among the crew of the boat was over, he had slipped quietly into the water, and, coming up after a lengthened dive, struck out boldly for the shore.

The boat and crew proved to be those of a revenue-cutter, which had picked up Abel Rushton as he was drifting helplessly. On hearing his story, preparations had at once been made to capture the two villains and look after the safety of Mam Gurlock and her son.

Leaving two of his crew to look after the lighthouse, the officer in charge of the boat carried Mam Gurlock and Jamie ashore, where a search was at once instituted for missing Miles. After several hours' search he was found, bound hand and foot, in one of the many caves for which that part of the coast is noted. He stated that he had been set upon by Black Steve and three more men as he was returning from seeing Martin Gilbert safe home. He had received a blow on the head, which had rendered him insensible; and, on recovering his wits, had found himself tied hand and foot and left in charge of two of his captors. On the landing of the revenue-cutter's boat, these men had taken the alarm and left him.

The body of Black Steve was washed up a day or two afterward, several miles down the coast. He had been caught by the current, and carried away and drowned.

The money, in the effort to obtain which Mr. Cris and his friend lost their lives, was found intact on the table of the lighthouse, where they had left it while occupied with the mending of the boat; and when old Martin Gilbert died, some three years afterward, the whole was left to Mam Gurlock.

LOVE'S DISGUISE.

Miss Solomon's excellent and amusing picture speaks for itself. It does not require any supernatural sagacity to see that the peddler is no peddler at all, but a lover in disguise; and it is only another proof of that "natural depravity" which some consider as the original sin of the female heart, that when a handsome young lover is concerned, a young lady does not hesitate at putting a little duplicity into her acting.

Our readers will please observe that while the old aunt is looking very critically at the wares of the pretended peddler, the latter is busily engaged in squeezing the niece's hand, which is certainly not altogether proper in a peddler, if he be only a peddler. He may be licensed by the State to sell pins, thread, needles, lace, and trinkets, not forgetting thimbles, card-cases, and portemonnaies; but we have strong doubts if "squeezes" are one of his articles for sale, although they may be always an article *on hand*.

The Abigail looks as though she were thoroughly awake to the little comedy playing before her eyes and under her employer's nose, and that she, like all damsels of that mischievous class, was well paid for her discreet and judicious blindness.

Let us hope, for the sake of our young ladies, that the old aunt was cross and unreasonable, and that he was an unimpeachable young man and formed to make her happy. In such a case we ourselves can sympathize with the youthful pair who are obliged to resort to masquerade to get a husband.

PENGUINS ON THE SOUTH POLAR ICE.

In the penguins of the Southern Hemisphere, the shortness of wing, and aptitude for swimming and diving, are more conspicuous than in the auks of the northern regions. In the water, the penguin makes use of its small, featherless wing-stumps as paddles; on land, as fore feet, with whose help it scales so rapidly the grass-grown cliffs as to be easily mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea, and fishing, it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing, with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that at first sight no one can be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport. Other sea-birds generally keep part of their body out of the water while swimming; but this is not the case with the penguin, whose head alone appears upon the surface; and thus it swims with such rapidity and perseverance as almost to defy many of the fishes to equal it. How much it feels itself at home on the waters may be inferred from the fact that Sir James Ross once saw two penguins paddling away a thousand miles from the nearest land.

On many uninhabited islands in the Southern Hemisphere this strange bird is met with in incredible numbers. On Possession Island, for instance, a desolate rock discovered by Sir James Ross in latitude 71° 56′, not the smallest appearance of vegetation could be found; but inconceivable numbers of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island.

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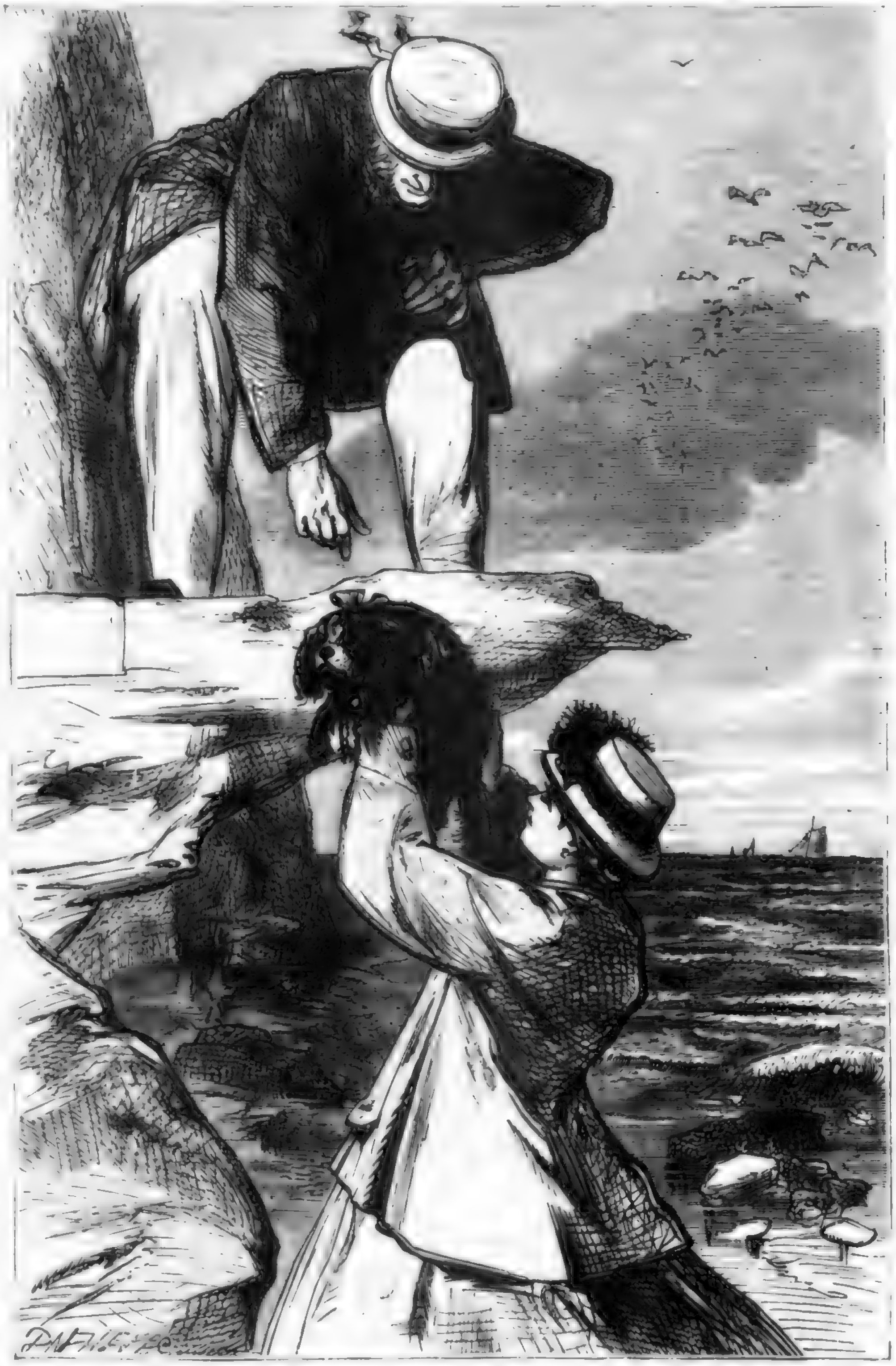
Duperrey ("Voyage de la Coquille") found the Falklands swarming with penguins. In Summer and Autumn these strange birds leave their burrows early in the morning, and launch into the sea for fishing. After having filled their capacious stomachs, they waddle on shore, and remain for a time congregated on the strand, raising a dreadful clamor; after which they retire to enjoy a noontide sleep among the high tussack grass or in their burrows. In the afternoon the fishing recommences. Lesson says that about sunset on fine Summer evenings, which, unfortunately, are but of rare occurrence on those foggy, storm-visited islands, all the penguins together raise their discordant voices, so that at a distance the noise might be mistaken for the hoarse murmur of a great popular assembly. As soon as the young are sufficiently strong, the whole band leaves the island, departing, no one knows whither, though the mariners frequenting those seas believe that they spend the Winter on the ocean. This opinion seems to be corroborated by the observations of Sir James Ross, who, on the 4th of December, in 49° S. latitude, met on the high seas a troop of penguins that were doubtless on the way to their breeding-place. He admired the astonishing instinct of these creatures, half fish, half bird, which leads them hundreds of miles through the pathless ocean to their accustomed Summer abodes.



LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.—SEE PAGE 703.

It may be imagined how the neighboring seas must abound with fish, to be able to nourish such multitudes of penguins, whose stomach is capable of holding more than two pounds, and whose voracity is so great that they are often obliged to disgorge their superabundant meal. The elongated stomach reaches to the lower part of the abdomen, and the whole length of the intestinal canal is twenty-five feet, fifteen times longer than the body; so that nature has evidently provided for a most vigorous appetite, whetted by sea-bathing and sea-air.

There are several species of penguins. The largest (*Aptenodytes antarctica*) weighs about eighty pounds. It is a rare bird, generally found singly, while the smaller species always associate in vast numbers. In 77° S. latitude, Sir James Ross caught three of these giant penguins, the smallest of which weighed fifty-seven pounds. In the stomach of one of them he found ten pounds of quartz, granite, and trap fragments, swallowed, most likely, to promote digestion.

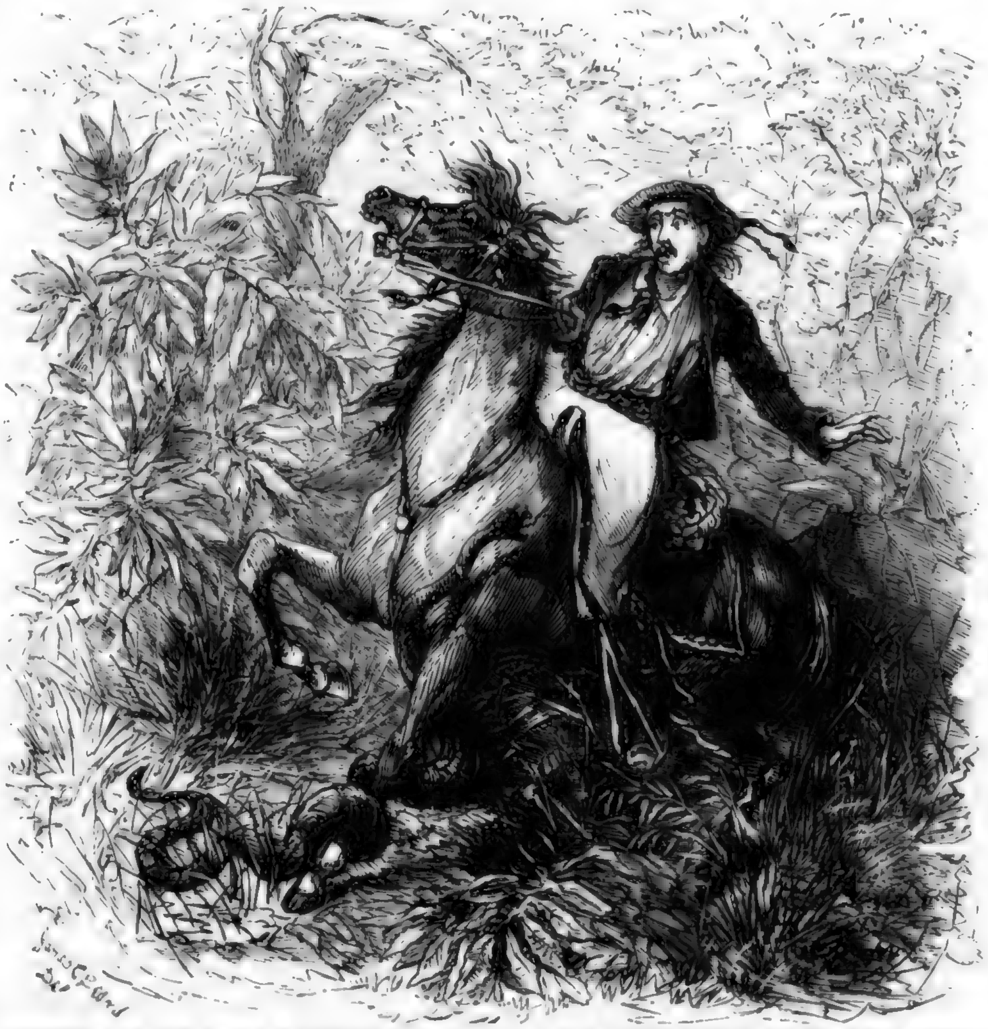
The penguin, like his northern representative, the auk, lays but one single egg. His not unsavory flesh is black. Besides his dense plumage, he is protected against the cold of the higher latitudes by a thick cover of fat under his skin.

Humboldt's penguin (*Spheniscus Humb.*) is frequently found in the Bay of Callao. This bird is a little smaller than the common gray penguin, with a somewhat differently colored back and breast. The Peruvians call it *pajoro niño*, "little darling bird," and keep it in their houses; it is easily tamed, gets very familiar, and follows is master like a dog. The sight of the fat creature, awkwardly waddling about the streets on its short feet, and violently agitating its wing-stumps to maintain its equilibrium, is inexpressibly grotesque.

Tschudi kept one of these tame penguins, which punctually obeyed his call. At dinner it regularly stood like a stiff footman behind his chair, and at night slept under his bed. When "Pepe" wanted a bath he went into the kitchen and kept striking with his beak against an earthen jar, until some one came to pour water over him.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS OF BRAZIL.

Over-confident in my woodcraft, I left the plantation of the Brazilian gentleman where I was staying, to take a solitary mountain ride. The path was about the steepest I ever ascended on horseback, and I do not exaggerate in saying that in many parts it was an angle of considerably over forty-five degrees; indeed, I really thought it impossible for a horse to maintain its equilibrium at such an angle. But the steepness was not the most objectionable feature; for the track was zigzag, upon a "cuchillo," or sharp, narrow edge of a small projecting ridge from the main hill; which may be compared to climbing up a knife-blade at an equal angle, but instead of your zigzag route being on the flat side of the blade, you are obliged to follow it upon the edge: the reader may imagine what turning space we had at every angle of the road. At last I *did* arrive at the summit, and on gazing down eastward toward the plains, had a very romantic view of—clouds of vapor; for a thick, dense mist was rapidly rising, and had enveloped all beneath in fog and mystery.



ADVENTURE IN THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS OF BRAZIL.—"I SAW COILED AROUND HIS FORELEGS, HISSING AND TWINING, AN ENORMOUS DOBLE NARICE, ONE OF THE DEADLIEST SNAKES OF BRAZIL."

At half past four I commenced the descent, and was soon enveloped in the ascending masses of clouds of mist, which were so thick as to prevent my seeing ten yards around; it was also most penetrating, and soon saturated my light garments, leaving me cold and decidedly uncomfortable.

The descent was not quite so steep as the ascent, but quite bad enough, and the tall brushwood on either side of the track kept slapping in my face and affording me a continued series of shower-baths gratis.

About five, P. M., night began to set in, and at half-past five it was perfectly dark. I was still descending, yet still in the clouds, and douched with piercingly cold "dew-drops"; but I could not see the end of that seemingly interminable, horrid, narrow, steep path. I ground my teeth with vexation, and yearned for my dinner! Still onward and downward. Six o'clock—seven o'clock—half past seven; the horse keeps on until a solid mass looms through the darkness, standing out against a momentary clearing in the sky. The post-house? No, there are no yelping curs about, and post-houses are never without them. What can it be? In front there rises a perpendicular wall of rock; it stops my way on the left and on the right. But there appears to be an opening; it is an immense fissure, cleft straight up and down in the black mass before me. The horse refuses to enter. Yet the pass, if such it be, must be explored; we must find an outlet somewhere from the seemingly quadrangular space we have got into.

I dismounted and felt with my sword in advance. Ha! oh! Caramba! where am I? Echo answered, as I lay at full length on my back, on the soft wet sand at the bottom of the fissure. It was only a small step of about two feet down, but not being aware of that fact, I tumbled in, and, luckily for me, fell with the pocket of my coat beneath me; for, being disagreeably *impressed* with the fact that it contained a very hard substance, I felt for it, and found just the thing above all others I wanted at the moment, a *match-box* containing large wax matches, which would soon throw some light upon the passage, and also on the dial of my pocket compass. Accordingly I struck a light and proceeded to examine the place.

On the wet, sandy bottom I discovered several tracks (my own being the largest and most recent), and concluded it must have been a pass leading in an easterly direction; which, as far as I could judge, was about the proper course to reach San Juan.

This pass was 100 yards long and very narrow, and took me on to what I set down as a plain on the other side. So on I rode in the drizzle and cold, weary and hungry, straining every nerve and sense to catch the sound of life, whether human or animal; either would have been welcome, to relieve the monotony and loneliness of that miserable nocturnal ride.

All at once my horse reared, frantically snorting and quivering with terror. By a gleam of light I saw coiled

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around his fore legs, hissing and twining, an enormous doble narice, one of the deadliest snakes of Brazil! I drew my revolver, and, at the risk of wounding my horse in that uncertain light, fired, with a prayer to Heaven to direct my aim. Providence preserved both me and my horse. My balls told, and with one last hiss the hideous creature dropped to the ground before he could fasten his fangs in my horse.

How rapidly we dashed on need not be told.

PARRHASIUS.

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-hair'd and majestical old man,
Chain'd to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gone,
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
He had stood there since morning, and had borne
From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
And touch'd his unheal'd wounds, and with a sneer
Pass'd on; and when, with weariness o'erspent,
He bow'd his head in a forgetful sleep,
Th' inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
Of torture to his children, summon'd back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipp'd with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
With a stout heart that long and weary day,
Haughtily patient of his many wrongs;
But now he was alone, and from his nerves
The needless strength departed, and he lean'd
Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
Throng on him as they would. Unmark'd of him,
Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. Th' Athenian's cheek
Flush'd as he measured with a painter's eye
The moving picture. The abandon'd limbs,
Stain'd with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
Swollen to purple fullness: the gray hair,
Thin and disorder'd, hung about his eyes;
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

* * * * * *

The golden light into the painter's room
Stream'd richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
The walls were hung with armor, and about,
In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove;
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and true,
And, like a vail of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.
Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas There Prometheus lay,
Chain'd to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and pluck'd the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flash'd with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip
Were like the wing'd god's, breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus?—Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-hair'd, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"'Hereafter!' Ay—*hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story—
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

"Yet there's a deathless *name!*
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

"Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be madden'd first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
Oh, heavens!—but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive——ha! on your lives!
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

"Vain—vain—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh Death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he's dead."

XUM

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules th' unrein'd ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace for ever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish! Yet hath life
Many a falser idol. There are hopes
Promising well; and love-touch'd dreams for some;
And passions, many a wild one; and fair schemes
For gold and pleasure—yet will only this
Balk not the soul—Ambition only gives,
Even of bitterness, a beaker *full!*
Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best—Love is a lamp unseen,
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken.
Gain is a groveling care, and Folly tires,
And Quiet is a hunger never fed—
And from Love's very bosom, and from Gain,
Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose—
From all but keen Ambition—will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
To wander like a restless child away.
Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its coffers—if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more—
If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears—
If truth, and fervor, and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die of their own fullness—if beyond
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself—*what thrice-mock'd fools are we!*

HOW HARRY GAINED HIS HEIRESS; Or, LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

"And you really don't know how Harry got his wife?" asked young Delaplaine of his friend, Major Ross, as they sat over their wine, puffing their cigars with exemplary regularity and vigor.

"No," said the major, "except that Harry Carr is one of the handsomest and bravest young fellows I know."

"Yes," returned Delaplaine; "when an Irishman is a gentleman, he is generally the *crême de la crême.*"

"Indeed, for the matter of that, so is a Frenchman. There is something in the Celtic nature which pushes a thing to its flower, or its bud."

"And then, being born in Cork is another recommendation; never yet knew a Cork man that wasn't a capital fellow—generally fond of his bottle, but always a gentleman."

"If you mean that for a pun," said the major, "it is a very bad one."

"Ah, I see! you wanted to make my *cork* fit your bottle. But I will tell you how Harry won the heart of Adelaide Van Rensselaer."

"'I am dying,' as the love-sick poetesses say, 'to hear.'"

"Harry, who studies very hard every year, generally takes his month at the seaside."

"Yes, I have met him there."

"Well, about two months ago he was strolling on the heights, when he saw a young lady on the beach in a great distress of mind. The tide had risen, and quite cut her off from returning; the only dry spot was narrowed down to a little space where the rocks rose at least six feet, and in that overhanging way which is worse than perpendicular."

"I think I know the exact spot," said the major. "Why, it is quite a romance, and reminds me of something in Walter Scott."

"Rapidly proceeding to the spot, he called to the lady, who came toward him. Then he observed that she had a dog with her, about whose safety she appeared to be as solicitous as for her own."

"Ah!" said the major, with a sardonic smile; "I see it all now. He saved her, and then she threw herself into his arms, and, a parson happening to pass that very minute, they were married, the dog acting the part of heavy father."

"My dear Ross," said Delaplaine, with the serious air of a man who has been vexatiously interrupted in his story by some flippant remarks, "do you want to know how Harry gained the heart, hand and purse of his rich wife, or do you not?"

"Certainly I do. I am a bachelor in search of just such an article, and may find the knowledge useful."

"Then be silent."

"I will. I am, like a certain animal, 'all ears.'"

"Well, when the lady turned her face toward him, he saw one of the loveliest he had ever seen. There was the slight, roseate blush of excitement, which lit it up like the purple day at dawn. She opened her lips, and a strain of music succeeded, which was in these words:

"'Oh, sir, save my dog!'

"'Permit me, madam, to assist you up first, and then we will think of your dog.'

"'No, sir. Pray oblige me, and take dear Fido.'

"The music ceased from her lips; but from her eyes it came like a gentle, inaudible stream of electric incense. She then handed up her dog, which Harry received with the greatest care and attention, and the next minute he had the sweeter pleasure of assisting the fair owner of Fido from her rapidly vanishing sand-pedestal to upper *terra firma.*

"Having accomplished his mission, he said:

"'Permit me to wish you good-morning, without I can be of any further use to you.'

"'Oh, sir, pray come to our cottage, and let my aunt thank you. If anything had happened to Fido it would have broken both our hearts.'

"Well, as Harry says, 'she looked so very lovely that I felt my vest palpitating more than usual, and so I bowed and walked by her side; and before I had reached the beautiful cottage where she lived, I was over head and ears in love.'

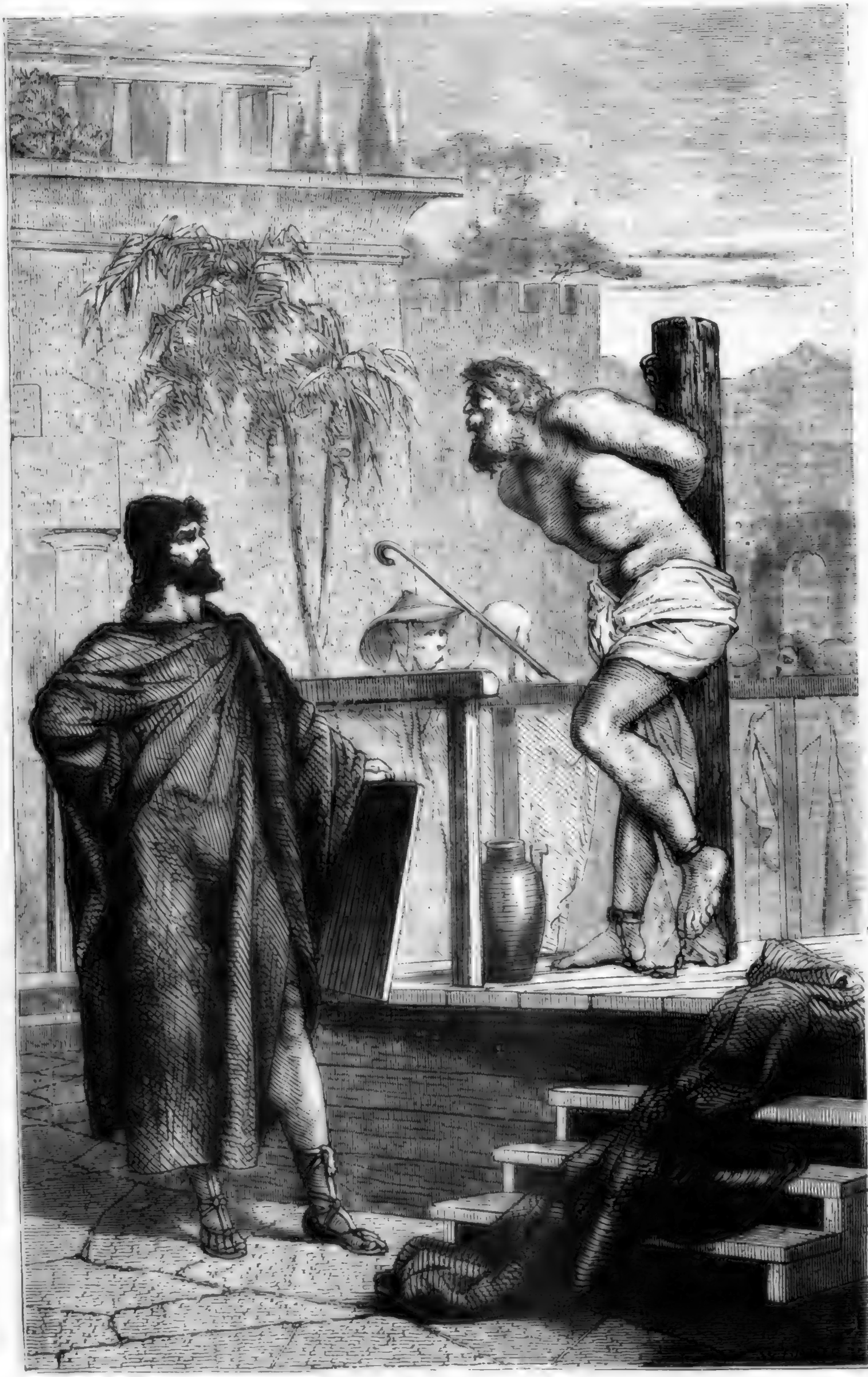
"She led Harry into the house, which was magnificently furnished, and he was introduced to her uncle, Mr. Van Rensselaer, one of the wealthiest of all our citizens. Then came the aunt—now you know all. Last Monday they were married, and the old boy, her uncle, came down with a quarter of a million, with the promise of more when the time comes. Harry and Adelaide are happy as the day is long; as a proof of which I must say that, although they have been married nearly a week, they haven't had a single quarrel."

The major gave a sigh, and, as he filled up his glass of *Chateau Margaux*, ejaculated:

"I'm ready, now and for ever after, to save a lovely heiress, and her aunt's dog, on the same terms."

Those we Love.—To be in company with those we love satisfies us; it does not signify whether we speak to them or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things, to be near them is all.

XUM



PARRHASIUS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 702.

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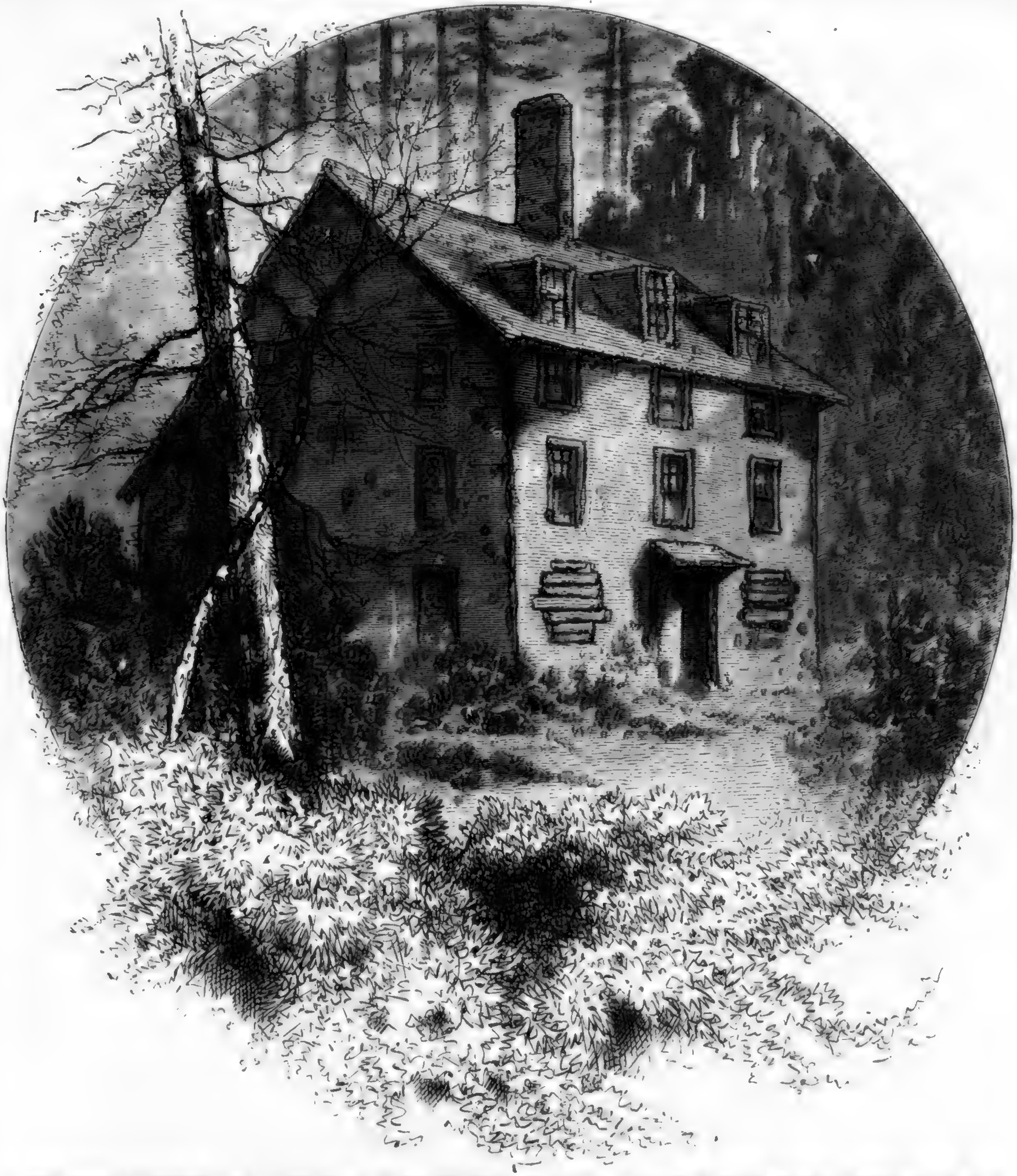

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"A GAUNT, BLACK, ILL-SHAPEN HOUSE, SOARING TO A HEIGHT OF THREE STORIES IN FRONT, BUT WITH A SLOPING ROOF THAT REDUCED ITS PRETENSIONS ABRUPTLY TO ONE STORY IN THE REAR."

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It stood upon a lonely by-road in the old town of Medford, Massachusetts—a gaunt, black, ill-shapen house, soaring to a height of three stories in front, but with a sloping roof that reduced its pretensions abruptly to one story in the rear. Many of the lower windows were boarded up. In the centre of the lichened roof arose one enormous chimney, from which no cheerful smoke ever curled upward to Wintry or Summer skies. Behind it arose a wooded hill; before it stretched a starved, neglected field, with tumbling stone walls, and clumps of unpruned orchard-trees growing among the weeds and wild grass. No other human habitation was anywhere in sight. It was a house "under some prodigious ban of excommunication," situated in a lonely, unfrequented neighborhood, and given over, by common consent, to utter desolation and decay. For twenty years no tenant had crossed its threshold; for twenty years the people round about had shunned it, and timid travelers quaked in body and spirit alike when forced to pass it, even at a distance; for twenty years the black shadow of Murder had hung upon it—a shadow that would never be lifted. Abandoned, feared, rarely approached, even by the strong-nerved and curious, the house under the lonesome, pine-covered hill, with its front to the dreary, weed-grown field, was known near and far as "a haunted house."

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On a certain night in the late Summer, something happened at this place of dark repute—something which cannot be explained until the reader goes back with me to search for the little seamstress of Seedy Court—beautiful Mercy Dill.

When Miss Affry Black left her lodging-house to go to the office of the British Consulate in answer to Peter Finch's advertisement, Mercy, overcome by a strange foreboding of evil, an unaccountable sadness that seemed to deepen and strengthen as the hour for her marriage drew near, took up her work and descended to Miss Affry's domain to find solace and companionship with her kind old friend.

She reached the familiar sitting-room only to find it disordered—a rare thing, indeed—and empty. Glancing out of the window, she saw Miss Affry herself just rushing out of the court like one demented, her shawl awry, her bonnet askew, her rheumatic old legs stumping along the pavement with a speed that amazed Mercy. What had happened to the old woman? Whither was she going? She looked as if bound on an errand of life and death. Even as Mercy watched her she vanished around a corner.

Small as this disappointment was, Mercy's heart sank in an odd, miserable way. She turned from the window, put the disordered room to rights, arranged Val's books again upon the shelf, folded up the paper which contained Mr. Finch's notice, all unconscious of the mischief it was to work in her life, and then ascended to her own chamber and sat down again to sew until Miss Affry's return.

Half an hour went by.

Then the bell of No. 10 rang violently.

Mercy knew that she was the only person left in the house, and she ran at once to answer.

As she opened the door she saw that a close carriage was drawn up before it, and at the threshold stood a man—a stranger, with an alarmed and portentous air.

"You are Mercy Dill?" he asked, in a tone as perturbed as his manner.

"Yes," she answered, thrilling with quick apprehension.

"Mr. Valentine Black sends me to fetch you to him. He has been taken with a fit at the banking-house of Sardis & Co. He cannot be moved—the doctor thinks he will not last an hour. For God's sake, Miss, make haste and come at once!"

Val sick — Val dying! With a stifled scream Mercy staggered back.

Taken completely by surprise, overwhelmed by an unspeakable anguish, it never occurred to the unfortunate girl that these dreadful tidings might be false.

Wildly she flew for her outer garments, flung them on, and rushed from the house—the house that she was destined never more to enter.

"You will be at the banking-rooms in ten minutes Miss," said the man.

He grasped her with one hand, and opened the carriage door with the other. It was a close vehicle, as I have said, and curtains were securely drawn across its windows. In one corner sat a dark, motionless object—a man, with a handkerchief clutched in his gloved fingers.

Mercy did not see him till her foot was on the step; then a thrill of sudden alarm and apprehension ran over her—her first suspicion of foul play. She would have recoiled, but swift as thought the driver pushed her straight into the carriage, and as he did so, the man in the corner leaped up and seized her in a terrible grasp.

She caught one glimpse of a swarthy, scarred face, full of wicked triumph and exultation; then, before she could utter word or sound, a handkerchief, saturated with some deadly, sickening odor was pressed down upon her mouth and nostrils. Mercy knew no more.

The carriage turned from the door of No. 10, and rolled out of Seedy Court. It crossed Charlestown Bridge at a pace, which, though lively, was not swift enough to attract attention, and through the squares and busy streets beyond, went on toward the open country.

No sound came from inside it.

The driver, a stolid-faced man, sat on his box like an automaton. Not one person of the many who saw the carriage pass gave it any particular notice.

It entered Somerville, rumbled through the streets of that quiet town, and approached Medford in the shadows of the declining afternoon. The stolid driver knew his business, evidently, and needed no instructions. Turning from the populous quarter of this latter place, he urged his horses into a lonesome by-road, where few dwellings were to be seen, and these only at long intervals.

The lowing of cows, the chirp of crickets under the stone walls, alone broke the almost mournful stillness of the failing day.

On he went, until a turn in the solitary way presently brought him in sight of a desolate, weed-grown field and a gloomy, pine-covered hill, under which stood an old, black house, with the long western shadows creeping over its one gigantic chimney, its dreary, boarded-up windows, and the rack and desolation of all its surroundings.

It was the haunted house under the hill—the house upon which the curse of black murder rested and always would rest while a timber remained in its place.

The carriage turned from the road into a deep-rutted track which led across the field to the door of the abandoned dwelling.

Strange to say, some signs of life were now visible about the place. Recent foot-prints could be traced in the wild grass that grew up to its very threshold. A faint, blue smoke ascended from the great chimney.

At a window in the second story, a woman's face appeared, stared out through the dirt and cobwebs for an instant, and then vanished.

The driver stopped at the door, sprang down from his box and called:

"All right, sir!—this is the house."

Out from the carriage stepped Signor Discordo, holding in his arms the inanimate figure of Mercy Dill.

"Where is zat female Sally?" he cried, kicking impatiently at the grim old door. "Halloo there! Joseph, man of music, make haste, or *sacre!* it will be the worse for you!"

The thud of a crutch was heard inside. A rusty bolt was drawn back, and Joseph, the organ-grinder, the wretch from whom Discordo had bought his first knowledge of Mercy, appeared, greasy, unkempt and leering, on the threshold.

"Ha! you've caught your bird, master!" said he, at the sight of the burden Discordo bore.

"Hold your tongue, idiot!" replied Discordo, ungraciously. "Where's zat witch Sally, I say? Ze girl is dead with ze chloroform, and I, pah! I am half-smothered too—ze cursed stuff! Bring me a glass of brandy."

In great haste Joseph produced a flask and a glass, and poured the desired stimulant for his employer. As Discordo tossed off the liquid fire, a woman's voice, somewhere from above the two, called, shrilly:

"This way, master—the room is ready."

With the senseless girl in his arms, Discordo mounted the stair. It was thick with dirt and mold, and rickety with age. Strips of discolored paper hung from the wall, and at its head stood an old woman in a cotton gown much the worse for wear—an ill-favored hag, with stiff, bristling gray hair, a wizened, leathery face, and a long, sharp nose

XUM

that came down to meet a cruel, pointed chin—Joseph's wife Sally.

Led by this creature, Discordo entered a square, dreary chamber, partially supplied with old-fashioned wooden furniture. In one corner stood a huge, four-posted bed, upon which Discordo laid the rigid figure of Mercy Dill. At the sight of her the woman Sally started back in dismay.

"Eh, what! You've killed her, master!"

"Killed her!" cried Discordo; "God forbid! Pour some brandy down her throat, woman! Would I kill one whom I adore? *Peste!* do as I bid you, and be lively."

Sally set about restoring the unconscious girl. It was no easy matter. Mercy came back to life as reluctantly as if she knew the trouble which awaited her—the frightful net in which she was snared. Finally, however, a thrill ran over her prostrate figure, the lids lifted from her violet eyes; she sprang up on the four-posted bed, and, with a cry, looked around the unfamiliar room.

Its two windows were draped in cobwebs, and darkened by a clump of ragged fir-trees that grew close up to their narrow frames. The floor was deep in dust. A few old, rickety chairs and a chest of drawers leaned against the moldy, discolored wall. A ragged patchwork counterpane covered the high bed, and there was a deep, cavernous fireplace, in which stood a pair of rusty andirons, upholding a half-consumed back-log—relic of some fire kindled there twenty years before.

In wild bewilderment the girl gazed at all these things. What had happened to her? This was not her lodging-room at Seedy Court. And then her eyes fell upon old Sally, who stepped forward from the foot of the four-poster, nodding and grinning in a way that was meant to be reassuring.

"How d'ye do, Mercy?" she said. "You remember me, don't you? Sour Sally, you used to call me, when you were a little brat. Many a good turn I've done your mother, and many a glass I've emptied with her in my day. Come, ain't you glad to see an old friend, my dear?"

Mercy stood in the centre of the dusty floor, and stared hard at the woman. Yes, she remembered her only too well—a wicked hag, fierce of tongue, hard of hand—Moll Dill's boon companion and neighbor in the reeking tenement-house where the girl's unhappy childhood had been passed.

"You are no friend of mine!" cried Mercy, wildly. "What place is this? Where is Val?—is he sick—is he dying? as that man said. This is not the banking-house!"

"Well, no, not exactly, my pretty," answered Sally, with a hideous grin. "Val is all right, I dare say, but you won't see him to-night. You're in a nice, quiet place, with old acquaintances. Here's a gentleman that'll explain the whole matter better than I can, dearie."

Discordo advanced from a corner where he had been hiding, and saluted Mercy with a low bow. At a sign from him, Sally vanished from the room, leaving the kidnapper alone with his victim.

At sight of that swarthy, scarred face, the truth burst like lightning upon Mercy. She saw at once the trap into which she had fallen—comprehended the cruel ruse which had placed her in the power of the man whom she feared and hated above all mortal beings.

"My dear Mees Dill," began Discordo, with scarcely so glib a tongue as usual, for something in the girl's appearance struck confusion to his very soul, "I hope you are better. It desolates me to use harsh measures with one so dear, so lovely; but consider. You haf driven me to it yourself."

She stood like a statue, her great, dilating eyes fixed upon him in unqualified horror.

"Then it was a lie—the story which you sent that man to tell me?" she said, slowly.

"Alas, yes!" answered Discordo, lightly. "A necessity—an imperative lie, my beautiful. I would it were not. I would zat Mr. Black were at death's door this very minute; but, dame! it is scarcely probable. I give you my word zat, so far as I know, he is alive and well."

"What place is this? Why have you brought me here?" demanded Mercy Dill.

Discordo rubbed his jeweled hands softly.

"This place, my beautiful, is a retired villa zat I haf hired expressly to give you a taste of country life. Why haf I brought you here? To save you from a marriage zat is abhorrent to my very soul. *Sacre!* For two whole days haf I watched zat house in Seedy Court to find you one minute alone. When I saw ze old ghoul, Mees Affry, depart in haste this afternoon, I says to myself, ze hour is come! And I call ze carriage I haf kept at great expense in ze next street, and, bravo! I bag my game with not ze smallest trouble in the world! Did you think I would leave you to Black—zat clown, zat clod! *Mon Dieu!* No. Such beauty as yours deserves a better fate. You shall never marry the banker's clerk—not this night, nor any other—I swear it!"

A two-edged sword seemed driving through Mercy's heart. The hour for her marriage with Val Black was close at hand. What would he say at her disappearance?—how would he account for it? She had left no word, no clue behind her. The thought of her lover, wild with anxiety and, perhaps, doubt, was too much for Mercy. She advanced toward the door like a little queen.

"And you think I will stay here?" she cried, wildly. "Not a minute! You think you have brought me to some place from which I cannot find my way back to my friends. You shall see."

Discordo stepped lightly before her.

"Not so fast, my beautiful! You don't understand. I shall haf to speak plainer, I see. Not this day, nor for many a day to come, will you leave your present retirement. Ze house is old, but it has strong locks and bars; and your two old friends, Joseph ze grinder of organs and his excellent wife, will watch you like bulldogs, for I haf made it their interest to do so, and they will do anything for money. Now listen. I had two good reasons for snatching you from Mr. Black. One was, to prevent him from making you his wife, and ze other was to give you a chance to reconsider ze answer you made to my suit when I asked you to love me. Do you remember? You haf treated me badly, my beautiful—you haf scorned me without pity, and now I haf you in my own hands, and, my faith! I shall hold you till you grow more kind. In this place you are cut off from ze world. Here you shall stay till you haf taken back all your scornful words—till you love Discordo even as he loves you."

Her eyes blazed with righteous wrath. She confronted him with a face like ashes, and slim hands clinched involuntarily at her side.

"*How* will you keep me?"

"By force, my fair one, since it's plain zat I can do it in no other way."

"And do you think my friends will not miss me? Do you think they will not search for me? Do you think they will leave me in your power?"

Discordo, leaning back against the door, elegant, unruffled, caressed his waxed mustaches with one careless hand.

"Ah, *petite*, how little you know of the rules of strategy! I have left no traces behind me that can be followed. If any person in Seedy Court saw you enter my carriage, they will swear you did it of your own will, which is quite true.

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Zat will be so much evidence against you, my own. Then, too, I have a plan by which I can soon check your lover's inquiries. He knows zat I adore you, Mees Affry knows it, for I told her with these very lips. In due time Monsieur Black will receive a letter from you, dated at New York, in which you will inform him zat you haf fled with me—zat you are my loving and beloved wife; zat he need look for you no longer, as you are on the eve of sailing for my own Italy. This letter I have just sent to a trusty friend in New York, with instructions for him to mail it again to Mr. Black at Seedy Court. Ta, ta!"

The white face of the girl kept its brave look. She was what Signor Discordo called game.

"Val will never believe it!" she said, simply.

"Will he not?" replied Discordo, with a cruel leer. "Alas, my innocent! I think he will. He is by nature as jealous as a Turk. He will search the city over for you, and find you not; he will remember zat I loved you ardently, and zat women are false and fickle. Then ze old aunt, she will say, 'What better thing could you expect of Moll Dill's daughter?' Bah! Both will take my letter for gospel truth—you will see."

A great pang of fear and foreboding pricked through Mercy's sinking heart. Oh, God! if it should be even as he said!

"You have kidnapped me!" she cried, with white lips; "you threaten to keep me here against my will. I am poor and ignorant, but I know that such things are crimes; there are laws in the land to protect the weak and friendless, as well as the rich and strong."

"True—too true," answered Discordo, mockingly; "but ze law will know no more about you than will your lover, Mr. Black—I shall take good care of zat. It's an easy matter to keep you in this house for weeks and months and years, and no living being be ze wiser."

"Have we come so far, then?" said Mercy. "It is not dark yet; we cannot be many miles from Boston—surely not beyond the reach of human help. I have a voice, and I will use it. Men and women are everywhere. Some one will pass this way, hear me, and hasten to my assistance."

Discordo laughed.

"No person ever willingly comes near this house, my beautiful! Twenty years ago ze owner of it, an old farmer, was murdered in this room—in zat bed there in ze corner, and his money carried away by ze murderers, and now his ghost comes back and haunts ze place, and none can live here, and every one thinks it accursed, and flees from it as from purgatory. So your chance of making yourself heard is but small. If you grow too noisy, Joseph and his wife will gag you. Take my advice, and do nothing violent. It haf cost me much trouble and money to get you into my hands, and be sure I shall hold you fast. This chamber is your prison. Here you will haf plenty of time to think upon my devotion, and your own hard-heartedness, and by ze time three months are over, zat fine spirit of yours—zat high, brave spirit will be well tamed."

His voice and look were full of dark menace; but if he had expected tears or cries or supplications from his captive, he was disappointed. Mercy confronted him with an almost superhuman courage in her face, although at that very moment she was thinking of Val Black returning to Seedy Court through the twilight, to find her gone—gone on her marriage eve, and no living soul to tell him of the snare into which she had fallen—of the cruel foe who was holding her from him at this hour of hours.

"You are not a man," she said, "but a devil!"

Discordo smiled.

"True, *petite;* therefore be wise, and do not provoke me. I once killed a woman, as young and almost as beautiful as you—killed her with no more compunction than I would feel in crushing a little gnat, and she never did me any harm, either. *Now* do you understand ze man with whom you haf to deal?"

He advanced toward her. She waved him back with a gesture of unspeakable aversion.

"I understand you," said Mercy Dill. "I loathe and abhor you, but I am not afraid of you!"

"You are not afraid of me, who can grind you to powder if he will?" hissed Discordo.

"God is between us. He will take care of me," replied Mercy.

A wrathful gleam shot into the man's black eyes.

"Will God take care of you?" he scoffed. "Ah, my beautiful, zat remains to be seen!"

He seized her roughly in his arms. As he did so a loud rap echoed on the door of the chamber.

"Master," called the voice of Joseph, "the carriage is waiting, and the driver swearing fit to raise the roof. Be lively, or he'll make off and leave you."

Discordo started back, and released Mercy.

"I must go," he muttered. "I haf business in another quarter zat will not let me stay. I haf secured you, my lily, but, alas! I cannot stop to woo you now. Look for my return, however, at an early day. Rest assured zat I will make my visits here as frequent as possible. Let me kiss your leetle hand. You will not? Unfortunately I haf no time to urge ze matter; but when I come again, take good care zat I find you in a more amiable mood."

With this he hurried out of the chamber, and locked the door upon his prisoner—hurried down the rickety stair to the impatient driver of the carriage, muttering as he went—

"*Sacre!* It is difficult work, this wooing of two women at once, both unwilling, both unkind! It is bad for a man's temper. Well, I haf bagged my beauty; now for ze blonde heiress with ze million of wealth."

He sprang into the waiting vehicle, and rolled swiftly away from the house under the hill—from the victim of his lawless strategy.

And in the chamber of murder, where the ragged fig-trees rapped like ghostly fingers on the pane, Mercy Dill saw the darkness creeping in through the blurred windows—felt the horrors of her position closing upon her like a nightmare; and with a burst of prophetic anguish, a sudden sense of being utterly alone and forsaken, she fell on her knees, and stretched her arms into the gathering gloom, crying aloud with bitter tears:

"Oh, Val! oh, Val! I shall never, never see your face agai

CHAPTER XXII.

A LETTER.

Miss Vann visited Eric Saxe's studio a few days after the Sardis ball, and Ethel went with her to see the picture of Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat." Bee refused to go, and met all Miss Vann's urging with determined excuses. Her head ached, she did not care for Mr. Saxe's pictures, nor for lovesick Elaines, on canvas or in the flesh. So the two rolled off in Miss Vann's coupé, and an hour or two after, Ethel returned in high feather, enthusiastic over picture and artist alike.

"Elaine is just lovely!" she cried.

> "'Where could be found face daintier?'

It is like you, Bee; or, perhaps, like what you might be, were you love-sick for some obdurate Sir Lancelot. And the artist—how handsome he is! how *distingué!* Charlotte

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Vann has been telling me his romantic history. Strange that you never once mentioned him in your letters, Bee."

The color flashed into Bee's pretty face.

"Did he tell you that I knew him?" she asked, brusquely.

"No; but he looked unutterable things while Miss Vann and I were tracing your familiar lineaments in his picture. In the words of Mrs. Browning, he has eyes that take the breath. Tell me truly, was not Mr. Saxe your lover, or, at least, your very warm admirer at Newport last Summer?"

"No," Bee answered, bitterly, "he did not love me in the least, Ethel—he did not admire me. Don't talk of him, please—his name is an offense to my ears."

Ethel stared, then smiled; then, being a person of tact, gathered up her rich train and left the room.

Days and nights followed, crowded with ball, rout, opera, matinée, dinner-parties, receptions and kettle-drums. The season was in full blast. Mrs. Sardis lived only to sacrifice what health and strength she had to the severe exactions of society. As the chaperon of Beatrix Sardis, and the mother of Count Stahl's betrothed, this lady's hands were, indeed, full. Two hundred morning calls per week, with from three to a half-dozen engagements per night, and a whole train of nervous diseases to fight against, left her often in a pitiable state when Finette was called to administer the sleeping drops, somewhere in the wee small hours of the morning.

As for Bee, she plunged with feverish eagerness into the whirl of gayety. Everywhere the persistent attentions of that fascinating foreigner, Baron Strozzi, made her conspicuous; but, in spite of Mrs. Sardis's open encouragement, his suit did not prosper. A man of less perseverance might have retired disheartened from the field; but the baron was not easily discouraged. He had no successful rival. If Bee wasted no sweetness upon him, neither did she bestow any upon her other admirers. All were alike repulsed. Strozzi believed that a fortune of a million was worth some patient waiting. Many things were in his favor. He held to his purpose like a bulldog, and bided his time.

Meanwhile it was Count Stahl who supplied the baron with money — how unwillingly, none knew better than Strozzi himself—money borrowed from the banker. The two noblemen met frequently under the Sardis roof, they were lionized in the same circles, and everywhere they treated each other with punctilious courtesy, but that was all. The tie of blue blood failed to draw them into any intercourse resembling friendship—in fact, they might be said to avoid each other when they could do so unobserved. Sometimes, as he watched Strozzi, a look of unspeakable hate, mingled with an almost equal fear, would creep into the count's sleepy eyes; but exposure for one meant ruin for both; therefore each kept the secret which lay betwixt them with inviolable fidelity.

One day Ethel Sardis went to call upon her old friend, Mrs. Jack Severne.

She found the brunette bride sitting in a gorgeous boudoir, with a blonde Boston belle who had come to New York to spend the Winter—Alice Bradford. The three friends met after the fashion of their age and sex—with kisses, incoherent questions and exclamations of delight. Then Ethel was given a low *fauteuil* before the open fire, and conversation opened briskly.

"How delightful to meet again on home ground!" said Alice Bradford, whose moonlight fingers were busy with some gay silk embroidery; "it seems years ago since we parted at Lucerne."

"Ages," acquiesced Ethel.

"Our party reached Paris the day after you left it, and we sailed for home the following week. *En passant*, are you not looking a little pale, Ethel, and just a little bored?"

"I dare say," replied Ethel, serenely. "So many balls and receptions and opera nights are very trying. One begins at last to feel that it would be pleasant to don sackcloth and ashes, like Heloise."

"Fortunately, your pallor is always becoming, Ethel," chirped Mrs. Severne. "Now, when *I* lose color, I am a fright, and must either rush to the rouge-pot or hide myself from the light of day."

Miss Bradford carefully picked a knot from her silk.

"And you are very, very happy, dearest Ethel?" she purred.

"That goes without saying, does it not?" replied Ethel, with a calm smile.

"Has your trousseau arrived? And how many bridesmaids are you going to have, dear? I suppose I may not ask a word about the bridal dress? Of course it is Worth's latest miracle. I hope the count will have no more duels to fight. That affair at Lucerne gave me a dreadful fright. And to think, dearest, that men forget so soon! One day they are ready to die for us, and the next, they have ceased to remember that we exist. Have you seen Lawrence Harding since your return from Europe?"

Ah! that was her meaning, was it?

Ethel opened her languid eyes.

"No."

"You will find him greatly changed. He is not at all like the Larry we once knew."

"Indeed! *You* do not change, Alice, dear—you keep your old attachments with great fidelity," smiled Ethel.

The shot told. Miss Bradford colored to the roots of her hair. The awkward pause was filled up by Mrs. Severne, who knew all about her brother's love-affairs, but preferred on this occasion to give no exhibition of that knowledge.

"Lawrence came home from Europe in a grand mood," she said, carelessly. "He had arranged everything in his own mind, poor dear! Mamma and I were to take a cottage, and live upon whatever wages he could earn, and bid defiance to misfortune, and all that impossible sort of thing; but my marriage put an end to his plans—very happily, too, I think," with a demure smile.

A door behind Ethel's chair unclosed suddenly. Some one stepped into the room—a privileged visitor, in a long, gray overcoat, with his fur cap in his hand.

"Talk of angels," murmured Alice Bradford, with a quick glance at Ethel, "and you will hear their wings."

Mrs. Severne made a little *moue*.

"Wings! Never, by any stretch of fancy, could one connect such things with these big, earthy shoulders. Larry, you need no introduction, I hope, to your old friend Ethel."

Ethel Sardis turned, and found herself face to face with Lawrence Harding—face to face, for the first time since that parting in the cathedral at Lucerne. There was a half-moment of silence—time enough for well-bred people to recover from any ordinary shock of surprise; then Ethel held out an exquisitely gloved hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she said, sweetly.

He held the patrician fingers an instant, then let them fall.

How thin he had grown! How cold and stern his face looked! She saw, perhaps, as she had never seen before, that it was a face of power and strength and resolution.

"Thank you," he gravely answered. "I did not think to meet you here. I had almost forgotten that you and Evelyn were school-friends."

Not the slightest agitation in his voice or manner. This encounter with the fair woman who had rejected him for a title and a position seemed not to move him in the least.

"Perhaps he has forgotten that I was ever friends with any member of the Harding family!" thought Ethel.

XUM

They exchanged a few commonplaces, then said Mrs. Severne to her brother:

"You must stay and dine with us, Lawrence. Your visits always take my breath, they are so swift and short."

"Stay!" murmured Alice Bradford.

Lawrence shook his handsome brown head.

"I have a business engagement in another part of the city. Being ladies of leisure, you naturally forget that working people can spare but little time for the pleasant things of life."

Mrs. Severn pouted.

"Ethel, dear," she explained to her visitor, "mamma and Lawrence have a little martin-box of a house, where they dwell together like amiable hermits. Mamma cannot be induced to go into society again. So many of her friends deserted her at the time of our troubles that she has quite lost faith in human nature. She now believes in nothing but Lawrence. She has become a sort of female Diogenes; and the worst of it is, she seems really to enjoy the life, and Lawrence also."

At this moment, Mrs. Severne's lap-dog seized a mouthful of Alice Bradford's embroidery silks, and ran off to the far end of the room, where he took refuge under an antique cabinet.

Lawrence went to the rescue, and brought back the spoil to its owner, and proceeded to help her to disentangle the snarl which the brute had made. Meanwhile Ethel talked with Mrs. Severne, but her languid eyes saw more than they appeared to see. Not one of the coquettish glances which Miss Bradford cast at her assistant, not a flush nor a dimpling smile escaped her. A thrill of inexplicable indignation stirred the heart of Count Stahl's betrothed.

"Disgusting!" she said to herself; "how *can* Alice wear her heart on her sleeve like this? Anybody with the least penetration can see that she adores him."

And yet it was really none of Miss Sardis's business. Why should she care though a score of Boston blondes stood ready, figuratively speaking, to fling themselves at Lawrence Harding's head?

Presently a clock on the mantel struck the hour, and Ethel arose and made her adieux.

Lawrence escorted her down the stairs to her waiting carriage. Half way in the descent her foot chanced to slip on the polished oak, and she would have fallen had he not caught her promptly on his arm. For one instant her beautiful patrician body was pressed against his side, for one instant, his stern gray eyes looked straight into her own.

"Your marriage is close at hand, I hear," he said, in a strange voice.

"Yes," she answered.

"I wish you joy, Ethel."

"Thank you, Lawrence."

That was all. The next moment he had handed her into her carriage. She rolled homeward among its cushions, shivering under all her wraps of fur and velvet; and with a slow step and a very odd expression of face, Lawrence Harding returned to Mrs. Severne's boudoir.

A few hours later, and Ethel saw her old lover. As she entered the Academy of Music that night, his face was the first upon which her eyes rested. He was in the Severne box, leaning upon Alice Bradford's chair, and looking off toward the stage, absorbed evidently in the warbling of the prima donna.

At the entrance of the Sardis party, he turned and looked at Ethel. What did he think of her? Her dress of costly silk shimmered through folds of Brussels point. Diamonds blazed on her marble arms and exquisite throat, and in the superb masses of her waved bronze hair. Her face was like an old cameo—as cold and as white, too—the great, dark eyes alone held a slumberous fire under the sweep of their long lashes. Mrs. Sardis, in velvet and brocade, with a priceless opera cloak upon her thin shoulders. Bee in blue faille and pearls, very fair and girlish, and sweet. Count Stahl, elegant and adoring, "the observed of all observers"; and the banker, cold, gray, and aristocratic, made up the party.

The great three-tier chandelier blazed overhead; the music poured out gloriously from the prima donna's silver throat; jewels blazed; lovely eyes glistened; white arms pressed the velvet cushions like Pygmalion's marble; and in the midst of the warmth and brilliance, the perfume and melody, Ethel Sardis's eyes met those of Lawrence Harding—met and spoke unutterable things for a moment; then he turned away, and bending over Miss Bradford, pointed out to her something in the libretto.

And Alice was looking her best this night, in a Worth toilet, with a blue feather and a diamond aigrette in her golden hair, and with what Ethel called the "Boston expression" upon her face—that is, a certain lofty repose of feature which gave her the appearance of a Minerva.

"Ethel," whispered Mrs. Sardis to her daughter, "observe that pair—Miss Bradford and Lawrence Harding. I understand that their engagement is expected daily by their friends, and certainly, it *does* seem imminent. An excellent match it will be—for him. The Bradfords are rich and well connected."

Ethel answered not a word.

Ah, what an evening it was!—splendid, interminable; full of feverish bitterness. The count hung over his betrothed and murmured tender nothings. Gounod's music was divine, but ah, the perversity of the human heart! not all the admiring eyes leveled at her from every part of the house, not the presence of her titled lover, elegant and devoted, not the envy of observing friends, could compensate Ethel for the sight of Larry Harding leaning over Miss Bradford's chair and whispering in her jeweled ear, as forgetful of the old love as if it had never been. Verily, blessings brighten as they take their flight!

She was glad when it was over—when they all arose to go. In the lobby they encountered the Severnes. Harding passed Count Stahl without recognition, bowed quietly to Ethel, and disappeared in the crowd, with Alice Bradford hanging to his arm. The Sardis party went back to Fifth Avenue. On the stair, Bee, half asleep, stopped to murmur—

"What a delicious night, Ethel!—what heavenly music! I think I never enjoyed myself so much—the baron was not there!"

"I am tired of operas," was Ethel's brief answer; and then she entered her own sumptuous chamber, and sat down before the mirror to await the appearance of Finette, who was disrobing Mrs. Sardis, and measuring out the nightly dose of soothing drops. Scarcely had she done so, when her eyes fell upon a long, thin, envelope, placed in a conspicuous position upon her toilet-table, and addressed in an unfamiliar feminine hand, to Miss Ethel Sardis. She took it up, wondering, broke the seal, drew out a sheet of paper and read these words:

> "For God's sake, do not marry Count Stahl! I know the man—know his past life; you do not. Be warned in time. If you will come alone to Central Park to-morrow at the hour of three P.M., I will meet you there, and give you information of great importance. You are rushing blindfold upon a terrible fate! Enter the park by the Seventy second Street gate, and be sure to come alone. Three o'clock sharp. I dare not affix my real name to these lines, I will not use a false one; therefore, I must simply sign myself, your
>
> "FRIEND."

She read these words again and again—did Ethel Sardis.

XUM

Suddenly the door opened and Finette, the French maid, entered. Ethel held out the anonymous sheet.

"Finette," she said, in French, "who put this letter upon my table?"

Dark, stolid, with a face like brown stone, the maid advanced to her mistress's side.

"I did, mademoiselle," she answered. "It was after you had started for the opera. The other servants were out. The bell rang. I went to answer, and behold, a man stands at the door; he has this letter in his hand; he asks me to give it to my young mistress—to her only. Then he is gone before I can draw a breath. I bring his letter to your room—I place it there on your toilet-table. I hope it contains no bad news for mademoiselle."

Ethel crushed the mysterious warning in her jeweled hand, flung it quickly into a drawer, and turned a key upon it.

"Loose my hair, Finette," was all the answer she made, "and be quick! My head aches; I am very tired."

"Yes, mademoiselle."

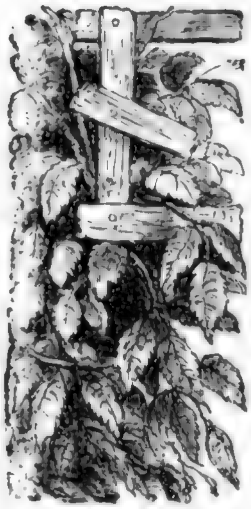
Finette took the pins deftly from the rich, perfumed tresses. Down they rolled in a silky torrent all over her brown hands.

She braided them for the night, put Miss Sardis's jewels into their boxes, folded up her laces and silks, and arrayed her for repose. Not another word did maid or mistress speak.

Ethel sat staring straight into empty space, like one who turns a terribly perplexing matter in one's mind, and knows not how to decide it; and Finette, flitting stealthily about the room, with an expressionless face and eyes that absorbed many secrets while betraying none—Finette, I say, watched her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE PARK.



ETHEL SARDIS dismissed her French maid, and, alone in her chamber, sat in deep meditation till the hands of her watch pointed to the hour of one. In vain she told herself that the anonymous letter was unworthy of notice—that some envious foe had written it; that to give it a moment's consideration was gross injustice to the count. The words still burned like fire before her eyes. She unlocked the drawer in her toilet-table, took out the obnoxious sheet, held it to the gas jet and saw it consume, and yet the demon was not exorcised.

As sleep was out of the question, it occurred to Miss Sardis that the last new novel might possibly aid her in driving away her unpleasant thoughts. She descended the stair at once.

The library door was standing ajar, and through it stole a long, red shaft of light. Some one beside herself had "murdered sleep." Ethel pushed open the door and looked into the room beyond.

It had but one occupant—her father, and he was sitting at an inlaid table, reading what seemed to be a—letter!

"Good heaven! can my unknown correspondent have written to him also?" thought Ethel.

His face looked strangely haggard and worn in the subdued light. He did not see or hear his daughter till she stood by his side. Then he started violently, and dropped his letter—dropped it upon the table, quickly, before her. The writing was large and ugly, like some unformed schoolgirl's, but every word was as legible as print. Involuntarily Ethel's eyes ran over the open sheet, and read, without meaning to read, these opening lines:

"MY DEAR, KIND GUARDIAN—You told me to call you that, and oh, I am very, very glad to do so!—I am growing strong and well again. I like the school, I study hard, I try to learn all that you wish me to know. My teachers will write to you soon, and report my progress. Every hour of my life I bless you for your goodness——"

She read no more; for, swift as thought, Cullen Sardis snatched up the sheet and thrust it into his pocket. Father and daughter looked at each other. Her face was full of surprise, his of annoyance and displeasure.

"Pardon my rudeness, papa," smiled Ethel. "I did not mean to read it. You have a ward? What a secret! Who is she?—pray tell me."

His cold mouth twitched nervously.

"Pardon me; I cannot gratify your curiosity, Ethel. You have intruded upon a purely private matter. Is this the way in which you pass your nights? Heaven forbid that your mother's maladies should get hold of you!"

Ethel drew back in some dismay. What new mystery was this?

"I want a book, if you please, papa. I am going to read awhile before I sleep."

He turned away with a shrug of the shoulders. She made a selection from the crowded shelves of the library, then returned to his side and put one hand upon his arm. The banker was not, and never had been, an affectionate father. He was proud of his daughter, he lavished his wealth freely upon her; but there was not much love or familiarity between the two. Courteous and indulgent he always was, to both wife and child; but fond or demonstrative, never.

"Papa, may I ask you a question?"

"As many as you like, Ethel."

"Suppose you should receive an anonymous letter that reflected, let us say, upon the character of—of—a friend. What would you do, papa? How would you treat such a communication?"

"With the contempt it deserved."

"You would not allow it to influence you in the least against your friend?"

"Certainly not. How earnest you are! I hope you have not been writing anonymous letters to anybody. Come, Ethel, now I have something to say to you. Count Stahl is more than anxious that you should name an early marriage-day. Let me urge you to do so. I wish to see you settled in life."

She opened wide her dark eyes.

"You are impatient to be rid of me, papa, and I your only child! Fie!"

He frowned a little, moving uneasily in his chair.

"Not impatient, Ethel; but it is scarcely fair to keep the count dancing attendance upon you here, especially when it is necessary, as he himself has told me, that he should be at home. I suspect that the steward of his estate is managing his affairs in a ruinous fashion. I have already loaned him money to meet his expenses here. He ought to be in Saxony, looking after his revenues and his dishonest servants. I shall talk with your mother to-morrow, Ethel."

Ethel looked surprised, and not well pleased. Her father wished to hasten her marriage with the count—he was eager to secure his titled son-in-law. It was not strange, yet it gave Miss Sardis an unpleasant sensation.

"I do not understand why the count should borrow money of you, papa," she said, coldly; "he is rich, is he not?"

XUM

"Yes; but remittances have not been sent to him promptly. I scarcely comprehend it myself, but all the same I am glad to oblige him with a few thousands. There, my dear, you ought to be taking your beauty-sleep. Late hours are ruinous to bright eyes. Good-night."

Ethel returned to her own room as perplexed as when she left it. *Could* she treat that nameless, impertinent letter with the contempt it deserved? Let us see.

On the following morning Count Stahl appeared at the Sardis mansion.

"I have come to beg you to mention the day which will make me the happiest of men," he said to his betrothed. "It is impossible for me to remain many weeks in the New World, for my presence is so much needed on my own estates. Yet I cannot return without you. Consider my situation. I adore you, and I have your consent to be my wife. Make me blessed by naming an early marriage-day."

Mrs. Sardis, who was present at this interview, arose from her chair with a great rustle.

"My daughter will study your best interests, count," she said, hastily. "She will not embarrass you by any unnecessary delays. I think we need not keep you waiting beyond the third week of January."

She looked fixedly at Ethel; the latter mechanically extended her hand to her lover. He covered it with kisses.

"A thousand thanks!" he murmured.

So it was settled. On Wednesday of the third week in January, Ethel Sardis would become the Countess Stahl, and sail at once for Europe.

Having thus accomplished his desire, the count lunched with the family, and then returned to his hotel.

As the day wore on a great restlessness seized upon Ethel. There were callers to receive, invitations to read, arrangements of great magnificence to discuss with Mrs. Sardis; but none of these things could banish the anonymous letter from her memory. Again and again she determined, recklessly, to go to the Park, and again and again she revoked the decision. Miss Vann appeared directly after lunch, and carried Bee off in her coupé; and, as Fate would have it, Mrs. Sardis's nerves forced that keen-eyed lady to retire to her own chamber for a little rest. Thus Ethel was left alone.

She went to her room, donned the simplest dress in her wardrobe, a long, gray cloak, a plain hat and a thick vail. Even then she hesitated. She was soon to be the count's wife—how could she doubt him? Her prudence, her good sense cried out against it; yet all the same her feverish, irresistible desire to go—to confront his accuser face to face remained unappeased. "You are rushing blindfold upon a terrible doom!" She would know, at any cost, what those words meant.

All unobserved, Ethel left the house, and walked swiftly away in the direction of Central Park.

The day was dreary and cold. The north wind whistled sharply round the corners of the streets. The Park was in its Winter dress of sombre brown. Ethel entered it by the Seventy-second Street gate just as the city clocks were striking three. She cast one hasty glance around. As she did so a figure glided out from the nearest walk, and stood before her.

"Miss Sardis!" said a voice.

It was a woman of medium height and ordinary figure, dressed from head to foot in deepest black, and shrouded in the thickest and blackest of vails. She looked like a walking exclamation-point. Ethel waited for her to lift the covering from her face, but she made no motion to do so. Not a feature, not an outline could our heroine discern through that sombre disguise—nothing but two sparks of light that were, doubtless, eager and alert eyes.

"Thank Heaven, you are here!" said this person, in a low but distinct voice. "You did well to come. Let us walk into the Park a little way, to some place where we shall not be seen or interrupted."

For her life, Ethel could not speak. The woman in black led the way, and she followed silently out of one intricate path and into another, until presently they reached a secluded spot, shut in by leafless trees and shrubbery, close to the border of a sheet of frozen water. Not a living thing was anywhere in sight.

"We shall not be disturbed here," murmured the woman.

She pointed to a rustic seat. Ethel sat down, raising, as she did so, the vail from her pearly face.

"Who are you?" she demanded, haughtily.

"The writer of the letter which you received last night, and your sincere friend," answered the woman.

"That is very indefinite. If you are my friend, let me see your face."

"Pardon me, I cannot!"

"At least, tell me your name."

"Why should I do that? You would be none the wiser—it is quite unknown to you."

Ethel arose, indignantly.

"I decline to hold further conversation with so mysterious a person. Your letter was a gross impertinence. I warn you, do not repeat it!"

The woman extended a pair of black-gloved, deprecatory hands.

"Stay!" she said; "do not be angry, Miss Sardis. You must not go until you hear me. It matters little who or what I am; the thing which I have to tell you—that only is of importance."

Her tone arrested Ethel in spite of herself.

"And what have you to tell me?" she demanded.

The vailed woman made an imploring gesture.

"You are going to marry Count Stahl? For God's sake, don't do it! You had better jump into the bay—you had better give your hand and fortune to the poorest beggar that skulks through these streets of New York. He is not worthy to touch your garments. Be warned by me. You do not know him; I do. You made a bad choice at Lucerne—don't start! It is not too late for you, even now, to draw back, and recall the American lover. You think the count rich; he is not. He dissipated his possessions long ago. You think he is marrying you for love; it is a lie. He cares only for your fortune. You think him noble; he is so only by the accident of birth. His past is made up of excesses—moreover, he is guilty of an enormous crime."

Ethel had fallen back unconsciously upon the rustic seat. In a sort of frightful fascination she stared at the straight, black shape before her—at the carefully disguised face, where the eyes shone like half-smothered coals through the sombre vail.

"Miss Sardis," went on her strange companion, "your betrothed husband is a murderer; the blood of a woman is upon his hands—one, too, as good and young and beautiful as yourself. And that blood is still crying to heaven for vengeance!"

A chill, not born of the north wind in the Park, crept over Ethel.

"I see that you are mad," said she.

"No," answered the woman, in the same low, earnest tone in which she had hitherto spoken, "I am not mad. You know, you feel that my words have the ring of truth."

"Truth!" echoed Ethel, with spirit; "they have the ring of falsehood and slander and malignity. Why do you not make your accusation openly to all men, instead of coming here, disguised and nameless, to pour it into my ears only?"

The woman in black wrung her gloved hands.

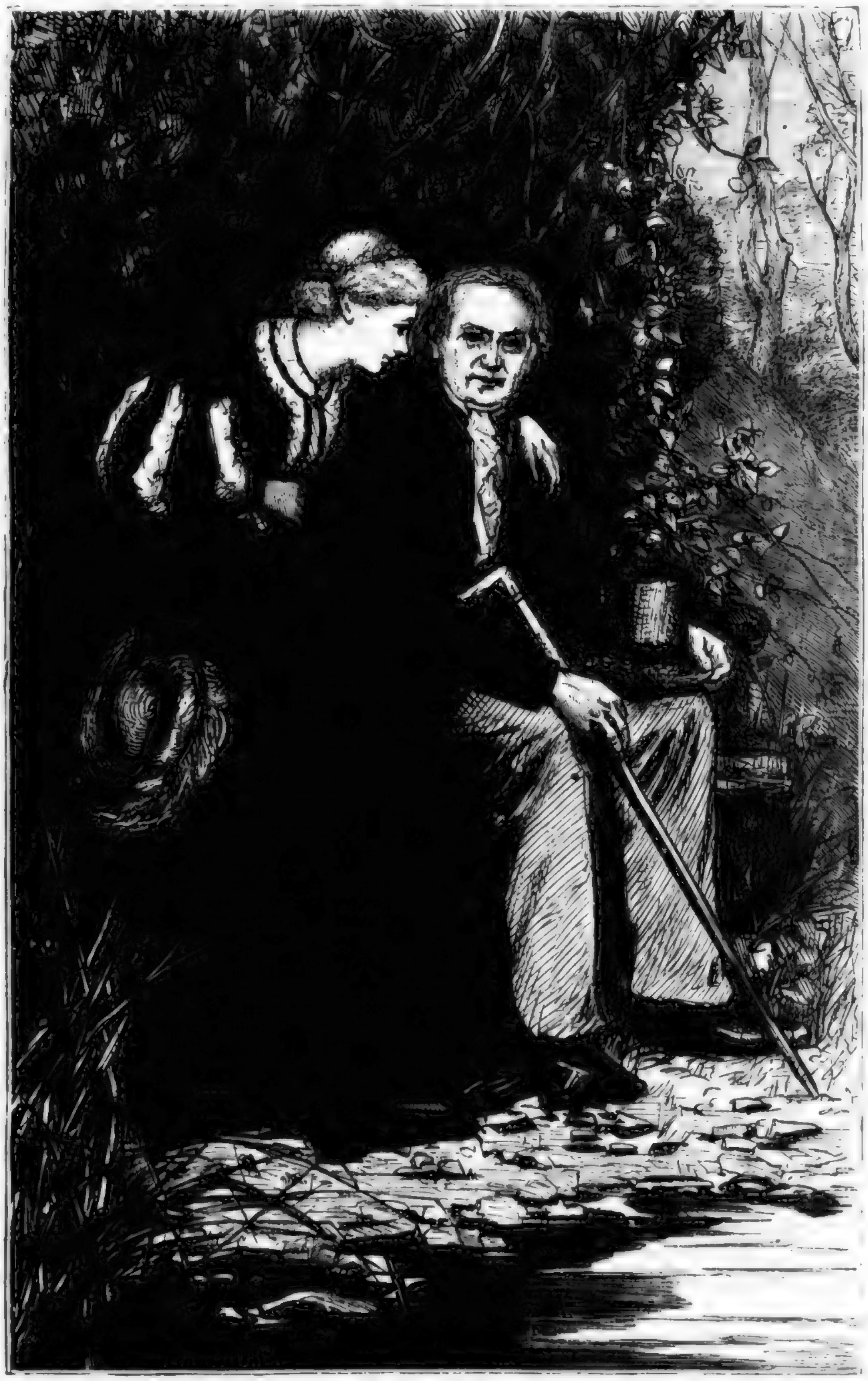
"I dare not! I hate him, and I *fear* him! I have no proof sufficient to support my charge, yet all the same it is God's solemn truth—not slander, not falsehood, however appearances may be against me. I do not aim to secure Count Stahl's punishment—it would require a powerful hand to do that, and I am humble, friendless, weak; but I seek to save *you*—to open your eyes to the danger before you. Only the strong can thrust openly. The contest betwixt that man and me is too unequal for me to dare much. If I can cheat him of the bride and the fortune that he covets, it is all I ask. Miss Sardis," and here a passionate disappointment broke into her smothered voice, "I thought, I hoped, that you would believe me!"

Ethel Sardis looked as if turning to stone.

"How is it that you claim to know Count Stahl," she said, coldly, "when he has not an acquaintance in this country? And who was the person whom he, as you say, *murdered?*"

"I will answer both questions, I will even make myself known to you, upon one condition—swear never to marry him. You do not, you never will, love him; so it is not a hard thing which I ask of you."

"Preposterous!" answered Ethel. "I reject your condition with contempt."



THE FATHER'S PET.

"You will not believe the count to be a villain and a murderer?"

"A thousand times no!"

"Then God help you! The day will come when you will wish that you had been more credulous. He will destroy you without mercy, if he ever finds it for his interest to do so. Look to yourself when that time comes! Something tells me, Ethel Sardis, that you will never die peacefully in your bed."

A thrill of sickening, indefinable fear rushed over Ethel.

"This is growing too melodramatic. If you have anything more to say, go to my father, with proofs to support your statements. *I* cannot listen to you any longer."

The woman in black sank suddenly upon her knees there on the frozen earth at Ethel Sardis's feet.

"Oh, believe me!" she implored, wildly; "do not sacrifice yourself—you are young and beautiful and good. I have told you only a part of the truth; what would you say if you knew all! Lawrence Harding loves you; for his sake, for your own sake, for the sake of everything that you hold dear, don't marry the count!" Ethel gave a great start, and recoiled from the kneeling figure.

"*Lawrence Harding!* Did *he* send you to make this scene?" she gasped.

"As Heaven hears me, no! He has no knowledge of what I have told you. I am a stranger to him."

"Leave me!" cried Ethel, with her hands before her face. "Leave me—I can bear no more."

XUM

The woman arose. She saw that Miss Sardis was on the verge of hysterics.

"Be calm," she said, "I am going. I have done my duty—eased my own conscience. Remember my parting words—woe to you if you marry Count Stahl! The doom of the first countess is waiting for her successor. Farewell!"

With these words, the woman in black turned from Miss Sardis and the rustic seat, and walked swiftly away. If Ethel's wits had been less confused, she might have noticed that the retreating figure was strangely like that of her mother's maid, Finette—the dark, stolid Frenchwoman who was supposed to know little or nothing of English. As it was, however, our heroine did not observe the resemblance.

Faint and sick, she leaned back in her seat, all things swimming before her eyes. The thoughts that came crowding upon her were not pleasant. She blamed herself for coming to the Park. She tried to feel convinced that she was the victim of a practical joke, or the malice of some secret enemy. It was impossible to believe that one grain of truth lurked in the terrible things which the vailed woman had said. Could any reasonable being give credence to such an accuser—such vague, wild, accusations? No. What should she do—tell the count? Never! Keep the matter locked in her own heart? Yes, always. And then a legion of perplexing thoughts rushed upon Ethel—sudden distrust of the count and of her own future—an overpowering consciousness that she might esteem and admire her betrothed husband, but that she did *not* love him—that her pride and ambition were involved in the marriage now so close before her, but not her heart.

It was, perhaps, the darkest moment that Miss Sardis had ever experienced in all her life.

Presently a heavy foot crunched along a neighboring walk, and paused beside the rustic seat. A grimy hand touched Ethel's shoulder.

"I'll trouble you to give me some money, Miss," said a hoarse voice.

Ethel started and looked up. Near her stood an unkempt, ragged tramp, with a leering, villainous face, and the general aspect of a pariah.

He held out to her a dirty palm. She arose to her feet.

"I have no money," she answered, attempting to escape past him. He caught her by her long, gray cloak.

"You have rings in your pretty ears, Miss," he muttered; "diamonds, too—I know diamonds when I see 'em—and bracelets on your pretty wrists under your sleeves there. I ain't particular—jewels or money—it's one to me. Hand over, my dear."

Ethel cast one quick glance around. No living thing was in sight; no gray uniform of the Park police gladdened her eyes. It was a novel plight for Miss Sardis to find herself in—novel and very unpleasant.

"Release my cloak!" she said, with her haughtiest air, but here was a man—the first she had ever met—who had no respect for Miss Sardis's commands.

He grinned shrewdly in her beautiful pale face, snatched her wrist and forcibly detached from it a broad gold bracelet. She cried out, more in indignation than fear, and the wind took up her voice and carried it straight to the ears of a person who was walking, unseen and unheard, along a path on the other side of the shrubbery.

"Stop that!" said the thief, planting a hand unceremoniously upon Miss Sardis's mouth; "if you scream, I'll choke you, by ——"

He did not finish his unholy sentence, for the next instant some one had him by his dirty throat; some one tore Miss Sardis's bracelet and Miss Sardis herself from his hold, and that some one was a tall, brown, deeply-astonished but thoroughly self-possessed fellow, in a long, gray overcoat, and fur cap—Lawrence Harding.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, vigorously compressing the windpipe of the tramp. "What are you doing here?"

For obvious reasons the man did not answer.

As for Ethel, she gasped out three words, in an agony of alarm and apprehension:

"Let him go!"

The amaze on Harding's brown face deepened.

"Let him go!" repeated Ethel, mildly. "I beg—I entreat you, let him go!"

Harding stepped back and silently released his prisoner. The man took nimbly to his heels and vanished among the trees, leaving Miss Sardis and her rescuer alone together.

She leaned against the rustic seat, colorless, trembling from head to foot. He hastened to support her. She looked up at him with a wan attempt at a smile.

"You wonder that I asked you to release the man," she faltered. "My reason is this: I do not wish any one to know that I have been in the Park this afternoon."

The predicament in which he found Count Stahl's betrothed must have perplexed him greatly; but he quietly answered:

"I will take good care not to mention the matter. Allow me," and he took her white wrist, fastened upon it the bracelet, buttoned the French glove which the thief had torn apart, and then drew her hand through his arm.

"Lean upon me—you are trembling!" he said; "are you—is it possible that you are here *alone?*"

Unconsciously she clung to him, as the weak always cling to the strong. How grand and brown he looked!—how calm and unmoved, too, though he was holding the girl whom he had once madly loved, and looking into the great, dark, dilating eyes which had once been his heaven.

"Yes, I am alone," she shivered. "You think it very strange, but I cannot explain. May I ask you to take me home?"

She was in distress, evidently. Her lip quivered, tears dimmed her large eyes.

"Most certainly," answered Lawrence. "I am on my way to dine with Mrs. Severne. I fear you have been greatly frightened. It will be better for you to draw your vail; you can scarcely escape observation on the avenue."

Silently she drew the soft tissue over her pale face. Then the two walked away together.

The short, Winter day was already dying. A pale, bleak sunset filled the west. Under their feet rattled the last dead leaves of the year. Neither spoke. Harding's face was bent upon his breast—it wore a cold, sombre look. He could hear his companion's agitated breath, her garments brushed against him—a vague perfume was wafted to his nostrils with every movement of her draperies, her patrician hand held tremblingly to his arm; but he spoke not a word, he gave her not so much as a glance.

They entered Fifth Avenue, and parted at the door of the banker's brown-stone palace. Ethel flung back her vail with a faint, sweet smile.

"You have done me a great service," she murmured. "I thank you much. We are friends, are we not, Lawrence?"

Her bewildering eyes were raised wistfully to his. She put out her hand with an unsteady movement. He pressed it in his own.

"Surely."

"You do not hate me for—for—any of my past misdeeds?"

Into his brown face leaped a look that made her shrink.

"Hate you!" he repeated, slowly. "My God, no!"

The next moment he was walking away down the avenue, and Ethel Sardis ascended the carved stair to her own chamber, at the door of which she met Finette, in spotless cap and apron, looking anxiously out for her young mistress.

"Hasten, mademoiselle," said the maid, in French; "you will still have time to dress for dinner. Madame your mother has but just awakened—she does not know that you have been out!"

Ah, this brown-faced Frenchwoman was a treasure! Ethel resigned herself to her hands, thankful that she had no excuses or explanations to invent.

Count Stahl's betrothed had been warned. Would she profit by the warning? The woman in black had tried to save her by the only method which she dared employ. Would she succeed? Alas! the means had defeated the end. Verily, her labor had been in vain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GHOST.

IT was one to be remembered, Mercy Dill's first night in the haunted Medford house, where treachery and violence had made her an unwilling prisoner. The unhappy girl, plunged in the depths of misery and despair, bereft of help and hope alike, paced the dreadful chamber back and forth, wringing her hands like one distracted, trying to think out some plan by which she could acquaint Val and Miss Affry with her situation. Val! The thought of him was like a dagger in her heart. Through all her confusion of mind, one purpose took clear and decisive shape before her. She must escape from this place—from Discordo's power, or die!

She tried the door; it was fast and strong. She looked the chamber carefully over; it contained no outlet save the window and chimney. The former was two stories from the ground, narrow, set with small panes, and nailed up with great care. Above the bed, she discovered a cupboard in the wall, and climbing up to it, found it full of rubbish—old newspapers, a pot of paint, dried solid, a box of red ochre, two or three stumpy brushes, some rusty nails, but nothing of the smallest value. In an agony of despair, the girl sank down on the dusty floor of her prison, and wept as if her heart would break.

Hour after hour dragged by. The chamber was dark as death. A deep silence fell upon the house—her precious pair of jailors had retired for the night, evidently. And now new terrors overwhelmed Mercy. Discordo's story of the man who had been murdered in that very chamber twenty years before rushed back upon her memory. She began to hear strange sounds all about her in the darkness—groans, faint, smothered cries, loud knocking.

Wild with nervous terror and excitement, Mercy sprang upon the miserable bed, and crouched down there in a heap, shaking from head to foot.

Knock, knock went the ghostly hand, somewhere overhead. A long-drawn groan, ending in an unearthly screech, came from the window. Did the soul of the murdered man indeed haunt the scene of his death? Suddenly Mercy became aware that something *living* was in the room, moving over the dirty floor. There was a vein of true courage in the girl's nature. She arose to the occasion, sprang up from her crouching posture, and presently descried two or three gray shapes, long and lean, scampering away into the corners. Rats! She drew a great breath of relief.

The groaning began anew. She followed it to the window. After much listening, Mercy decided that the unearthly sound rose solely from a long, gaunt fir-bough, which swung back and forth in the night wind, and scraped the old clap-boards fitfully.

Just as the blood began to grow warm again in her veins, a ray of candle-light crept in under her door—she heard steps, the thud of a crutch on the stair, and then the voices of her two jailors.

"Drat the house! His danged ghost is a-walking here yet!" said Joseph. "Groans in the chimney, raps on the door, feet a-shuffling overhead! Hold up the light, woman! You're a-shaking fit to drop."

"Oh, Lord!" quavered the voice of Sally; "hear him! A hundred dollars a night wouldn't pay one to stay in such a place. It's worse than any reg'lar graveyard under the sun."

"Murdered folks *will* have queer ways, woman," returned Joseph; "they make it a point never to keep to their graves. See for yourself—nobody's here. The girl is safe enough. Who could get into the house through our locks and bars? Try her door, simpleton."

The door was tried. Then Mercy heard the two retreat down the stairs, Sally muttering as she went:

"If we lose *her*, we lose the money! Oh, drat it! There goes the groaning again—he's a-coming arter us!" and the noise of a rush and a tumble convinced Mercy that her keepers also had their ghostly fears, and that her own simple explanations regarding the strange sounds in the old house had not yet occurred to their superstitious souls.

A sudden composure came over her. She sat down at her lonely window in the gloom and silence, and lifted up her glorious young voice, clear and sweet as a silver bell, in that most pathetic of hymns:

> "Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide;
> When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"

She sat there, sleepless, all the night.

On the moody hill under which the house stood, and which was the only thing visible from Mercy's window, the wan dawn appeared at last. She found a rickety washstand in a corner, and a jug of water, and bathed her white face, and smoothed out the masses of her golden hair. By-and-by, old Sally unlocked the door and entered, bearing a wooden tray on which were placed two or three slices of bread, an egg, and a cup of tea.

"Here's your breakfast," leered the hag. "I hope you slept well, dearie. Betwixt the ghosts and your psalm-tunes, I never passed such a night since the Lord made me. I'll choke you if you don't stop them dratted hymns! If you *must* sing, give us something lively; but religion I can't and won't abide here!"

Mercy gazed steadily at the speaker. Afterward in the kitchen, old Sally confessed to her husband that the girl gave her a turn, so cold and white and spirit-like she looked.

"So Discordo has put you here to guard me," said Mercy.

"Yes—Joseph and I, my pretty. Perhaps you think you might knock me over and run off. Aha! old as I am, I've the strength of half a dozen like you; and down at the foot of the stairs Joseph is waiting, and he'd kill you dead afore you could get out of the door. We mean to keep you safe, dearie, so don't try to play any tricks."

Instinctively Mercy felt that it would be worse than useless to appeal to this woman for pity or help.

"Where am I?" she cried at last; "where is this place?"

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"Miles and miles from Boston—that is all you need to know," grinned Sally. "Now, take my advice, and be kind to Mr. Discordo, and drop your high and mighty ways. You're a proud one, stiff-necked; and holding yourself as dainty as a lady—ta, ta! Moll Dill's daughter! He's a fine gentleman, and generous as a prince. It's my opinion he means to marry you."

Mercy answered not a word.

"Lor, he came to Joseph in a dreadful state of mind," went on Sally, glibly, "and said how you was a going to throw yourself away on another man, and he wanted to find a nice, quiet place where he could take you for a few weeks; and Joseph remembered this house—he used to work on the farm years ago, afore the old man was murdered. And so you're to have country board here for awhile. Mr. Discordo will be back in a few days, and you'd better treat him civil; for he might kill and bury you in the house, and nobody would be the wiser. As for your other lover, you'll never set eyes on him again—make up your mind to that!"

A faint spasm crossed Mercy's colorless face, but still she did not speak. Of what use could it be to bandy words with this hag?

Sally waited a moment, and, finding that the prisoner was not inclined to converse with her, she said, curtly: "Rap on the wall if you want anything, and I'll come," and then she retired, carefully locking the door behind her.

Mercy had no appetite, yet she forced herself to eat a little of the food, knowing well that she would need all her strength. What was to be done? How could she send word to Val of the vile durance she was in, and warn him to have faith in her, and believe no falsehood of Discordo's making? It was a question not easy to answer. Escape she must; but *how?*

Wearily, hopelessly the day dragged on. At noon Sally appeared again, with a tolerable dinner for the prisoner. She cast her ferret eyes about the chamber to make sure that all was right there, and silently departed as she had come.

The afternoon waned. Darkness gathered on the wooded hill behind the haunted house, and in Mercy's forlorn prison. Despairing, worn out with perplexity, fear and sorrow, she saw the night fall again. No lamp was allowed her in her den, and presently the gray rats began to scamper about the floor, and all the obnoxious noises of the preceding night made themselves heard with new violence. A high wind was blowing, and the shrieks in the chimney, the rapping and scratching on the roof, became appalling. The gaunt fir-tree outside Mercy's window thrust its arms against the pane like some black ghost. A dozen demons seemed gibbering in the walls and at the door. Below stairs, old Joseph and his wife were shivering and shaking in mortal terror. Cowardly and superstitious, both believed in the murdered farmer's ghost, and expected to see it walk at any moment into the kitchen. Plainly, life at the haunted house was likely to be as unpleasant to them as to their prisoner.

"The foreigner will have to pay for all this, old woman," quavered Joseph, as the importunate sounds made the two draw nearer together over the fire; "that's how I console myself. When I hears a groan, I says, 'Five dollars for *that* strain on my nerves!' and when I gets a big scare, and trembles, I sets it down at ten. Mr. Discordo will have a fine bill to settle afore he's done with me. Oh, Lord! what's that?"

Far up the rickety stair the tumult of knocks and groans—loose shingles flapping on the roof and dead boughs pounding the clapboards—grew deafening.

"Take the candle and come with me, man," cried old Sally, starting up; "ten to one the girl's escaping! If we lose her, what'll your fine gallant say?"

Hanging fast to each other, the two stumped up to Mercy's door, upon which Sally rapped loudly, calling out:

"Are you there, Mercy?"

"I am here," answered the girl, from within.

"Do you see any danged spirits?" cried Sally.

"I hear them," answered the girl, dryly.

"Do you want anything?"

"No; go away. I would rather be with ghosts than with you."

The two retreated, muttering, down the stair.

As for Mercy, she had enough real terrors to think about, without conjuring up imaginary ones. She groped her way to the corner, where stood the four-poster on which murder had once been done, and flung herself down upon it.

"Val, Val!" she sobbed, softly, in the darkness, clasping her slight hands, as if in prayer, "wherever you are tonight, have faith in me! Let no one set you against me. I will escape from this place, I will return to you, or I will die."

Then she fell at once into the deep, dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion, and, while the lean rats scampered about the floor, and the noises went on in chimney and roof, slept undisturbed till morning light.

The second day brought no change in Mercy's situation. While Val Black was searching stubbornly for his missing betrothed, and listening, silent and morose, to the dark hints thrown out by Miss Affry and the London lawyer, Mercy sat in the dusty, rat-infested chamber of the haunted house, thinking over impracticable plans of escape, and singing her brave Gospel Hymns, amid the maledictions of Joseph and his wife, to whom this sort of music was particularly offensive. She was forced to abandon all hope of exit by the window. It was nailed with great care, and as every unusual noise brought the alert Sally instantly to her chamber, she felt that any attempt to force the sash would at once attract the attention of her keepers.

On the third day Mercy proceeded to investigate the chimney, and found, to her dismay, that two stout, horizontal bars of iron had been placed across the opening, and wedged so firmly that no power of hers could move them. Alas! Discordo had indeed made fast his prison before he brought thither the unhappy victim.

Another day passed—another, and another. The fear of Discordo's return weighed upon Mercy like a terrible nightmare. Sally's step upon the stair often made her heart stand still; not a moment was she free from this overwhelming terror. And by night, strange dreams of Val assailed her. He was no longer her fond and faithful lover; a broad gulf parted them. He was drifting far, very far away from her. He had abandoned her to Discordo. One night, as she lay asleep on the bed of murder in the corner, while the rats raced about the floor and the wind blew the gaunt fir-tree noisily against the clapboards, Mercy dreamed of a great ship moving on the sea. She heard the rattling of its cordage, the voices of the sailors; and on its deck, looking like some prince who had just found his dominions (oh, strange vagary of sleep!) she saw her lover, Val Black. She called to him, but he turned his face from her, and would not answer; and when she, with love's persistency, repeated her cry with bitter tears, she heard his familiar voice answer, in proud displeasure: "I am done with you; you are nothing now to me." Whereupon Mercy awoke with a cry of anguish, and such sudden heaviness of spirit as banished sleep from her eyes for the rest of the night.

And at that very moment, far away on the restless Atlantic, Sir Valentine Arbuckle, moody and sleepless, was looking from his stateroom window up at the great stars that kept watch over the sea, thinking—thinking, not of Deepmoor Hall and his new wealth and grandeur, not of anything which lay before him, but of his low-born love—the girl who had, as he supposed, deceived him so basely, whose beautiful face, wan with some mysterious reproach, seemed ever at his shoulder—ever before his shuddering eyes. He would never see that face again, he said to himself; neither would he forget it on this side of the grave.

For eight long days Mercy pined in the haunted chamber, consumed with dread of Discordo's coming; never knowing that the latter was pursuing higher game far away at Newport, satisfied, the while, that his captive was quite safe in the place he had provided for her. On the ninth day something happened.

"You may expect Mr. Discordo to-night," grinned old Sally, as she brought the girl her dinner of bread, cold meat and tea. "Drat it! you're as white as a spirit."

"*To-night!*" murmured Mercy, clinching her small hands at her side.

"So he told me when he went away," said Sally.

Mercy did not taste her dinner. She paced up and down her prison like one distracted, mutely praying for help to the Power that had befriended and kept her through all her short, dark life.

Presently her eyes fell upon the cupboard above the bed. She opened it, looked at the rubbish crowded into its narrow space, and a thought, an inspiration, flashed like lightning across her mind. Could she do it? At least she would try.

In a fever of apprehension she waited for night to fall. Should Discordo appear before she had time to make her experiment, all would indeed be lost. Fortunately, the twilight gathered dark and threatening. A wild wind sighed round the old, black house; rain fell at intervals—Mercy could hear it on the roof and against the pane.

Just before the last of the daylight disappeared, she took from the cupboard the box of red ochre, the pot of paint, red also, and, with a little water from her jug, mixed the two together. Then she drew a sheet from the bed, smeared it in a frightful manner, folded it carefully, put it, with the paint-pot, into the cupboard, and flung herself down upon her miserable pillow as if in utter despondency and pain.

A foot on the stair! Her heart gave a great, suffocating bound. But no! it was only Sally with her supper.

"You look mighty cast down," said the old woman. "Here's a sausage that I've fried for you—eat it. Maybe 'twill raise your spirits. Oh! that dratted ghost has begun again, has he?" with a frightened glance around the room, as a great commotion sounded suddenly in the chimney.

"Yes," shivered Mercy; "the way he goes on is dreadful. Oh, Sally, take me down stairs with you—I shall die here!" Sally grinned.

"Do you think me a fool? Mr. Discordo told me expressly that you wasn't to leave this chamber. So, ghosts or no ghosts, here you'll have to stay. Maybe, if you ask it as a favor, Discordo 'll take us from this place altogether. We'd be glad enough if he would, both Joseph and I."

The fir-tree, at this moment, dragged its boughs along the dilapidated clapboard with a hoarse shriek. Sally dropped her tray and fled from the room as fast as her old legs would carry her.

Down-stairs she went, to the kitchen, where Joseph sat quaking over a fire of green apple-tree boughs.

"The old man's walking!" announced Sally, her gray hair bristling upon her head; "there'll be no rest for anybody in the house to-night. I wish you'd been hanged afore you ever told your fine gentleman of this place, which is nowise fit for living folks to abide in."

Joseph was too far overcome with terror himself to take umbrage at the words of his spouse.

"The ghosts have got into the fire," he muttered; "it's sputtering and groaning and fizzling, but it won't burn. Shut the door, woman, and bring out the brandy-bottle—let's take something hot."

A gust of wind, tearing through the crazy old hall at that moment, wrenched the latch from Sally's hand, and banged the door violently against the wall. The pair yelled in chorus. Sally was the first to regain composure. She went to a closet, produced a bottle of brandy, and poured a strong draught for herself and her lord. Then the two sat down at the dull fire, to quake at every fresh noise, and listen for Discordo's arrival.

Suddenly an appalling sound broke the silence of the kitchen—a long, lamentable human shriek, somewhere in the upper portion of the house. It floated down the stair, and filled the room—a terrible, agonized cry. Directly after, both heard a fall.

Sally started to her feet, and seized a candle.

"Come with me!" she cried.

"Oh, Lord! where?" quavered Joseph.

"To her room, you fool! Did you hear that scream?"

The two mounted to Mercy's chamber. Her door was fast, and though they listened intently they could hear nothing inside.

"Mercy!" called Sally, in a trembling voice.

A deep groan answered. The woman put her mouth to the keyhole, and called again;

"What ails you, girl? What's the matter in there?"

Another appalling groan. She took a key from her pocket, unlocked the door and looked in, while Joseph peered warily over her shoulder.

For a moment they could see nothing. Then from the bed in the corner, out of the intense darkness and silence, arose a shape, tall, terrible; shrouded in white from head to foot, and smeared down all its grim length with the ghastly sign of murder—a shape which, in the flaring, uncertain light of the tallow candle, was enough to make the hair rise and the blood grow cold with horror. He had come back from his grave—the victim of murder—he was rising bodily from the bed on which the foul deed had been done, twenty years before!

The apparition moved toward the pair at the door. A wild flutter of blood-stained garments, a shriek of wind in the chimney, and with a yell fit to raise the roof, Sally dropped her candle, and retreating backward, missed her footing, and fell headlong down the stairs. At the same instant, the desperate hand of the ghost wrenched Joseph's crutch from his hold, and precipitated the wretched cripple after his companion.

Dashing off the smeared sheet which wrapped her, Mercy leaped over the fallen bodies of her jailers, and gained, in one breathless rush, the entry below. By a gleam of firelight, which issued from the kitchen, she found the outer door leading to freedom and the blessed protecting night. It was fast. With all her might she pulled at the rusty bolt, drew it back with much difficulty; and with one look at the bodies lying in a heap at the foot of the stair—were they senseless or dead?—Mercy sprang like a deer across that accursed threshold, and through the wind and darkness ran wildly away from the haunted house under the hill.

CHAPTER XXV.

A BLOW IN THE DARK.

Her little strategy had succeeded beyond her wildest expectation—she was free!

She fled across the field in which the house stood, till she

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came to a stone-wall. Over this she climbed breathlessly, and found herself in an open road. She was entirely ignorant of her bearings, knowing not even the name of the place to which she had been abducted ; but she dared not waste a moment in deliberation—her jailers might already be in pursuit. Fly she must, somewhere, in some direction, and trust the rest to Heaven. Heaven guided her and turned her face straight toward the town. Mercy scurried off like a hunted wild creature through the wind and rain.

She had not gone far when the sound of approaching wheels arrested her steps. A carriage was coming toward her along the unfamiliar road. Instinctively, Mercy cast herself down in an undistinguishable heap by the wayside, holding her very breath.

It advanced rapidly—plainly the driver was in great haste. In spite of the darkness, Mercy could see that it was a close vehicle, with a man on the box, and two reeking horses at the pole. As the swift wheels neared the spot where the girl lay prostrate on the damp earth, some one inside the carriage called out, loudly and impatiently :

"Drive faster !"

Merciful heaven ! It was the voice of Discordo !

The horses turned into the lonely field, and dashed across it toward the haunted house. In a few moments at the furthest he would know all.

With her heart in her throat, Mercy sprang to her feet and fled. Fear lent her wings, desperation gave her strength. He would pursue her, overtake her, if possible. Away she went through the merciful darkness, following the winding road which would ere long, as she rightly judged, lead her into reach of human help. Never did frightened bird fly faster. By the time Discordo alighted from his carriage at the door of the haunted house, Mercy had reached a bend in the murky way, and espied at a little distance before her a light—the beacon of safety and salvation. She ran toward it. It shone from the window of a cottage standing in a trim garden beside the highroad to the town. The gate was open. Mercy ran through, sprang into a porch covered with sweet-smelling vines, and crouched down there, half mad with terror and excitement.

She was free—she was safe—she was close to human succor and companionship. Thank Heaven !—thank Heaven !"

With a wild ringing in her ears, with her heart thumping like a trip-hammer against her side, she waited. Not long. Far off on the wet road she soon heard it coming—the carriage, driven at furious speed. Had Discordo turned coward at last ? Finding that his victim had escaped, was he hastening to secure his own safety before she could expose his outrageous villainy ? At any rate the vehicle tore past Mercy's place of concealment as if upon an errand of life and death. It vanished in the night ; the noise of the swift wheels died away on the wind, and then all was still.

For awhile Mercy remained in her covert, listening, fearing ; then as it became certain that her danger was over—that she was indeed delivered from her persecutor, she arose with a great burst of silent thanksgiving, stole out into the road again, and walked off in the track of Discordo's carriage. She must make her way back at once to Seedy Court—to Miss Affry and Val, and tell them her story.

But where was she ? How many miles lay before her ? Was her face set in the right direction or not ? Presently she heard a heavy vehicle in the road behind her, and a cheery whistle, followed by the words :

"Get up, old horse !"

It was a heavy market-wagon, packed with boxes and barrels, the whole covered with a piece of sail-cloth. A lantern burned upon the seat, where, also, she discerned the figure of a middle-aged, honest-faced countryman, jerking the reins over the broad back of his farm-horse. Made bold by the urgency of her case, Mercy stepped up to the wheel of the wagon and into the lantern-light, and quavered.

Please, sir, is this the road to Boston ?"

Her appearance was decent enough, for she had secured both her hat and shawl in her flight ; but her face, shining through her drifting golden hair, was like the face of the dead. The man drew up his horse at once, looking curiously at the figure by the side of his wheel.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh, please, sir, is it far away ?" said Mercy, in an uncertain voice.

"Well, a few miles, miss."

"Would you kindly tell me the name of this place, sir ?"

"Medford."

She drew back. He spoke to his horse and moved on, but at the end of a few yards stopped again, as if struck with a sudden thought, and called to Mercy through the darkness : "Here, miss, are you traveling to the city ?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Mercy.

"It's a long walk for you, at this hour of night," said the man, good-naturedly ; "you're welcome to a seat here on the load with me, if you like."

She hesitated only for a moment ; then, full of gratitude for this unexpected help, climbed up to a place by his side. Mercy had keen instincts, and she knew at once that she was safe with this man.

"Got business in the city ?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered ; "I am going to find some friends there."

Thank Heaven ! this reply seemed to satisfy him. He jogged on, calling out now and then to his stout horse, but giving her no further attention. She soon found that he was casting up some perplexing mathematical account in his mind—calculating the worth of his load, perhaps—and the occupation kept his thoughts entirely averted from his companion, for which she was devoutly thankful.

The wagon being heavily laden, progress was necessarily slow. Mercy sat motionless, voiceless, staring out into the night before her, and thinking only of Val and Miss Affry. Nine long days she had been missing ! No doubt they thought her dead. Every moment that kept her from them now seemed like a century.

They rumbled on, slowly but surely, and finally saw a great many lights shining far off—myriad sparks of fire against the gloom. Then they crossed a bridge, and entered the city.

"Whereabouts are your friends, miss ?" said the driver.

Mercy told him.

"I'll drop you close by ; or, seeing it's so late, I'll drive into the Court, if you're afraid."

She declined this offer with thanks. She was not afraid. In a moment she would be with her dear ones. She scrambled down from the wagon, bade a grateful farewell to this stranger who had befriended her in her need, and, turning the corner of a street, found herself once more in Seedy Court.

One eager rush along the pavement, and Mercy was at the door of Number 10. She looked up at the grimy, wooden face of the old house. It was as dark as the grave. Everybody was in bed, of course—landlady and lodgers alike.

Timidly she rang the bell. No answer. Again, louder than before. No light, no sound anywhere. Number 10 was wrapped in profound silence and darkness. She waited, listened ; but no one came to open the familiar door to her. Miss Affry was wont to leave it unlocked for the convenience of her lodgers, but to-night it was as fast as bolt and key could make it.

Oh, how could Val, how could Miss Affry sleep, while she stood there, houseless and trembling, at their threshold? Once more Mercy pulled the bell, but with the same result. Bewildered and disappointed, she sat down in the darkest corner of the steps, under the shelter of the dusty old grapevine.

"I will make no more noise; I will not try to disturb them," she said to herself, "but just wait here till morning. It will not be long."

She drew her old shawl about her shoulders, and tried to feel that everything was right. After all, she had been gone but nine days. Surely no misfortune could have overtaken the Blacks in that little time. Nevertheless, a great sadness began to creep over Mercy—a foreboding of evil.

How silent and dark was the Court! Every rustle of the dry grape-leaves made her start and tremble. Was it Discordo's step that she heard advancing along the pavement? No—only a rush of wind. Suppose he should come back to the court to look for her, and find her waiting there alone? The thought made her flesh creep. However, her fears were groundless. Neither her arch-enemy nor any other person appeared to alarm her. She fell asleep, at last, with her head resting against the fast-closed door, and, undisturbed in her dark corner, slept on till morning.

When she awoke, the sun was rising over the roofs of the great city. She arose to her feet, cramped, confused, frightened. Where was she? One glance around the place answered her. She was safe in Seedy Court, close to Miss Affry and her lover.

Surely the Blacks were awake by this time. She rang the bell, confident of an immediate answer; but none came. Glancing up at the house, Mercy, with a thrill of sudden, nameless fear, saw that all its shutters were closed. She reached and opened one belonging to Miss Affry's sitting-room, and, raising herself on tiptoe, looked into that familiar place. It was empty. A bare floor and four bare walls alone met her sight. With a great shock of astonishment and terror, Mercy saw, felt, that Number 10 was deserted—that Val and Miss Affry were gone! But where?

Dismayed, bewildered, she stood confronting this unexpected and almost incomprehensible misfortune. Discordo's threat in the haunted house rushed back upon her memory. He had deceived the Blacks with his falsehoods—made them to doubt her, Mercy—set their hearts against her, perhaps! This conviction came upon her with a great shock. Whither had they gone? How could she find and undeceive them? She remembered the banking-house. Val would be there—there he was to be found every working-day in the week. She had only to hasten thither, then, and tell him all.

Mercy departed from Seedy Court, and reached State Street long before the banking-house was open. Nothing was left for her to do but hover about its vicinity, walking up and down, too desperate and anxious to care for anything but the errand which had brought her there. She looked in vain for Val. People began to crowd into the street, but he came not.

Presently a handsome carriage drove up to the door of Sardis & Co., and a man, tall, imposing, autocratic, alighted and entered. Business, then, had begun. Mercy glided straight after the important-looking person — straight into the handsome banking-room, where the clerks had now assembled to their daily work. She cast one wild look around. Val was not there!

"Oh, sir, will you tell me where I can find Mr. Black?"

She spoke to the gentleman who had entered before her. He turned and saw her standing just inside the door—a forlorn little figure in a shabby gown and crumpled hat and shawl, her beautiful face as colorless as ashes, the golden hair disordered about it, the great sorrowful eyes heavy with unshed tears. Cullen Sardis gave a perceptible start.

"Mr. Valentine Black, sir," faltered Mercy, an unspeakable eagerness and anxiety breaking into her voice. "He is one of the clerks. I do not see him. Is he here this morning?"

"Black!" answered Cullen Sardis, gazing in a sort of fascinated curiosity at the wan, uplifted face. "No, he is not here—he sailed for England two or three days ago."

"England!"

The room, the cold, high-bred face of the speaker whirled before Mercy's eyes.

"Oh, sir, you cannot mean it—you must be mistaken!"

"Not at all," answered the banker. "I will call Mr. Phillips to tell you about it. You are some relative of Mr. Black's?"

She wrung her hands involuntarily.

"I am his promised wife, sir."

Mr. Sardis elevated his gray brows.

"And do you not know of his recent good fortune?"

"No, sir. I have been away—out of the city, sir, for nine days."

Mr Sardis motioned to his head clerk, who came out from behind a handsome railing, and approached the two. The banker whispered something in his ear, and walked away to a private room. Jacob Phillips went up to Mercy Dill.

"Our late clerk, Mr. Valentine Black," he began, as if he were giving business details to some customer, "has fallen heir to a title and fortune in England. He is, or will be, a baronet. Nine days ago, an English lawyer, who had been sent to America to search for the rightful heir, found him out, and acquainted him with his good luck. He sailed at once, with Miss Black, for his new possessions. It appears that his father was the younger son of a noble family, and was disinherited because of a low marriage, and that his name was not Black but Arbuckle. You look faint—be seated."

Mercy clutched the door to save herself from falling.

"A baronet!—Val! I am very ignorant, sir—I suppose I do not quite understand it. He was so poor and humble, sir—almost as humble and as poor as I!"

Phillips seemed impressed with the girl's appearance.

"It is quite true. Can I do anything for you?" he said.

She caught her breath, as if choking.

"Oh, sir, he left some word for me, did he not—some message?"

"Not here."

"Did he say nothing about me—oh, try to remember—*nothing?*"

"I fear not—I am sure not."

She turned blindly, groping with one hand to find the door.

"Thank you—I will go now—I am sorry to have troubled you."

How she reached the open air she never knew, but presently she found herself upon the street again, feeling as stunned and helpless as if some one had dealt her a blow. Val rich and a baronet!—Val gone to England with Miss Affry, leaving no word for *her*—it was incomprehensible! Should she go down to the wharf, and throw herself into the water, and so make an end of this confusion of brain, this agony of heart that assailed her? The deep religion which controlled the girl's nature strangled that temptation at its birth. She crossed one street and turned into another, never knowing what she was doing, for the pavement seemed to heave under her feet, and everything was blurred and misty before her eyes, and led by some blind instinct, went on, and stopped at last at the Aid Society Rooms.

Here a new disappointment awaited her, though she was now incapable of feeling or even comprehending it. The Rooms were closed. Work had failed, and the door was fast against applicants. Ignorant of this fact, however, and because she was too weak to stand, Mercy sat down mechanically upon the topmost stair to await the appearance of the matron.

(To be continued.)

AN INTERESTING INVALID.

He was first seen—at least, so tradition goes—loitering at the Wayverne Pool, flinging pebbles into its depths to sound them. He had the dreamiest pale, handsome face imaginable, and a slender, lazy, graceful figure. He looked exactly like a poet, and the immediate impression was, that a poet he must be.

Those who descried him were three young ladies, Misses Bess Latham, Kate Colwood, and Ella Warren, commonly known as "Cinderella," and their attendant cavalier, Mr. Allan Grahame.

They simultaneously stopped still to contemplate so remarkable a vision. And then, recovering partly, they burst into excited whispers.

"How I should like to know him!" cried Miss Bessie.

"And I!" echoed Miss Kate.

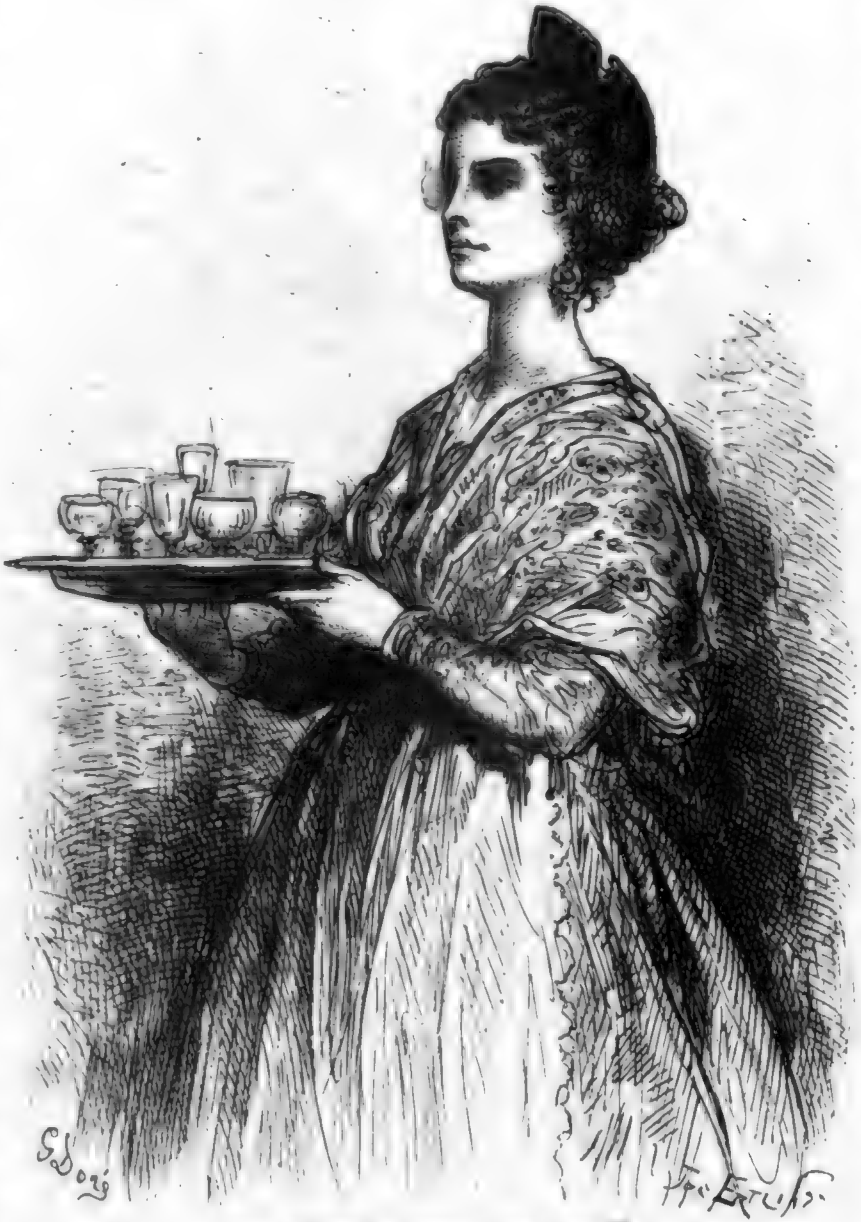
"It would be a desirable acquaintance, no doubt," said Cinderella; then, after reflecting a moment, she added, "Though strangers are sometimes dangerous. It is a wonder we heard nothing about his arrival here. He must, I think, have come yesterday."

"By Jove!" cried Allan Grahame; "I remember hearing there was one passenger by the stage yesterday. This must have been the person. Well, girls, if you want to know him so particularly, I think I can manage the business for you."

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Bess and Kate, in a breath.

"Very probably I shall to-night. He must be a poet, or artist, or something, to find pleasure in his present occupation. He's aiming seemingly at something in the water. I wonder what he is trying to hit?"

"An idea, perhaps," said Ella; and to avoid attracting the stranger's attention, they strolled away.



THE SPANISH WAITRESS.—SEE PAGE 723.

"How is it, Ella, that you don't take much interest in him?" asked Miss Bessie, mischievously.

"Poor Cinderella!" whispered Kate. "Don't sneer at her, Bess. She knows how foolish it would be to take any interest in good-looking young men."

Cinderella was rather plain, it is true. Her flaming red hair was worn short, in the most eccentric taste; her nose was most violently *retroussé*, and her complexion was a moist surface, on which appeared nothing but freckles.

That evening Allan Grahame, after a little perseverance, succeeding in finding the handsome stranger at a cottage just beyond the outskirts of the village. To scrape acquaintance, as the expression goes, he employed a little ruse, which was nothing more ingenious than to fire off a gun near the cottage-door.

As anticipated, the stranger appeared with a light at once, to discover what was the matter.

"Beg your pardon for disturbing you," laughed Allan. "This confounded gun went off accidentally. I don't think I'm shot; at least I—I—certainly don't feel shot," he added, examining himself carefully.

"Come in, and you can see better."

Allan went in briskly.

The stranger's taste in furnishing apartments was conspicuous at once. On the walls hung all sorts of charming pictures; at a desk in the middle of the room were rare and costly books; the furniture about as delicate and beautiful. even down to the Pompeian spittoons and dragon-headed tobacco-jar.

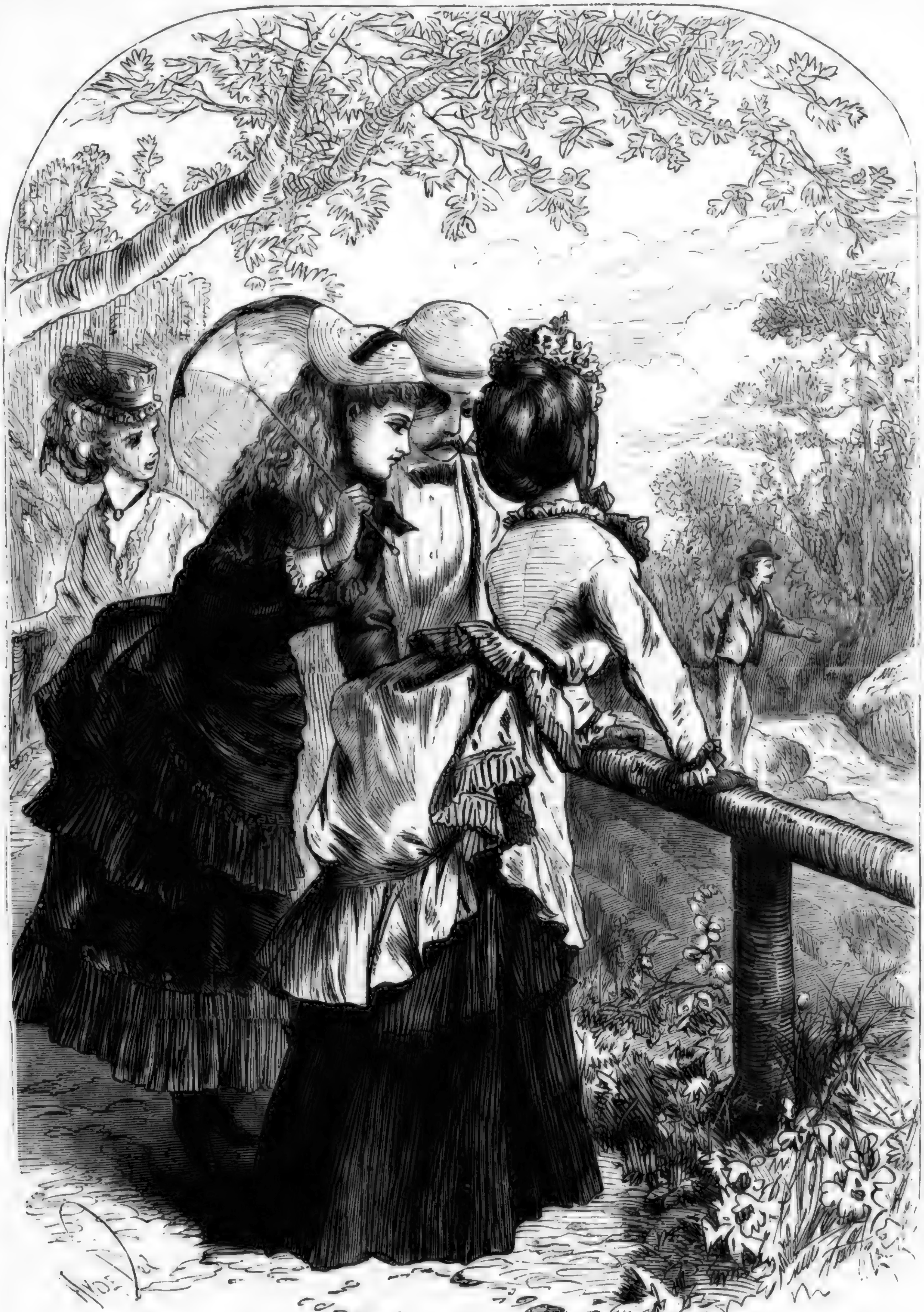
"You are a stranger here, I fancy," said Allan, looking around.

"Yes; though this place I occupy was arranged for me two weeks ago. I am Fitzhugh Pyrcie: and you have seen some of my poems, perhaps?"

"A poet, in truth!" thought Allan. "I think not; but I never read anything except the papers and the almanac," he answered. "You have come down for quiet, and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"No; I am invalided. Overwork, taxed brain, too feverish abandonment to composition, have quite knocked me up. You see a man who is madly destroying himself."

The stranger offered this information with a complacency



AN INTERESTING INVALID.—"HE WAS FIRST SEEN—AT LEAST SO TRADITION GOES—LOITERING AT THE WAYVERNE POOL, FLINGING PEBBLES INTO ITS DEPTHS TO SOUND THEM."

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that, under the circumstances, was somewhat singular. Allan proceeded to give his own history.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Pyrcie," he added, in conclusion. "I shall take pleasure in introducing you around. You do not object to society?"

"On the contrary, Grahame," answered Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie, rather familiarly for an acquaintance of ten minutes. "I adore society. I especially worship the sex. Let me read you my 'Ode to Women,' hot from my brain."

"No, no!" cried Grahame, nervously. "I hear you cough every now and then, and reading aloud might not be well for you. But I have a proposition to offer, before I forget it. There will be a party at Mr. Latham's to-morrow evening—I shall get you an invitation. You will see lots of nice people, and enjoy yourself."

"I may, Grahame," sighed the poet; "and many thanks to you! But to me this world's barren—my dear sir, my heart is ashes!"

"Indeed!" echoed Allan, much disturbed at this information. "Well, you needn't over-dance, you know; and there'll be plenty of wine, and things to eat, and——"

"Yes, yes," returned Mr. Pyrcie, shaking his head; "no doubt, Grahame. Many thanks again. You may call for me at your own hour. Good-night!"

Allan left then, but somewhat mystified.

"Cool customer, by Jove!" he thought, striding home. "These poets are always half cracked. They know nothing about the real world—the rough, vulgar world—but have an idea it's a place like those states of existence they describe in their books. This fellow's an idiot. I shall tell the girls so."

And he kept his word. They listened with breathless interest, as he talked at Bessie's window, where they were all assembled the next morning.

"Of course he shall have an invitation!" said Bess. "Papa must do him especial honor. A poet—a real, live poet! And what a beautiful name!"

In the evening the Latham parlors were crowded. Everybody knows what parties in the country are. Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie came in about nine, piloted by Grahame.

"Now, my dear Grahame," he drawled, gesticulating with his gloved hand, "don't do the thing rudely—I mean the introduction. There's an art in bringing the lion of the evening properly on the carpet, and if this art is not understood, there will be a most disgusting *faux-pas.*"

"Why, the fellow's a regular snob!" soliloquized Allan, mentally.

"Sound my name audibly, and be sure to say, the author of 'Hylas and the Nymphs,' a poem of the pure Greek school. My 'Aphrodite' I don't much boast of."

The poet was dressed in a manner really astounding. He wore his hair hanging down upon his forehead, of course; his shirt-collar was cut deep at the throat; in the bosom glittered diamonds; his coat and vest were of the most exquisite purple velvet, and his unmentionables of some material so peculiar as to be utterly indescribable.

The introduction was, to his comfort, properly done. He sat down amid universal silence. Allan was fast moving off, relieved to be rid of him.

"Come back here, Grahame!" he cried. "I want to ask you some questions. Where's the pretty Miss Latham you spoke of as we came along?"

"That's she at the piano. The lady beside her is Miss Katie Colwood. The one on the other side is Miss Warren."

"You mean our friend with the carroty hair? How can such homely beings exist?" sighed Mr. Pyrcie. "If I were not as good-looking as I am, Grahame, I should go into the forest and be a hermit. To be ugly would not become my character of poet, you know. But were I a fright, like that poor creature yonder, I should shoot myself!"

"Well, of all the snobs!" thought Allan. "I can't stand his society an instant longer. I shall give him to Bess."

It was a glorious evening, and nothing occurred to mar its pleasure till about midnight.

Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie exerted himself wonderfully. He danced and talked, and laughed and flirted, and was the very life of the entertainment.

But among sundry other members of the male sex, congregated in corners, he was not quite so popular.

These gentlemen thought him a donkey, an empty headed fop, a gaudily-dressed idiot.

For their opinions, however, the poet cared nothing. He stared at them superciliously when the dancing paused, and once, when one of them ventured to ask him how he liked the village, he drawled:

"Tolerably. Don't like the looks of the men in it—they are such vulgar clods. Their big hands and feet, and double-soled boots, nearly kill me."

With which he sauntered off, leaving his questioner paralyzed with rage.

About eleven and three-quarters or so, Mr. Pyrcie took Allan Grahame's arm, and slipped down into the supper-room.

"Look here, Grahame," he said; "I've asked that confounded little red-headed chit to dance the next set with me. I don't know what madness put it into my head to do it. I could never dance with her, you know."

"Why not?" asked Allan, calmly. "She is quite a nice young lady, and her family is most respectable. She will be an heiress one of these days. There's money for her in England—much money."

"Hang her money! I can't dance with her, and I won't. I wish you would decline in my name. If I did it, a scene might take place, which would be awful," replied Pyrcie.

"Very well, sir," answered Allan, his eye kindling. "I shall do so."

He went straight up-stairs, and over to Cinderella. He whispered a few words to her. She listened attentively; she began to tremble, her face reddened, she burst into tears, rose, and quitted the room.

The insult had stung her as vitriol burns.

Pyrcie observed all. As Allan turned toward him, he beckoned to him.

"By Jove! I didn't expect that, Grahame. I must have hurt her feelings."

"You did, sir; but it is no matter. Yet, you may hear of the affair again."

Allan turned on his heel, and went away.

This was the only disagreeable circumstance of the evening. The affair ended, like country balls generally, only with the approach of dawn.

Next day Allan Grahame called on Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie.

"You must apologize for your conduct to Miss Warren, sir. I take up the matter, since she has no brothers."

"Certainly, Grahame. I was just on my way to her house. I will go there, if you'll show me the way, and make the most abject apology possible."

Allan pointed out the road, and they separated.

Next day they met again. Mr. Pyrcie was suffering with what he called "one of his bad days." He was nervous and melancholy.

"By Jove, Grahame," he said, "I went to see Miss What's-her-name yesterday, and she wouldn't accept my apology. I shall keep at her, however, till she consents to forgive me."

Mr. Pyrcie ran his course like a comet. He was the wonder, the admiration, the constant talk of the village. He visited everywhere, paid devoted attention to all the young ladies, and was loved by every one in return.

The story of the insult to Cinderella got out, from the fact that that young lady had not shown her plain face since the party.

She was mercilessly ridiculed, and some ingenious soul sent her an anonymous letter.

Next day she left the village.

"Now, Grahame," said Mr. Pyrcie, when he heard of it, "that woman has made herself perfectly foolish in this little affair with me. I've been to her house every day this week, and offered the most abject apologies, and hang me if she didn't refuse to listen!"

Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie was just at the summit of his popularity when he vanished.

Whither had he gone? None knew.

The amazement was general. Imagine what it would be if the sun should suddenly go out some day!

But one person was afflicted particularly, and this was Miss Bessie Latham. She shed so many bitter tears all day long, and was so utterly wretched, that old Mr. Latham locked her into his study, and demanded to know what ailed her.

"Pa," she sobbed, "we were engaged to be married, and he has run away without a word."

"Indeed. Well, I shall take you up to town, and see my lawyers, Burtytop & Co., and we'll find out something about this Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie."

Next day the old gentleman was as good as his word. He went up to town with Bess, in his private conveyance, and they went in the afternoon to Burtytop's.

Old Mr. Burtytop sat with his feet on the mantelpiece, smoking.

"Ah, Latham, is that you? And Miss Bess too!" he cried. "More trouble, I see by your faces. Let me call Bob, if you're in a hurry; he must be present while you tell me what your business is, because, you know, he attends to all his lazy old papa's business—he! he! Eh, Miss Bess? Bob's a nice fellow—a practical, clear-headed young rascal, with no nonsense about him. He's in the room there, with two new clients, now. I'll tell you something about him," continued old Mr. Burtytop, slyly, all smiles; "but don't breathe a word of it. He was married this morning. Ha, ha, ha!"

"This morning—and back at the office in the afternoon!" exclaimed Bess.

"Yes. Spliced at twelve—hard at work by two. No time lost or money spent in honeymooning, you see. Ha, ha! Let me call him." He went to the door, and called, "Robert, let me speak to you a moment!" Then he returned to his chair. "Bob's quick at settling things. These people have only been with him three minutes, and he is dismissing them already."

The door opened and three persons appeared. They were Mr. Pyrcie Fitzhugh, Mr. Allan Grahame and Miss Katie Colwood.

The tableau of amazement that followed would have roused an audience in a theatre to absolute enthusiasm.

Mr. Fitzhugh broke the silence by bursting into a fit of laughter.

"My good friends," he said to Mr. Latham and Bess, "I have just been explaining this little mystery to Grahame and Miss Colwood. I believe I have been playing a trick upon you country folk. I can't—can't——"

He broke down, confused.

"What's all this, sir?" asked his father.

Briefly, it was simple enough. The scamp had gone down to the village in the character of a poet, and had made love to and jilted both Kate and Bess.

"But whom have you married?" asked Allan Grahame.

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Bob Burtytop, greatly embarrassed. "I have married Ella Warren."

There was a terrible row about the adventure; but, as Bob was certainly married, all felt compelled to make the best of it.

"That boy a poet!" growled old Mr. Burtytop. "Never wrote a rhyme in his life! The most practical scamp in the world!"

"But," said Allan, "I don't understand this yet. You insulted Miss Warren about her red hair once. How could you ever endure the red hair?"

"My dear fellow," said Bob, "the color of her hair made no difference to me; I was entirely interested in the color of her money. You see, she came into the English inheritance some months since. We were charged to let her know this, and settle the estate; and it struck me it would be worth my while to marry her. I planned my adventure, went down among you all in my poetical character, insulted Miss Warren to have an excuse for visiting her next day, did so, and took the opportunity of letting her know her good luck, and my real name, etc.; and from that hour out I courted her, while you supposed I was making apologies, and she left to marry me. I was also, of course, the author of the anonymous letter. Ingenious experiment, wasn't it?"

But Burtytop & Co. lost several clients.

THE SPANISH WAITRESS.

Lady Herbert, in her charming book of "Rambles in Spain," gives us many glances at the social life of that strange people.

During their journey to Madrid they were obliged, owing to an accident to their carriage, to put up at a village inn; and while she lamented the want of general comfort to which she had been accustomed when traveling in France and England, she was much impressed with the manners and appearance of the attendants. She observes that there was none of that obsequiousness so characteristic of English waiters, or of that pert vivacity so common in France.

"We were waited upon," she relates, "by a man whose bearing invested the omelettes he carried with a dignity not belonging to them; but I was perfectly charmed with the grace with which the innkeeper's daughter brought in some glasses of that pleasant light wine which is so welcome to those who have traveled over a dusty road. Had she been a princess she could not have borne herself with more self-possession. When my husband explained to her that he preferred having the flask, that he might pour it out himself, she placed the tray containing the glasses on the table, and left the room, reappearing soon afterward with a large pitcher with some wine in it, into which she deliberately poured the contents of the glasses she had previously brought; she then, with a look which I thought contained somewhat of wounded pride, departed. Sir Charles then refilled the glasses, and handed them to us. We found the wine excellent, but rather stronger than I had been accustomed to take; it was, nevertheless, very grateful to our palates. I have often since thought of that girl's demeanor, which seemed to me so much above her station, but which I afterward found was natural to that class. It must be confessed that even the humbler classes of Spain have manners strangely at variance with their occupations."

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

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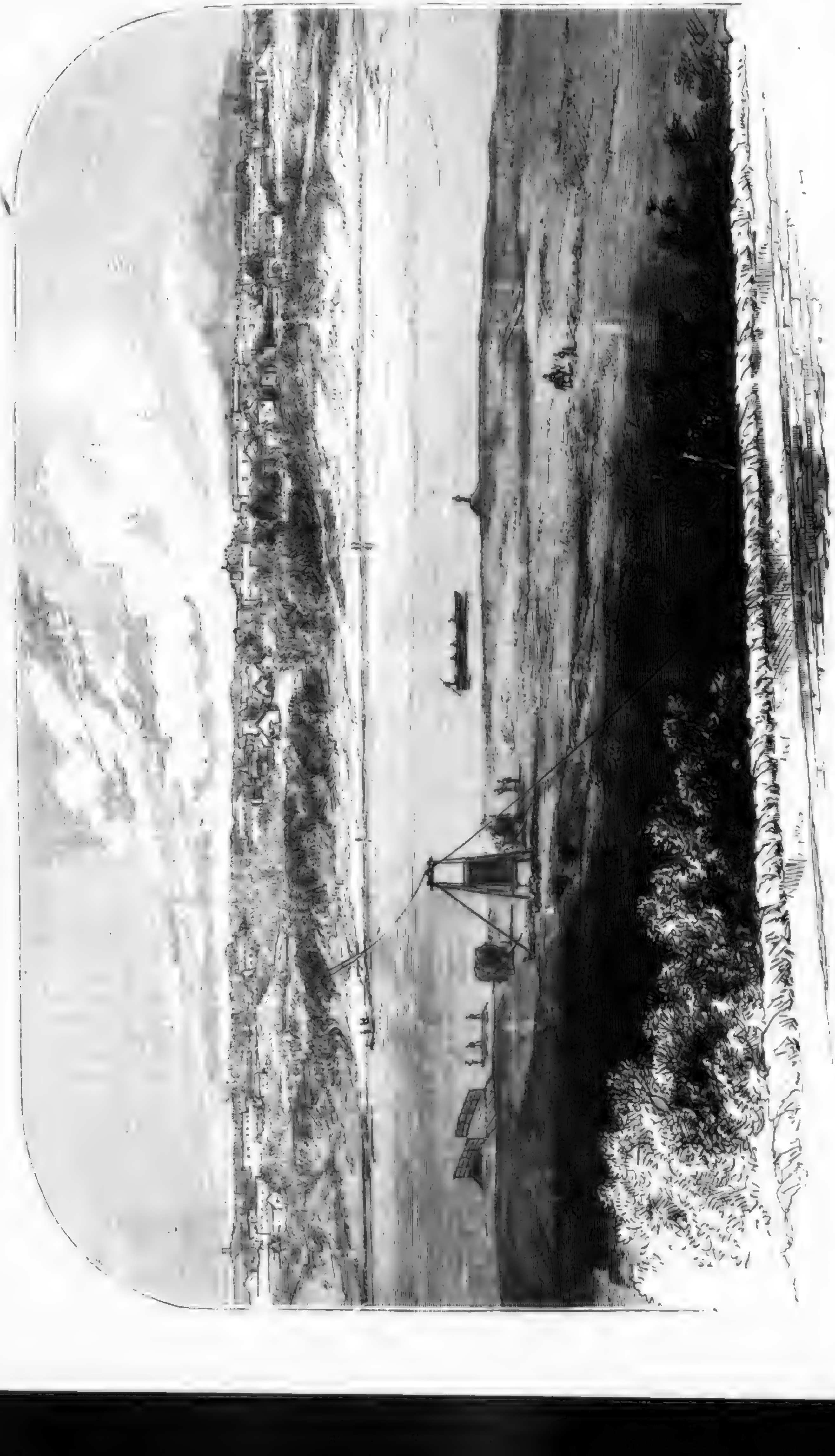
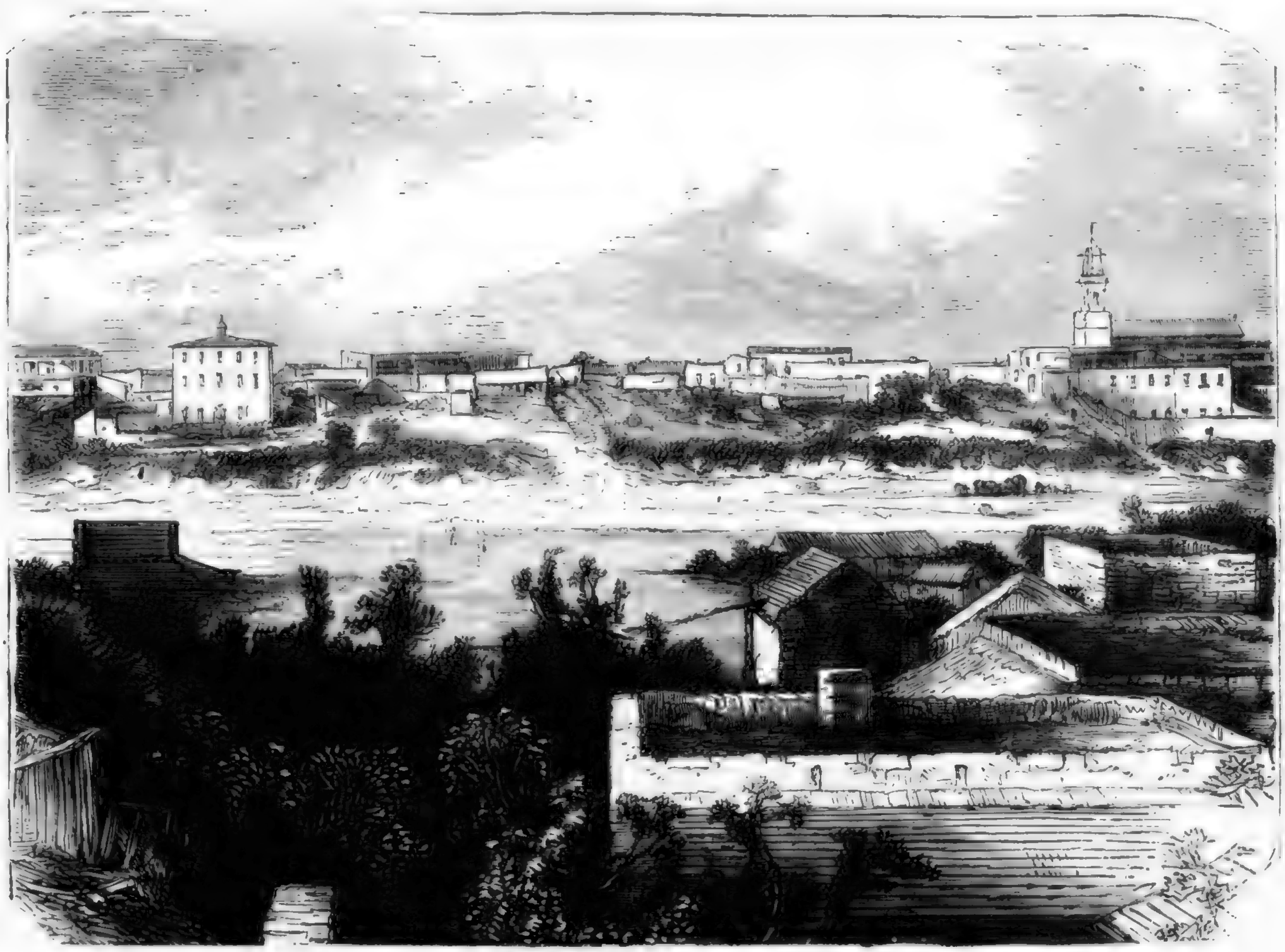


OUR SOUTHERN FRONTIER.—THE TOWN OF NUEVO LAREDO, MEXICO.



OUR SOUTHERN FRONTIER.—LAREDO, TEXAS.

OUR SOUTHERN FRONTIER.

THE EAST AND WEST BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

BY GENERAL EGBERT L. VIELE.

If the north and south line of the Mexican boundary was a blunder that has been made more and more manifest each year for the thirty years since it was established, the east and west line has been shown to be an equally absurd one. If the east and west line differs from the north and south line, it is in the fact that the former is even more desolate and forlorn than the latter in all its dreary extent. Along the former, little or no water is to be found, while the latter is entirely a water-line. In both instances the treaty was successful in developing the most useless and forlorn portion of the American continent.

It will be remembered that the original treaty of August, 1848, being based on a purely hypothetical line, was so indefinite in its terms that the joint commission appointed to locate the boundary on the ground attempted in vain to do so, and subsequently compromised on another and entirely different line than the one intended; the result of which was that the United States Commissioner allowed himself and the country he represented to be defrauded out of many thousand miles of territory. In order to remedy this, and, more particularly, to secure an improved location for the boundary, a subsequent treaty was negotiated, and an entirely new line established. An extended area was thereby added to the original territory ceded by Mexico. This additional territory was known as "the Gadsden Purchase," from the name of the then United States Minister to Mexico. The boundary defined by this treaty has been established with extreme precision on the ground; and this line it is now proposed to describe.

Located in conformity with those imaginary lines with which geographers seek to determine the relative positions of places on the surface of the earth, this line had, of course, no real existence until the astronomers and engineers, by the aid of the planets and the light of other worlds, were enabled to define its true position. Thus the stars, that, for unnumbered ages, have looked down in calm sublimity upon these mountain-tops and trackless deserts, prove to be the only guides by which the solitudes of earth can be penetrated, disputed boundaries fixed, and the limits set to national aggressions.

While lying, for the most part, on an elevated plateau or table-land, intersected and crossed by a succession of detached mountain-chains that belong to the system of sierras which characterize the western part of the American continent, it also passes over a sandy desert, which, like the great Sahara of Africa, formed, within a comparatively recent geological period, the bed of an inland sea. A general elevation of land has changed the level of the surface, so that this sea, first becoming a land-locked lake, has subsequently, as the result of evaporation, been entirely dried up; leaving a vast, sandy plain below the level of the sea, destitute of vegetation and of water.

The boundary, as defined by the treaty, commences at El Paso, where the parallel of 31° 47′ crosses the Rio Grande; thence running due west one hundred miles along this parallel; thence south to the parallel of 31° 20′; thence along

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that parallel to the 111th meridian of longitude, west from Greenwich; thence in a straight line to a point in the Colorado River, twenty miles below the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers; thence up the middle of the Colorado River until it intersects the Gila River; thence across the Colorado to a point in the Pacific Ocean, one league south of San Diego, California.

The additional territory acquired by the Gadsden purchase contained 26,185 square miles. On the north of the line are the United States Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and the State of California; on the south, the Mexican States of Chihuahua and Sonora and the Peninsula of Lower California. Two rivers besides the Colorado cross the line, and, running northwest, empty into the Gila. They are the San Pedro and the Santa Cruz (Saint Peter and the Holy Cross); but the latter cannot be depended upon for water in the dry season. It resembles a portion of the bed of the Upper Rio Grande, where water can sometimes only be found standing in detached pools.

The line may be said to lie in a negative zone, between the luxuriant tropics and the great cereal zone, along which civilization moves around the world—having neither the spontaneity of the one nor the vigorous growth of the other. It barely sustains the lower types of vegetable and animal life, which are alone found in that region, and which, in strange contrast to the forms of development that elsewhere obtain, afford food for curiosity, without subserving in any way a useful or necessary purpose.

This long and dreary waste of rock and desert has few or no inhabitants, and in all probability never will have any. Yet the line is crossed and re-crossed in a hundred places by roads and trails that have an interesting history, extend-back into bygone centuries. ' Along these roads have passed to and fro a people who are known only in tradition; the ruins of whose populous cities are scattered over a broad expanse of territory, and tell of a civilization higher in type and more vigorous in development than any now found there.

Concerning these people there is much that is mysterious yet to be unraveled. Whether, having redeemed the wilderness and made it blossom like the rose, they finally succumbed to the pressure of outside barbarism, and thus became degraded into the miserable race that now inhabit these ruins as the sole descendants and inheritors of a fallen people, or whether they have been totally exterminated, leaving behind them no record or trace except their deserted homes—is yet to be determined. Certain it is that traces of their lives and their labors are everywhere numerous and distinct.

Along these roads, from the coast to the forest, and from the mountains again to the sea, the aborigines, the Spaniards and the Mexicans have passed and repassed for centuries. The bloodthirsty savage on the war-path; the gay military cavalcade with pennons flying and lance at rest; the priest and friar in sombre raiment; the mild-mannered and subdued proselyte; victor and vanquished; master and slave—all have left their footprints in these desolate valleys. The remnants of *arrastas* for crushing gold found in the mountains tell of a people who were there even before the Jesuit fathers built their missions and gathered converts among the Indian tribes.

In describing the topography of the singular region of country we are now about to visit, it must be borne in mind that its original explorers were the Spaniards, who gave to all the peculiar features of the surface which they saw local names, and in their written descriptions applied terms and designations which have been ever since retained. It is, therefore, as well that I should here insert those terms in general use by the Spaniards, and their meaning, as many of them will necessarily be also used in the descriptions that are to follow:

Mesa.—A table land, table mountain, or flat ridge.

Mesilla.—The diminutive of mesa—little mesa, or little tableland.

Canon.—A defile or mountain pass, with no outlet on either side. A cañon is most generally the bed of a river or mountain torrent.

Sierra.—Literally a saw. Indicates a mountain range that has a serrated edge, resembling the teeth of a saw.

Loma.—A long mountain or ridge of hills, with somewhat smooth and flat surfaces.

Lomita.—The diminutive of loma.

Puerto—A gate or gap; is used to designate a pass through the mountains.

Cordillera.—A long, continuous range of mountains, composed of several ridges, as a cord is composed of several strings twisted together—the word cord and cordillera being formed from the same stem.

Cienega.—A boggy valley, signifying the presence of a hundred springs, where the water collects and the outlet is obstructed.

Charco—Signifies a hole in clay or in the rock, where the water collects and where there is no outlet.

Arroyo.—A dry bed of a former stream; a deep channel made by water, but now dry. These form serious obstacles to travel along the banks of rivers.

Let us now undertake to travel over this long boundary-line, with its plateaus, its sierras, its valleys and its deserts. It is a weary journey, even in imagination—no people, no homes, no fields, but only the solitudes of a continent's innermost depths, where civilization has raised its head in vain, and the herculean efforts of the highest intelligence have gone down before the physical forces of the lowest barbarism.

Starting from the initial point on the Rio Grande, in the parallel of 31° 47′, we pass due west along that parallel. Crossing first a low mountain called Muleras, we come to a sandy valley which was evidently at one time the bed of the Rio Grande, that, during some subsequent convulsion of nature, has changed its course on the other side of this valley. We first strike a broad *mesa*, the plateau of the Sierra Madre. The line here leads over an apparently boundless level table-land, very sandy, and, as a general thing, destitute of grass, but thickly covered with brushwood and low sand-hills four or five feet high. An isolated mountain rises from this plain, immediately on the line. This is called Monument Mountain; while to the right is seen the Sierra del Potrillo. From Monument Mountain the line descends from the tableland and passes over a series of hills with an easy ascent, that a loaded wagon can readily cross. Passing these hills, the line leads into a broad valley bounded on the west by the Sierra del Carrizahillo. Beyond the hills the soil becomes very luxuriant, and in the lower part of the valley is a beautiful sheet of water, fed by numerous springs. This place is called the Ojos Adjuntos.

Before reaching the Sierra Carrizahillo the line passes two low hills that produce a remarkable variation of the magnetic needle at a distance of three miles, indicating the presence of a very large body of magnetic iron ore crossing the Sierra Carrizahillo. The line now enters an open valley, and meets the great road from Yanos and Casa Grande in Chihuahua, where was located the ancient kingdom of Marata, described in old chronicles.

Passing on to a slight elevation, we reach the hundredth mile from the initial point, where the line makes a right angle and follows the meridian until it intersects the parallel of 31° 20′. Looking south from this point along the meridian, the high mountains of Sierra de la Boca Grande (big mouth) are seen on the left; on the right the Sierra Ojo del Perro (dog's eye.) The boundary line here runs through a broad valley or plain, covered with a fine grass that affords excellent pasturage.

The line now turns to the right along the parallel of 31°

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20′ and passes through or over the Sierra del Perro, running for several miles over a series of rounded hills and then crossing a wide valley, strikes the lofty Sierra de San Luis. The soil of the valley is light and sandy, and contains a large town of prairie-dogs—those singular and interesting little creatures that seem more than other animals to imitate the gregarious habits of human beings. Posting a sentinel on its hind legs to give warning in case of danger, these little fellows busy themselves about their affairs with wonderful activity; but the most singular of all their habits is the readiness with which they afford lodgings for the rattlesnake in their little burrows, without appearing to be in the least disturbed by the presence of such a visitor.

From this point, for more than a hundred miles the road from Ianos to Santa Cruz follows the general direction of the boundary line, crossing the Guadalupe Mountains through the pass or cañon of the San Domingo River, a branch of the Gila. Through this pass the road from Fort Cumings in New Mexico to Santa Cruz also crosses the Sierras.

The boundary passes over the top of the Guadalupe Mountains near the pass afterward intersecting the road in the cañon. At the foot of the Guadalupe Mountains are the Springs of San Bernardino, where many old Indian trails meet and where a road turns off into Sonora, extending as far as Guaymas on the Gulf of California. To the west of this point the boundary crosses a mountain ridge. We see on the left the Sierra San José, and on the right the Sierra de Espinola. Near the eastern base of this sierra flows the Rio San Pedro, a considerable branch of the Gila. This river runs through a rolling prairie; but its bed is sixty or one hundred feet below the surface of the plain. Its banks are vertical and the river is not seen until the edge of the bank is reached. Near where the San Pedro crosses the line is the small town or hamlet of Santa Cruz in Sonora. This is an important point, for the reason that a number of roads centre here that lead from Sonora into Arizona, connecting many noted places in the two countries.

After crossing the Sierra de Espinola, the line enters an attractive valley that extends westward as far as the Santa Rita mountains. This is the valley of Nogales (The Walnuts), and is covered with rich green foliage—the spot in all this region that welcomes the traveler with its marked contrast to the rugged mountains and sterile plains that he has passed over; producing a most pleasing effect upon the mind, by the verdure of the smiling valley.

Through this valley there are roads leading in all directions. The principal one is that from Mexico to Tucson in Arizona, sixty-nine miles distant, and thence to Prescott, the capital of the Territory. This road has been the scene of many events, in the past three or four centuries, that recall the wonderful history of those days when the unknown heart of the continent was penetrated by the Jesuit monks and friars, for the double purpose of gathering treasure for the world that is, and souls for the world to come.

Following the valleys prolonged from the interior of Mexico, flanked everywhere by high sierras, they passed northward, with few obstacles, to the ancient cities of Zuñi and Cibola. Ingrafting with amazing facility the wild superstitions of the savages upon their elastic creed, they soon counted their converts by tens of thousands, and established an almost superhuman power over a race until then ungoverned and ungovernable.

The military spirit with which Ignatius Loyola innoculated the creed of Jesus here developed itself in full and active force. The Gospel of Peace, that strode over Europe, in the sixteenth century, clothed in a coat of mail, lost little of its aggressiveness on the new continent, while wearing a more saintly garb; and the sentiments of fear and faith were strangely mingled when the red Indian knelt in humble submission at the foot of the cross. The narratives of the friar Marcos de Niça, in 1539, of Father Ignacio Keler, and Sedelmayer at a later period, read like the tales of old romance; but they all tell of wonderful cities that are now no more, and of a singular race of people whose ancestors, like the ancient Aryans, worshiped a God in Nature, all-bountiful and all-beneficent.

Here on this road, although some distance from the boundary, we find the still beautiful and well-preserved mission-church of San Xavier del Bac. The exterior walls are richly ornamented, carved and stuccoed, and the interior handsomely painted in bright colors, with many paintings in fresco. Not far from this is the former mission of Tomocacari, another fine structure, in the midst of rich fields, showing how carefully the old fathers selected their locations. Tubac is a town in this vicinity. Rich mines of copper, silver and gold lie in Sierra Atascosa, a league from this place.

We have now arrived at the intersection of the parallel 31° 20′ north latitude with the 111th meridian west of Greenwich, and from here the boundary makes a direct course to a point on the Colorado River, twenty miles south of its junction with the Gila. The first sierra that crosses the line to the westward is that of Del Pajarito (Little Bird). This is a granitic ridge. This region of country is inhabited by the Papago Indians, who wander over the country from San Xavier as far west as the Tinajas Altas. They were once a formidable tribe, and waged unceasing war against the Mexicans; but, having sustained repeated losses, they retired to the high peak of Babuquivari, the traditional home of the tutelary deity that presided over the destinies of the tribe. Here, in an amphitheatre surrounded by mountain-ridges, they gathered their families and their herds of cattle and horses, and, for many days, they battled in the mountain-passes and made their last grand fight. But they were defeated and overcome; and, believing that their deity had shown them by their defeat that they should go no more to war, they have, since that time, led quiet and peaceful lives; not even struggling against the depredations of the Apaches, the natural enemies of all that is peaceful or civilized. The consequence is that all over the country are scattered the remnants of deserted Papago rancherias. These are generally situated some distance from water, as there seems to be among them a superstition about living near it. The women, who do all the labor, have to bring water in *ollas*, or earthen vessels, a long distance, bearing it on their heads. They are compelled to keep very large earthen vessels constantly filled, in order to be sure of a supply. These are sunken in the ground, and have a capacity of several gallons. The tribe is comparatively well-off in worldly goods. They plant and grow corn, and possess cattle and many fine horses. Nature supplies them with many useful plants. From the suwarrow (*Cereus gigantens*) and pitaya they make an excellent preserve by simply boiling the fruit down without sugar. They also make a candy of the same material, as it possesses a large amount of saccharine matter. From a low-growing plant they collect the seeds, called *chie*, which are coated with a gummy substance. When placed in water they become partially dissolved, and make a refreshing drink, which, in that warm climate, is a much-needed refreshment. The women are better dressed than most Indian women. They all wear skirts of *manta*, or calico, covering the body from the hips down. A sub-tribe of the Papagos inhabits the country near the Gulf of California. These are called Arenenos. Their principal food is salt fish, which they prepare themselves with considerable skill.

The Papagos exhibit more than any other of the tribes in

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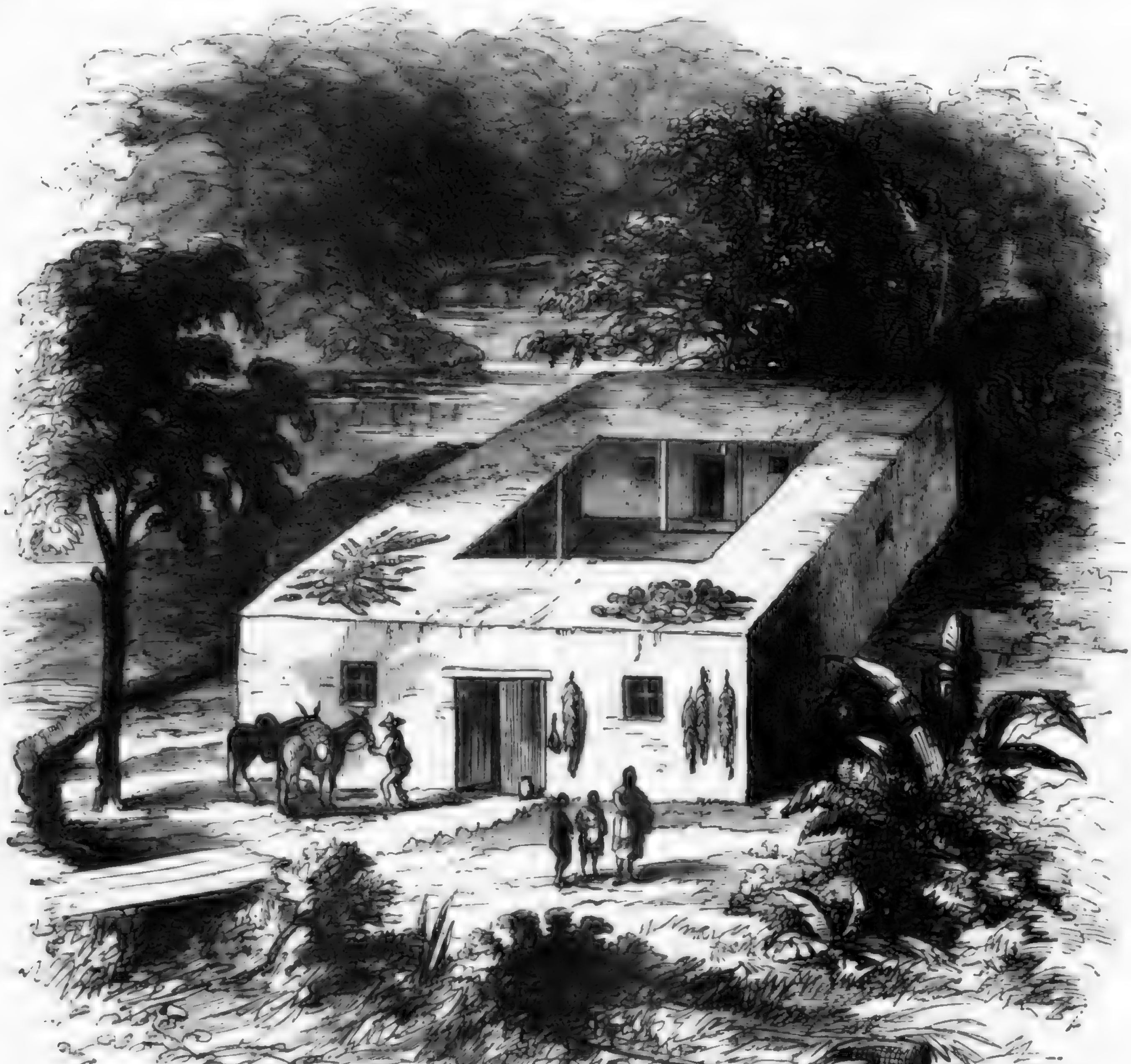
this region of country the influence of the Jesuit priests, and still maintain many of the ceremonies of the Church. Some of them remain in the neighborhood of the old missions, where, recently, two or three priests have gone among them and renewed the influence of religious services. But the dreadful cloud that is ever hanging over them is the constant fear of the rapacious and bloodthirsty Apache—their hereditary enemy.

Among all the nomadic tribes that roamed over the continent of North America previous to the colonization by the Europeans, there seem to have been three ruling nations who, by reason of organized leagues, were enabled to dominate the weaker tribes, over whom they held an almost despotic sway. These were the Iroquois, or six nations of New York; the Sioux of the northwest; and the Apaches of the southwest.

The first, with all its power for good and evil, has melted entirely away; the second is fast disappearing before the advancing tide of civilization; while the last, that has for centuries been the terror and the curse of Indians and of whites, is now passing through a last desperate struggle on the southwestern frontier.

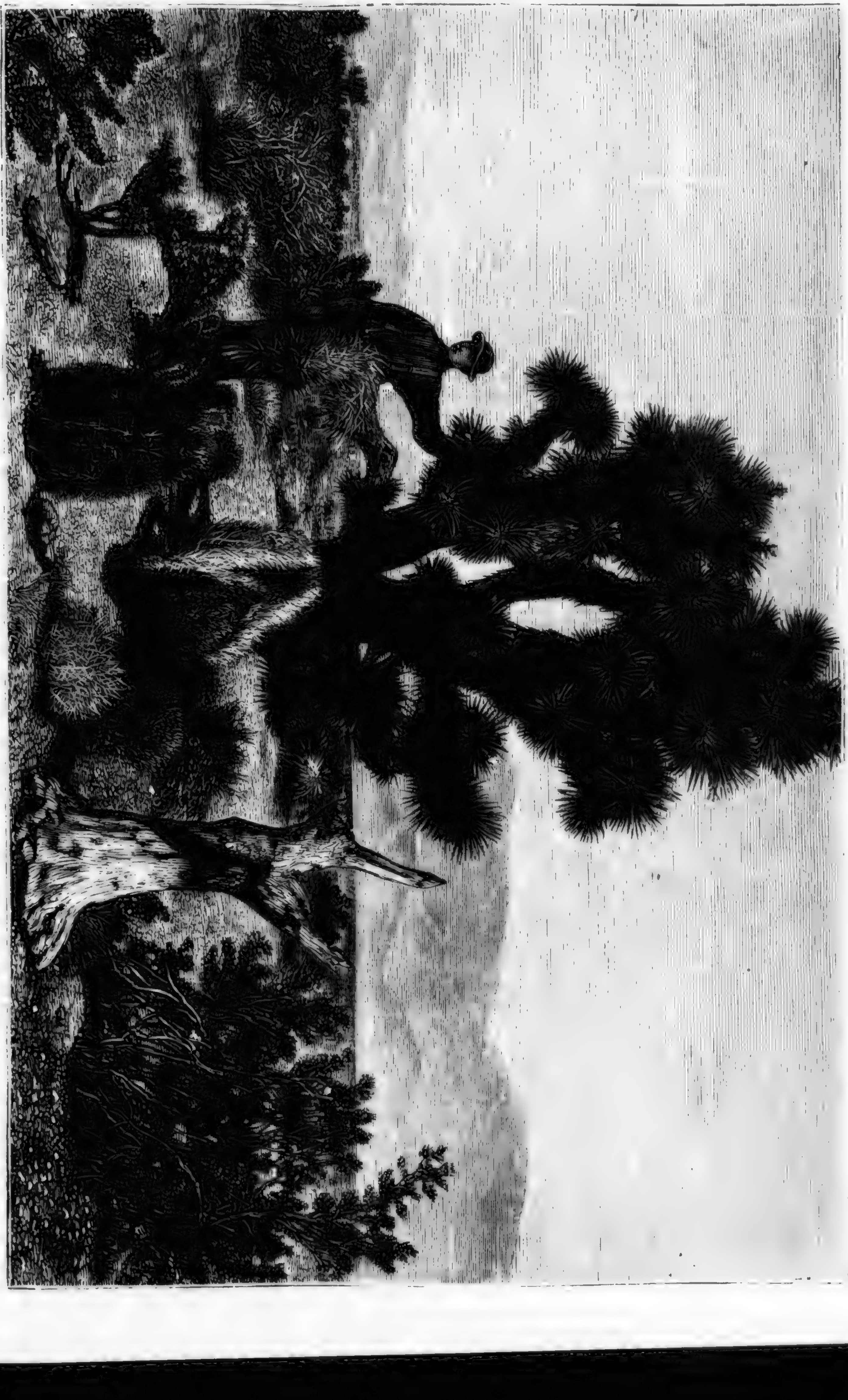
The boundary line, through the absurdities of national comity, has been for the past thirty years their most effective ally and a convenient shelter for their crimes and enormities. Crossing and recrossing at pleasure, they bid defiance to pursuit from either nation, while both alike are their victims and ready prey. Without hindrance and with little fear they strike wherever and whenever they see fit; and instead of being intimidated, they seem to grow more bold year by year; setting up an absolute barrier to progress and civilization over a large region of country, and preventing the development of mineral wealth that is probably greater within the territory that is subject to their depredations than in any similar area of country on the surface of the globe.



A MEXICAN ADOBE HOUSE.

They are the most numerous tribe in the southwest—their range of operations extending along both sides of the Rio Grande, from the southern limits of the Navajo country at the parallel of 34 degrees, through a large portion of New Mexico and Arizona, Northern Texas, and Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango, Mexico. They range eastward as far as the Pecos, and they are found as far west as the Pimos villages on the Gila River.

They are divided into several tribes, each of which take its name from the district in which it is most frequently found. All of the tribes are under the control of separate and independent chiefs. The several tribes which constitute



THE PLANTS OF THE ARIZONA DESERT—THE NEEDLE PALM (YUCCA BREVIFOLIA) AND BARREL CACTUS (CEREUS LE CONTEI).

this nation are as follows: the Tontos, or Coyoteros, the most westerly tribe; the Chiricagui, that take their name from the principal mountain they inhabit; the Gileños, that infest the mountains nearest the headwaters of the Gila; the Mimbreras, that take their name from the river and mountain of Mimbres, signifying the Willows; the Taracomes, that are found in the mountains between the Rio Grande and the Pecos; the Mescaleros, that take their name from Mescal, a liquor distilled from the juice of the Agave Americano; the Llanos, who make their habitations in the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains of Northern Texas; the Lipans and the Navajos.

All these tribes occupy positions in the mountains where, among their rugged fastnesses, they are almost secure from pursuit. To their dens they carry their plunder and their prisoners. Occupying little or no cultivatable land, they never undertake to till the soil; depending either upon the spontaneous productions of nature, or upon the plunder of the more peaceful and industrious tribes. Implacable enemies to Europeans, and to all Indians that affiliate with them, habitually savage and brutal, they are cruel and inhuman to those who have the misfortune to fall into their hands. They are generally naked; making their incursions on swift horses, with a piece of skin for a saddle. With little courage, they depend more upon artifice than valor. Their lives are nearer those of the brute creation than any other human beings. Even the rude shelters that they sometimes build for themselves are the most inferior that any portion of the human race are known to inhabit, consisting of a few crooked sticks covering a hole in the ground.

Leaving these wretches with the earnest hope that the time for their utter extermination is fast approaching, we will continue our journey along the boundary line.

The Sierra del Pajarito, which we now cross, is a portion of the Arizona Mountains, which are rich in gold, silver and copper. North and northwest of this mountain range, the Sierra Domos rise up in bold terraces. These gigantic shelves are bordered with rocks, projecting out in most fantastic shapes. On the northern slope of the Sierra Janos another group of mountains occur, known as the Sierra Atacoosa, wonderfully rich in precious metals. On the northwest of the cordillera formed by these three mountains is the Sierra del Babuquivari. Between these two elevations is a rugged, narrow valley that is of great importance, not only for the valuable fresh-water springs that are found in it, but from the fact that it forms the only avenue of communication between the settlements in the Santa Cruz Valley and the coast regions along the Gulf of California. There was formerly a considerable town here, bearing the Papago name of Aribaca, or, more properly, Aribec, but it has been several times destroyed by the Apaches.

Looking northward from the peak of the Sierra del Pajarito, a rugged set of mountain ranges is spread out, and, although the single sierras do not extend very high, they form a very bold mountain relieved by the close, uninterrupted texture of the inclined plane which constitutes them. At the distance of about sixteen miles, another cordillera is visible, the principal sierra of which is called Escondida, from the fact that water from an unknown source trickles down its sides from the rocks above; *aqua-escondida* signifying hidden water. This sierra is scarcely more than a mile wide, and exceeds in barrenness any that have been mentioned. The country here assumes a new aspect. Grand convulsions and volcanic forces have here, at an early period in the history of the globe, produced extraordinary disturbances. Limestone, granite and trap rocks are all upheaved in one confused and inextricable mass, and the surface is as rough and rugged as it possibly could be.

Seventeen miles to the westward is the Sierra de Sonora. A prominent peak on this sierra, a few feet south of the boundary, serves as a good natural object to mark it. A league from it are "the Springs of Hail" (Los ojos de Granizo), where the soil is very rich and the vegetation profuse. From this point there is a wide, rich valley, running north and south, extending along the east base of the Sierra Babuquivari. Beyond this is the Sierra del Pozo Verde, at the base of which is the Aqua del Pozo Verde (Green Well), where there is a permanent supply of water, and where formerly was a Papago village, with the usual history of Apache violence and destruction.

The sharp and lofty peak of Babuquivari, to the northeast, is one of the marked topographical features of the country, and has had a place in Indian traditions from time immemorial. It is venerated by the Papagos, who regard it as their palladium. Its great height, added to its spire-like top, causes it to act as a condenser of the water in the clouds that come in contact with it, and thereby collects in its numerous and almost inaccessible recesses an immense amount of water, and the Indians, in time of drought or war or famine, find there a safe retreat.

Looking westward from the Sierra Verde, a wide plain is visible, bounded at a distance of fifteen miles by a mountain range, traversing the country with the invariable bearing southeast and northwest. The eastern half of this plain is covered with a more than usual amount of vegetation, abounding in grass and a dense growth of brushwood and mesquite; while the western part, a low flat, is entirely destitute of vegetation, which seems to have been destroyed by small, rat-like animals that burrow in the sides of the mountain and live off this verdure.

The range succeeding this valley is the Sierra de la Omion, which is unlike all the sierras eastward, being an isolated group rising out of a diluvial plain. Up to this point there has been little room for diluvial deposits, the whole region being so broken up by the continuous succession of mountain ranges. But westward great basins of diluvial characteristics form the main in which the sterile mountains lie imbedded, and completely isolated in a vast sea of drift.

Looking backward, the country so far passed over resembles a strait traversed by long mountain reefs, while looking forward it appears like a coast of shoal water, dotted with rocky islands; as if the *débris* of some vast Plutonian sea had, in the one instance, been forced together, while in the other, they resemble the ice hummocks in the Polar regions, that raise their heads above the broad expanse of frozen fields.

The line now crosses a desert about seventeen miles wide, and strikes a comparatively low and narrow sierra, which presents two vertical peaks rising up like a pair of horns, that constitute a natural monument, as the boundary line falls directly between them. The name Linderos, or landmark has been fixed to this sierra. To the northwest and southeast lie the Sierras Arteza and Soñi, the former in the United States and the latter in Mexico, both famous for their auriferous deposits.

Beyond the Sierra Linderos is another desert, sixteen miles wide, which separates it from the Sierra la Nariz (mountain of the nose), a spur of the Sierra del Ajo, that takes its name del Ajo (garlic) from its structure—the main body resembling the bulbous head of the garlic. This mountain appears about eight miles north of the line. A valley about fifteen miles wide separates the Sierra la Nariz from the next line of elevation called Sierra de Laguna, beyond which is the valley of Sonoyta. This valley is not very wide, but it affords pasturage for a large number of cattle. Numerous springs of water issue from the earth, forming a *cienaga*, from which the River Sonoyta takes its rise; but after running for a short distance it sinks again into the earth. Here is the town of Sonoyta, the door of Sonora from the American side. It was once a flourishing Mission, but it has become, like the towns on the Rio Grande—a resort for smugglers, and a den of profligates and refugees from justice. The Papago Indians in the vicinity are far more peaceful and civilized than the whites of Sonoyta. All this region is exceedingly rich in gold and silver.

Then follows the bed of the Sonoyta River. A narrow but smooth pass leads to another *cienega*, which having but little water, assumes the general character of the desert. The course of the Sonoyta is traceable through it; but the water, except in two or three places, does not appear on the surface, and it is necessary to dig for it everywhere in the dry season. Crossing now the Sierra of Quitobaquita, the line passes westward over a broad ridge, dipping east and west, to the Sierra de Salado.

The water of the Rio Sonoyta appears above ground for the last time near Quitobaquita, on the southeast of Cerros de Salado. Water is found in its bed by digging three feet; but below this it becomes so salt that even famishing mules will not drink it. This salt water gives the name to the adjoining mountains.

From this point southward the country is open, presenting to the view a cold and isolated mountain peak known as Sierra Pinacate. This peak is celebrated for its wonderful and inexhaustible layers of rock salt, stored up in immense masses, arranged in diversified strata, and of a variety of colors. West of the Salado hills, a wild and waterless desert stretches out, studded with numberless isolated small peaks and a variety of elevated mounds. Southward, this desert is bounded by low ridges, or rather a gradual rising of the diluvial main; north and west it is inclosed by bold and rugged sierras. A rugged cordillera, known as Tule, limits this desert on the west and breaks off what would be otherwise an uninterrupted continuation of the great Colorado waste.

This is the last of the sierras traversing the State of Sonora. Westward from its crest a few rocky peaks only are visible, rising from the diluvial main, like out-posted reefs along a seacoast, and are evidently the tops of submerged sierras, that the drift has covered to their summits.

After leaving this sierra, the Colorado Desert proper is entered upon; stretching out in an unbroken sheet of shifting sand, to the foot of the California Cordilleras that separate it from the Pacific Ocean.

The Colorado Desert is a deep trough scooped out of the western side of the Continent. Its boundary on the west is the only one that is well-defined. There the Cordilleras rise abruptly, like a wall. On the north the line of demarcation may be drawn by the termination southward of isolated ridges and low hills. On the east the desert is considered to terminate at the Colorado River; but, in reality, the generally sterile aspect continues for 100 miles east of that river. Southward, the desert extends to Sonora, and embraces the apex of the Gulf of California. The whole area embraced within these limits bears unmistakable evidence of having been an extensive sea-bottom or broad gulf, such as is now the Gulf of California. In fact, this gulf undoubtedly extended, at some former period, over this whole area. A volcanic upheaval, within a very recent period, has caused a general rise of the surface on an east and west line, near the mouth of the Colorado River; forming thus an inland sea, which has since dried up from evaporation, leaving the bottom a considerable depth below the level of the sea.

The Colorado and Gila once poured their waters into this sea, but they were diverted by the upheaval. If the water could be restored, by means of a canal, from the Gulf of California to this area, and the Colorado and Gila turned into their old channels, the entire character of Arizona would be changed; its climate and soil would be unsurpassed, while its precious metals would be extracted from their mountain beds by the large population that would be found within its limits.

The boundary line strikes the Colorado River twenty miles below the junction of the Gila. This river is navigable for small steamers drawing two and a half feet of water, as far as the Gila, 160 miles. Its waters, as its name implies, are tinged with red.

The boundary line follows the middle of the river for twenty miles, until the junction with the Gila is reached. Opposite the mouth of the Gila, on the top of a mass of volcanic rock that, at some period in the past, has been thrust upward from beneath the surface, is situated Fort Yuma, an important point in many respects. It occupies a commanding position. The rock upon which it stands is an island in a desert sea—in fact, during high water, in the Spring-time, it is entirely surrounded, and is an island in fact as well as in topographical characteristics. The surface of the rock is 110 feet above low water in the Colorado, which, running south at this point, here turns abruptly northward, rounding the eminence on which the military post is placed. The southern face of the rock is denuded and partly removed by the force of the current that, here meeting with the Gila, flows in a united stream to the Gulf of California.

The Colorado, north of the Fort, spreads out into a wide stream, with low, swampy banks, for some miles, when it is narrowed again by the presence of volcanic rocks, through which it forms a cañon. In its course through the low lands below the fort, it is constantly changing its current and altering the direction of its channel. The confluence of the two streams at Fort Yuma is at such an angle that it is certain its present course is but a recent and a temporary one, that time will change. The topographical evidence, and ancient terraces and river-beds, clearly indicate that the Colorado, at a former period, flowed in a much larger volume than it does at present.

Fort Yuma is, without doubt, the most forlorn and uncomfortable station occupied by Government troops. From its bare and desolate rock it looks out upon a desert in all directions. The changing seasons bring little or no relief to the dreary isolation that makes up the whole of life in this remote region.

Winter commences in November. It is characterized by warm days and cold nights, the difference in temperature being very great. The atmosphere is dry, and little or no rain falls. Violent sand-storms come from the northwest, and continue in their blinding fury for days together. Spring commences about the last of February, but without rain. From the latter part of May the heat increases, and in the months of June, July, August and September it becomes intense; the mercury rising as high as 113 degrees in the shade. Perspiration is scarcely seen on the skin, which becomes dry and harsh, and the hair crispy. The furniture becomes so dry, and the wood shrinks so much, that many of the articles fall to pieces. The ink dries so rapidly on the pen that it is difficult to write, and an ordinary lead-pencil will not make a mark unless it is wet, and, in order to use it, must be kept standing in water when not in use. The earth under the feet is hot, dry and powdery, and the rocks become so hot that the hand cannot be held on them. Fort Yuma is the hottest military post in the United States, although it is far from being the most southerly. The thermometer has stood as high as 119 degrees.

The influence of the great "Colorado Desert" is felt through all this region of country. The Desert is like an

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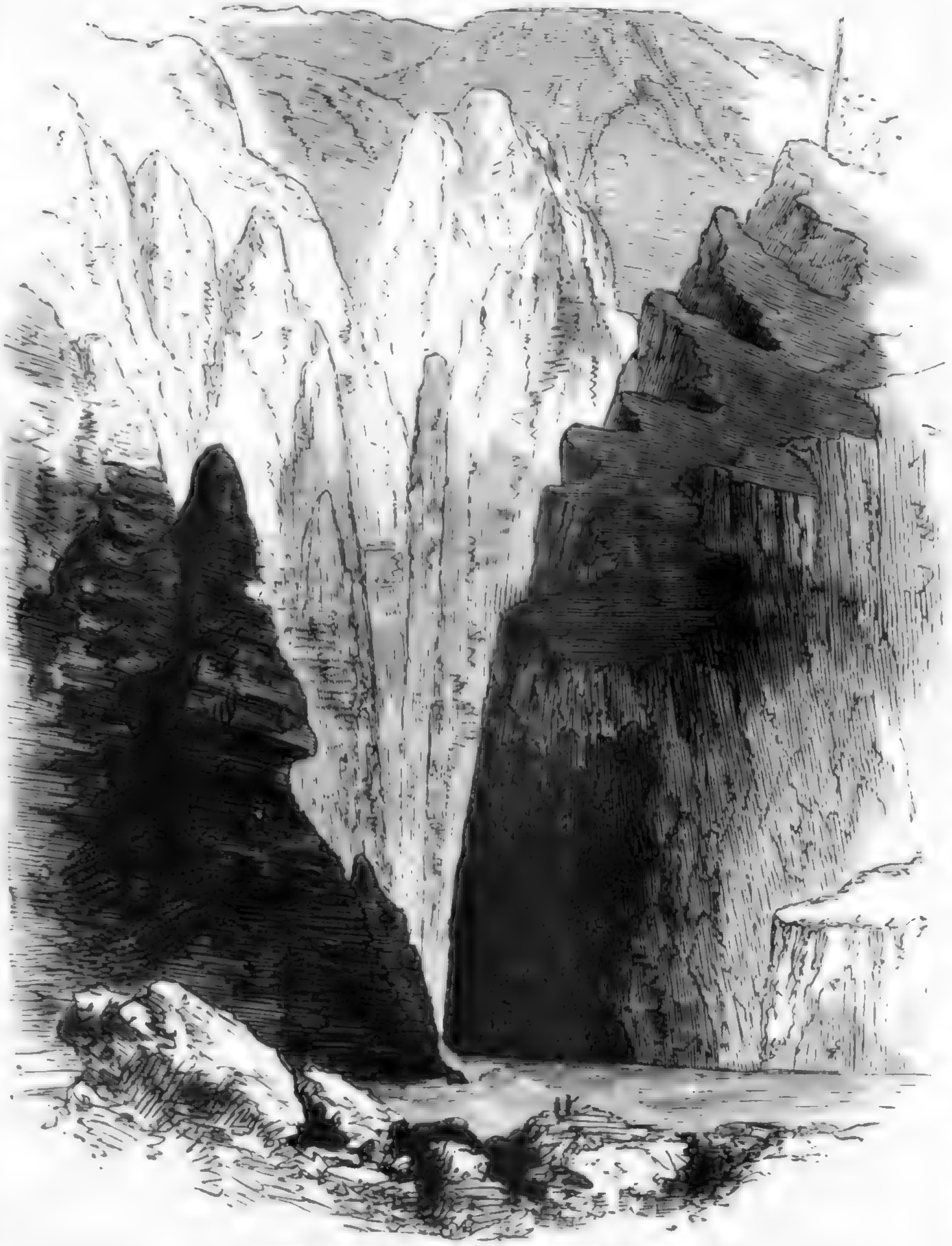
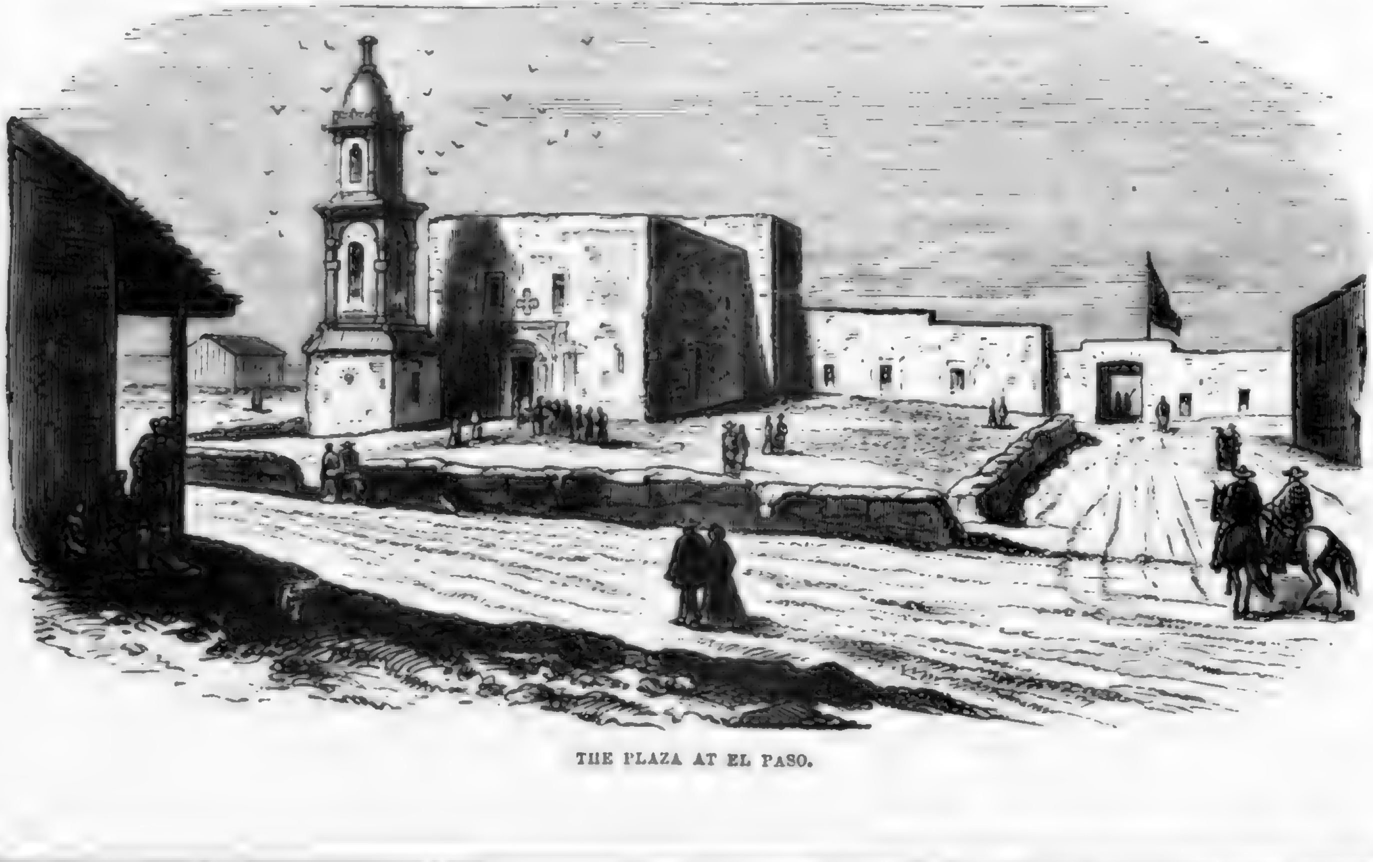
immense oven, where a hot and rarefied air is generated that is spread over the surrounding country for hundreds of miles. The rain that waters the northern States of Mexico does not find its way across the Desert, the moisture being all taken up by the hot, dry air. When, in former times, this desert area was covered with water, the evaporation from its surface, rising in the air, was met by the colder currents from the ocean, and moisture was precipitated in the form of rain over a wide area, that is now rainless for months at a time, and only occasional showers fall.

The town of Yuma lies directly opposite the Fort, on the left bank of the Colorado, at its junction with the Gila. It is not much of a place, its inhabitants being chiefly Mexicans and the lower orders of frontier people. It is a sort of freight depot, all freights for the supply of troops and merchandise for the people of Arizona being sent by steamer from San Francisco by way of the Gulf of California. At the mouth of the Colorado the goods are transhipped to light-draught vessels and sent up the river to Yuma, whence they are distributed by land to their destinations. The alluvial delta lying north of the junction of the



VIEW IN THE GRAND CANON OF THE COLORADO.



THE PLAZA AT EL PASO.

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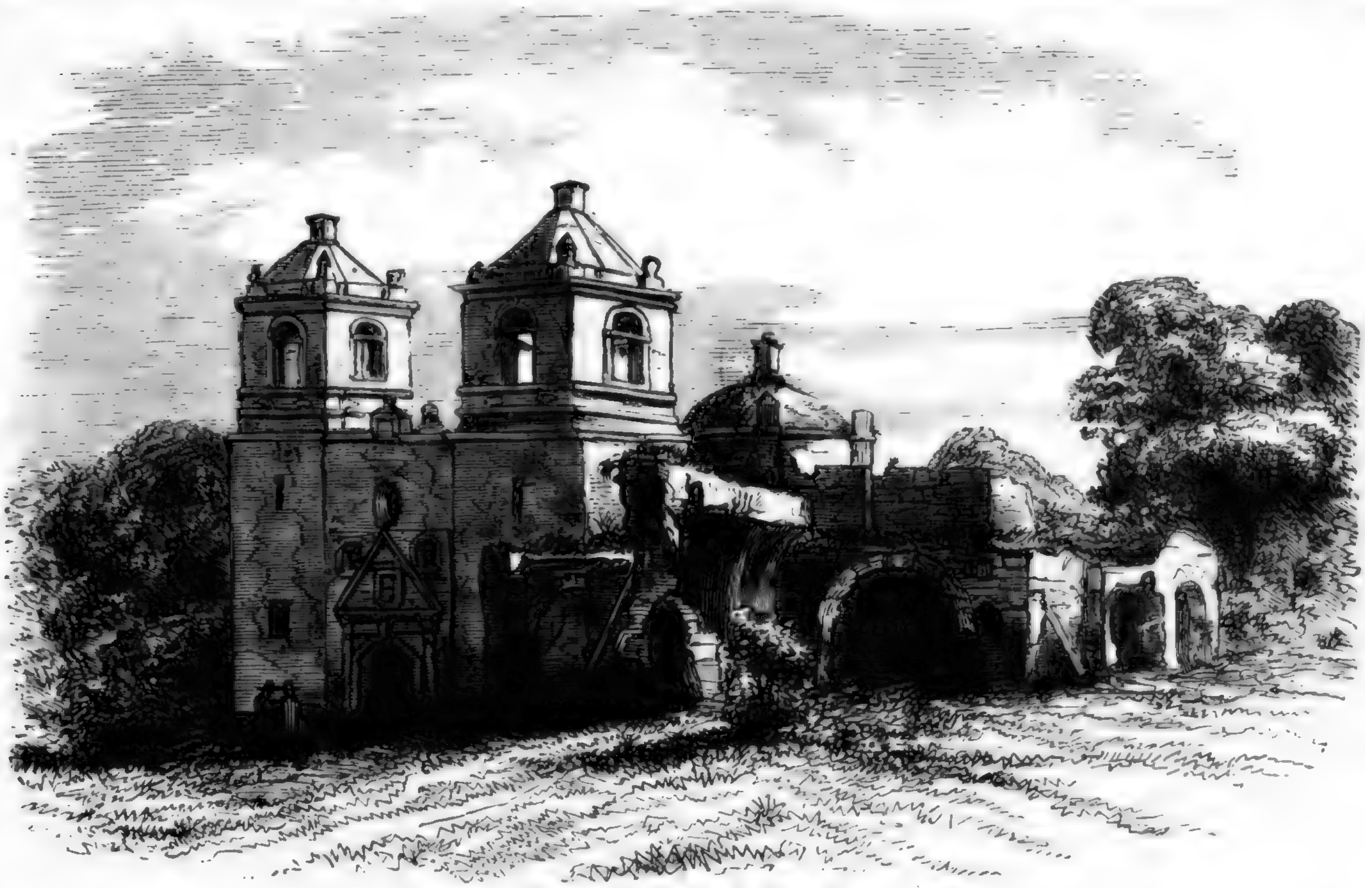
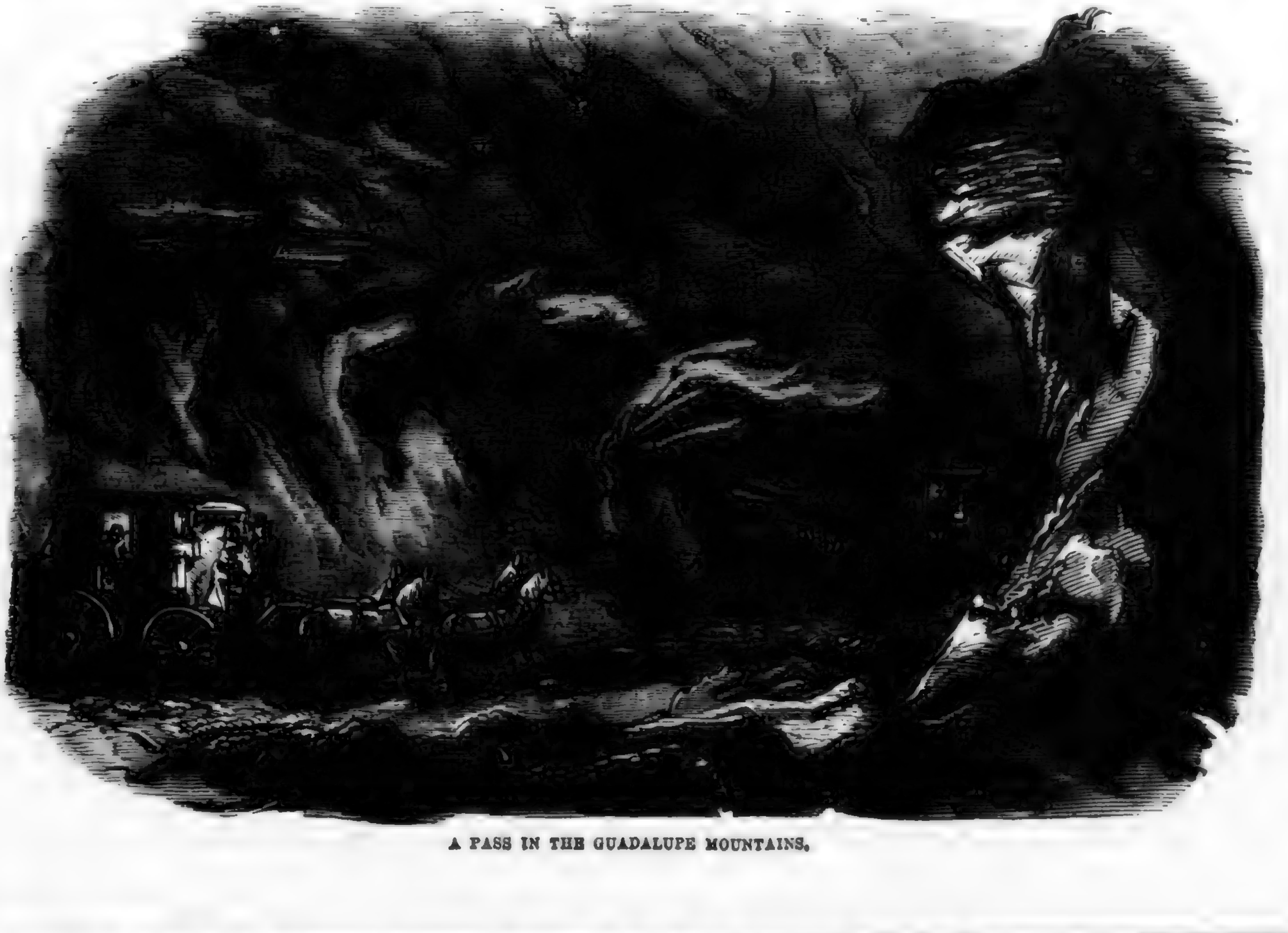


MISSION OF LA CONCEPCION, NEW MEXICO.

Gila and Colorado furnishes a soil fit for cultivation, and is occupied as such by the Yuma Indians, who are semi-civilized and a very well-disposed race. The dress of these natives is very simple. The heavily fringed kilt, made of the bark of the cottonwood or of woolen yarn, in two divisions which scarcely come together at the hips, and worn about the loins, is the fashion which obtains among the Yuma women; while the men of the tribe are encumbered only with about two yards of muslin and a belt or strap. The hair of both males and females is cut square across the forehead, above the eyes; the sides and back left long. The men wear it very long, as it is considered a great ornament, and braid it in rolls. The latter are used for securing their bows, arrows and clothing above water when swimming the rivers. The women do not wear the hair as long as the men. Both the women and the men paint their faces. The



A PASS IN THE GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS.

usual colors are vermillion, black and blue. Some of them are tattooed. This is done by abrading the skin with the sharp point of a flint, and then sprinkling the wounded part with charcoal.

Besides the Yuma, there are many other Indian tribes scattered through Arizona and the lower part of California; among them are the Pimas, Diegueños, Cocopas, Maricopas and Pintos. Some of these appear to be offshoots from the others, that have separated in consequence of disagreements between their chiefs. Years of deadly feud generally follow such a separation, and this has the effect to produce a change in their respective habits. At the best, they are all fast falling into debasement under the influence of their contact with the lower classes of the whites, who, driven out of more civilized regions, congregate in these desolate wastes in pursuit of the precious metals, or for the plunder of their more fortunate fellow-beings. The Diegueños were at one time converted to Christianity by the Franciscan missionaries, and became partly civilized, were industrious and comparatively happy; but after the mission had fallen into decay they became utterly helpless, and are now absolutely worse than when in their original condition. A few years will, in all probability, see the last of these aboriginal proprietors, and their past history will only live in doubtful tradition.

What remains of the boundary-line is that portion which crosses the Colorado Desert, and then, climbing the sea-coast range, reaches the Pacific Ocean. Whenever the blighting influence of this Desert shall be removed by the appliances of art, such as the introduction of water, the creation of numerous oases by means of artesian wells, or the planting of date-trees, which are especially adapted to this sandy soil and warm climate, then the whole face of the country eastward through Arizona and New Mexico will change its character, and, instead of being, as it is now, a region where a residence is almost a banishment and a purgatory, it will become inviting and populous.

The journey across the desert is at present so disagreeable and attendant with so much real suffering, that most persons prefer the long trip by sea, *via* the Gulf of California, to the apparently shorter but more tedious journey over the desert to San Diego, than which nothing could be more desolate and dreary. Animals and even men have been known to fall prostrate and exhausted in this journey, and lie down to die in utter helplessness and hopelessness.

The coast range that separates this desert country from the ocean is rugged on the easterly slope, but on the westerly side it descends in green valleys to the sea; following which we reach the Pacific terminus of the boundary line, one league south of San Diego.

And this ends our journey. It has been a rugged one indeed, and for the most part through unfavored regions. There are few of the elements from which civilization, even of the most primitive type, can possibly spring. Those who are compelled from the force of circumstances to inhabit this desolate region, regard their lives as a virtual banishment. Even the construction of the proposed railway will have little or no local effect, for the soil and climate will always remain the same. And, in all probability, the entire border, from the mouth of the Rio Grande on the Gulf of Mexico, to San Diego on the Pacific, will always remain what it is now—the resort of the lowest orders of both nations; where lawlessness and anarchy will be the normal condition of society, and vice and crime the habitual order of things.

However, the law of compensations holds good here as elsewhere in the world, and for all this desolation there is this great advantage, that the shortest trans-continental line is along this boundary—as well as the lowest line of continental elevation—that the railway which is now in process of construction through Texas to the Pacific will not only give a more speedy connection with the western coast, but, more than all else, it will open up to commerce, and therefore to an increased production, the luxuriant valleys of Northern Mexico and those almost equally fertile regions in the cereal zone, that are now almost secluded from the outer world of industry and commerce.

In all probability the next decade will witness, both north and south of this line, a most wonderful development of mineral wealth and agricultural resources. All the productions of the tropics, including coffee, tea, and tobacco, and the most delicious fruits, now unknown to our markets, will come to us from those regions in Mexico of bountiful supply in great abundance. Lateral railways will extend through Sonora and Chihuahua that will change the current of Mexican commerce that has hitherto, under so many difficulties, found its way to the Gulf ports.

A rapid increase of the population of these States will follow, and a marked improvement in the Mexican character for industry and thrift will be the result; and the country beyond the boundary will, by its contrast, make us forget the dreary route by which it is reached.

Still another result will follow the completion of this line of railway. The iron horse has already proven to be the most potent agent in subduing the barbarous instincts of the savage of the Plains, and this railway will thus become a powerful barrier against the incursions of the Apaches. They will recognize as they never have before the mighty force of civilization, and how futile have now become their puny efforts to stay its progress; and seeing this, will accept, although perhaps reluctantly, the beneficent terms which it offers to them.

Relieved from the incubus of savage warfare, the valleys that have been so long desolate will again blossom under cultivation, and yield their increase as of yore, and terror give place to hope in the hearts of the people through all this region.

THE BLACK GUEST.

"The desire of one man's heart another coveteth not; but some temptation cometh to all."

Many years ago, when the world was very different from now, when good men were entirely good, and wicked men altogether bad, lived a famous knight in a castle on the Rhine. He was a mirror of knightly courtesy, a protector of the poor and oppressed, a liberal donor to the Church, and having all things that men covet in this world, and being sure of a good reception in the next, Sir Rudolph's praise was on every man's tongue, and his virtues a pattern for every man to copy.

He had lands, wealth and fame, a lovely wife to share them while living, and a vigorous, sturdy son to inherit them. What more could the heart of man desire?

If any man could be supposed to be above the reach of temptation by the possession of all things which lead men into evil, that man was Sir Rudolph. And yet sometimes his time hung heavy on his hands; the hunt with hound and horn could not always be pursued; the armed fray with some robber knight, who would despoil a widow or an orphan (for of all such Sir Rudolph considered himself the guardian), must come at last to an end. The prattle of his child, and the soft words of his wife, sometimes wearied instead of charming him, and the old, droning chaplain, who told stories and legends of saintly men and maids who tormented themselves into heaven, were as tedious to him as the camp remembrances of the old seneschal, and the recitals of struggles to gain a kingdom in this world or the other, only provoked a yawn. A book might have solaced Sir Rudolph, but books in those days were rare, and only for scholars, and, had he possessed one, he could not have read it; and so, notwithstanding his possessions and his virtues, the knight was sometimes a-weary.

On a wild December night the wind shook the turrets of the old castle, and the rain poured upon the already drenched earth. Sir Rudolph, with unheeding ears, leaned back in his great oaken chair, while the chaplain related some pious legend to which the Lady Lisberta listened with humble reverence, wondering, if one so holy found it so difficult to reach heaven, how such a sinner as herself could ever hope to find it, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer gate.

The old seneschal, a man more valiant in the morning than at midnight, and who was busy rubbing a shield by the light of the blazing fire, paused a moment in his occupation at the sound. He, too, had been listening to the wonderful story of the chaplain with as great faith as his mistress, and not doubting that the powers that work evil to man were abroad on such a dark and stormy night, he prudently resolved not to unbar the gate, lest he should admit some unholy guest, and he resumed his work with more vigor than before, hoping that the clanging of the shield might prevent the sound from reaching his master's ears. The cautious chaplain, and the timid Lisberta, he knew, would never bid him unbar the gate.

But the stranger, whoever he might be, was importunate, and would not be denied; and he struck upon the gate with such right good will, that the blows resounded above all the howling of the storm, and at last reached Sir Rudolph's ears.

"Do you not hear, Franz?" said he, rousing himself from his reverie. "Some one knocks. Open quickly; it is no night for man or beast to be without. Why do you wait? Go at once!"

Franz took a lighted brand from the chimney corner, and crossing himself as he did so, unbarred the gate with a trembling hand, and returning quickly to the hall, scarcely daring to look behind him, was followed by a tall man in a palmer's dress, from which the rain dripped as he walked.

Sir Rudolph welcomed the new-comer courteously, and bade Franz bring an oaken stool and place it in the chimney corner, that his guest might warm and comfort himself.

As the stranger took the proffered seat, he threw back his cowl and disclosed a thin face, bronzed by a fiercer sun than ever shines upon Germany, and lighted by black eyes which seemed to burn with a strange fire in their deep-sunk sockets. So hot and fierce was the light of those eyes that the Lady Lisberta shrunk back from the glance he bestowed upon her, as a dewy rose thrown into the fire shrinks and curls away from the destroying flame, and Father Hubert muttered a prayer between his teeth as he looked at him.

Sir Rudolph seemed not aware of any peculiarity in his guest, and, intent only upon hospitable thoughts, ordered Franz to bring a flagon of Rhenish wine for the stranger to drink, while a boar's steak was being broiled for him, and, glad of any new face to break the monotony of the long storm, he inquired where the stranger came from, and whither he was going.

The newcomer was not averse to answer any inquiries that the baron chose to make; yet when he pondered upon his replies, though they seemed satisfactory at the time, he found he had gained but little information from them. The stranger had come from a far country, had lost his way in the storm, and, attracted by the light of the blazing fire, had approached the castle for shelter.

Sir Rudolph's friends and acquaintances were not so numerous that he could afford to be critical in his choice of companions. But, had he been accustomed to the best society in court or camp, the stranger, who related many a story of foreign lands in tones whose liquid sweetness proved he was not German-born, would have kept him a charmed listener, and even the Lady Lisberta forgot the fire of his eyes in the music of his tongue.

It was late ere they separated for the night, and so pleased was the baron with his new inmate, that when he awoke the next morning, and found the storm raging with redoubled fury, he rejoiced that his guest would be obliged to remain with him another day.

After the morning meal was ended, and the morning prayers said, the stranger came into the hall. Sir Rudolph was looking at the shield which the seneschal had been polishing on the previous evening, and, pointing out the dents upon it, told in what a bloody fight they had been won, and how his good horse had carried him off unharmed from many a furious foe.

When he had ended, the stranger took up the theme, and, describing many a sanguine field, praised now the havoc which the Christians made of the infidels, and now the infidels of the Christians, with so much impartiality that the baron abruptly asked him "whether he was on the side of the true believers or the heathen dogs?"

"I fight on neither side," said the stranger, with a strange contortion of his thin lips, glancing down at his palmer's dress. "I only go to look after the dead and dying. Dying men need looking after," muttered he to himself; "they sometimes go over to the enemy at the very last moment."

The baron heard not the half-spoken words; his thoughts were busy with wars and fightings.

"It is a sad time," said he, "for a man when he can no longer buckle on his armor, or chase the boar or the bear; when, like a sick dog in a kennel, he cannot stir from his fireside. May that time never come for me! A week off a horse's back is enough to take the life out of any man;" and he passed his sinewy hand across his grizzly beard.

The stranger lifted up his eyebrows.

"What would you say were I to tell of knights in other lands, as bold as yourself, who would sit, day after day, moving carved bits of wood or ivory across a painted board, and grudge to stir, though a hundred trumpets called to saddle?"

The baron laughed loud.

"Nay, stranger, that were so strange a sight that a man must see it to believe it."

The palmer rejoined:

"To do that you need go no further than to Spain, or among the Saracens. I have seen men forget all natural wants, even food and sleep, in the strange charm of it."

"I would," said Sir Rudolph, with a half-suppressed yawn, "that you had brought the subtle enchantment with you, that I might have something to beguile me when the chaplain bores, and my wife and child weary me; when there is no boar or stag within ten good miles, and no fighting to keep a man's blood warm in his veins."

A gleam of pleasure lighted up the swarthy face of his guest.

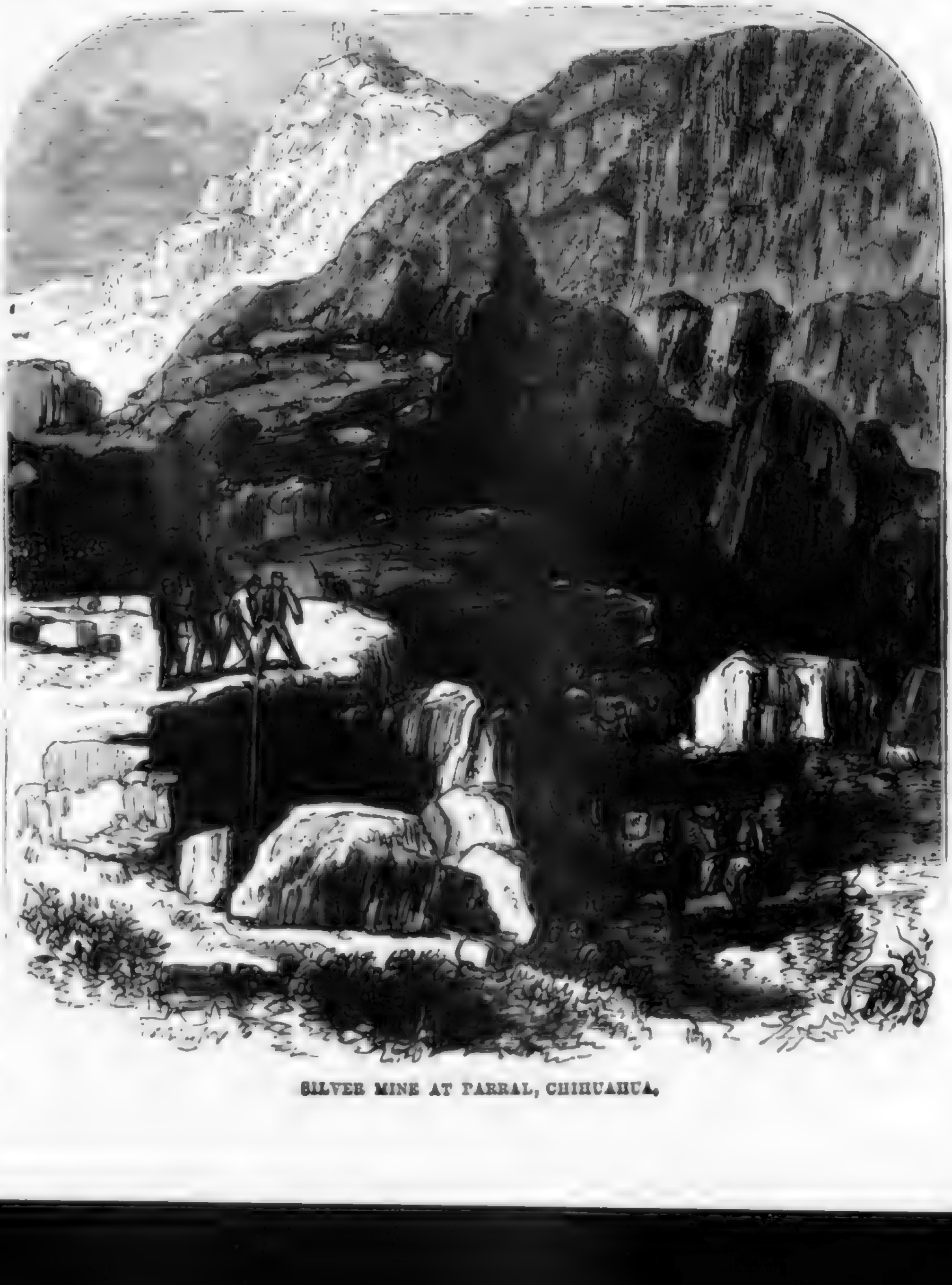
"If Franz would but bring some bits of pine wood, and if my fingers have not forgotten their cunning, I could fashion something like them, which would serve to explain the thing to you."

Franz brought the pine wood, and, with wide-open eyes, watched the palmer, as he drew from his bosom a slender knife of finely tempered steel, and carved, with rapid ease, kings with crown and sceptre, queens with long, flowing robes, castles with tower and banner, bishops with mitres, men with shields, knights on horseback, and, to his bewildered apprehension, the figures seemed to start of their own accord from the bough as soon as the blade touched it.

THE OLD TOWN OF SAN DIEGO, CAL.

When he had finished carving, he drew from a leathern pouch at his side a black powder, which he put into the horn from which he had drank, and poured some wine upon it. A little steam rose up from the powder, and a faint, sickly odor filled the room. Then taking half the figures which he had carved, he dipped them in the mixture, and drew them out, black and shining like ebony.

Sir Rudolph watched his operations with the eager interest which an idle man often bestows on the work of others. His little son, Herman, laid his hand upon his knee, and begged for a smile or a word; his father shoved him away. His wife leaned over his shoulder, and spoke; she received no answer. Already the mysterious figures were beginning to exercise a strange fascination over him.



SILVER MINE AT PARRAL, CHIHUAHUA.

"The white shall be yours, and the black ones mine," cried the palmer, wiping his stained fingers on his gown; "and now for a field whereon to display our forces."

He drew toward him a small oaken table, and dividing its surface into sixty-four equal squares, blackened half of them with a feather, which he drew from the baron's casque, and dipped in the mixture with which he had stained the figures.

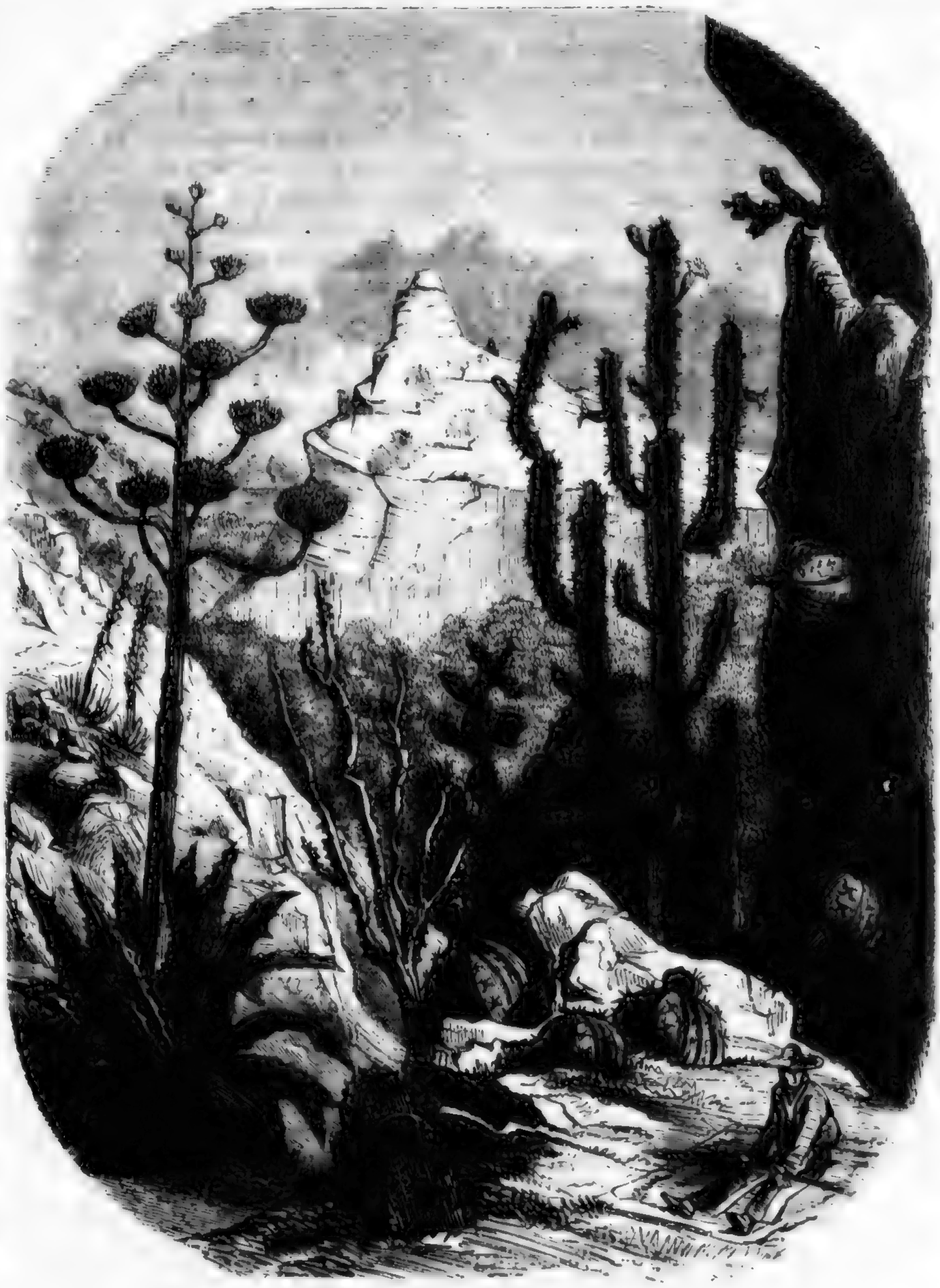
Then gathering up the pieces, he placed them in certain positions on the table, and asked the baron to seat himself opposite to him, and he would explain the strange enchantment which cheated men into such forgetfulness.

The chaplain had been watching the palmer's proceedings with holy horror, and as Sir Rudolph rose to comply with the stranger's request, he laid his hand upon him.

"Do not look at it; it is some delusion of Satan. See, he has made images of kings and queens, and even of holy bishops; do not listen to him;" and he plucked him by the sleeve.

"Pshaw!" cried the baron. "If you have any scruples, tell them to Lady Lisberta; she will listen to them. I should be truly discourteous now, were I to refuse to look upon what he has taken so much pains to prepare;" and, shaking off the chaplain's grasp, he drew a stool toward the table.

In a few

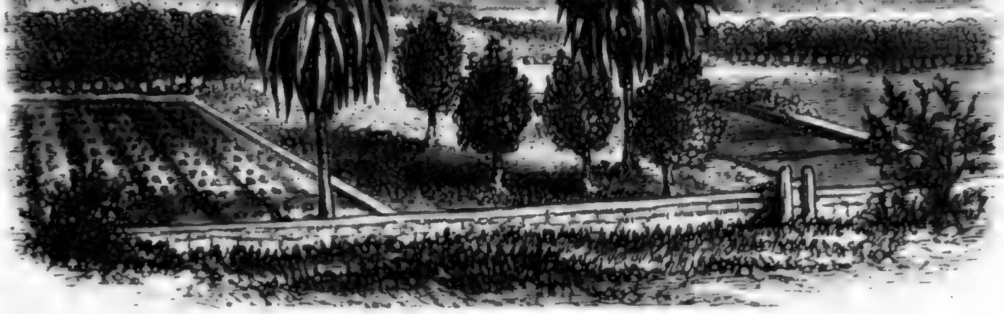


VEGETATION IN CALIFORNIA.

brief, clear words, the palmer explained the game; moving the pieces hither and thither, and showing how all ranks and conditions, not even excepting the queen, must peril themselves that the king might stand in safety.

Sir Rudolph listened with earnest attention, and when the palmer proposed that, in order to understand it more completely, he should play, his game was no discredit to a new beginner. The same quick insight, and power of combination, which made him a skillful leader of men, served him well now; and when at length, caught in the toils of the crafty palmer, he saw his king neither able to remain in his present position, nor to leave it, he drew back from the table, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, cried out: "By the three Kings of Cologne! I believe all you have said of the game. I have ridden many a mile on horseback, and struck many a good blow with less effort than it has cost me to keep my king out of your snares."

The baron rose from his seat and walked quickly up and down the room, every firm footstep resounding on the stone floor.



OLIVE ORCHARD IN THE MISSION GARDEN, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The palmer sat still, and a half-perceptible smile curved his lips as he saw how at every turn the baron's eye sought the table, as if he longed for a renewal of the contest. Nor was he deceived, for Sir Rudolph stopped abruptly, and seating himself, said:

"Let me try my fortune again, Sir Palmer, and see if my valor again outruns my discretion." And he gathered up his vanquished forces and placed them again on the table.

The same result followed, though he played with a wary coolness that proved he profited by his first defeat. But when the trial was over he could not rest. Leaning back in his old oak chair, with half-shut eyes, he played the game over in his own mind, and saw how, by an unguarded move, he had given the enemy the advantage, and by snatching at a tempting bait that had been presented to him, he had weakened his forces and been led to ruin.

Three times again was the contest renewed, and three times was the baron vanquished; and when he sought his bed late at night, he tossed and turned on his uneasy couch till the morning tinged the eastern sky; then sinking into an unquiet sleep, he muttered and groaned till the Lady Lisberta wondered within herself whether remorse for some untold evil deed did not weigh heavily upon him, and half breathed out a prayer for the welfare of his soul.

The palmer came no earlier into the hall in the morning, and while the chaplain performed the usual service, the baron waited impatiently for his coming, and his frequent looks toward the door told the direction of his thoughts. The day was spent like the yesterday. The palmer and the baron sat spell-bound by the table, now advancing, now retreating with their forces, plotting and circumventing with all the earnestness of a real battle; and when, toward nightfall, Sir Rudolph, by a move "wiser than he knew," destroyed all the deep-laid plans of his guest and won the game, his exultation knew no bounds.

"To-morrow!" cried Sir Rudolph—"to-morrow we will try again. Perhaps you may think me discourteous, but you rise so late that the better part of the morning is spent before you appear."

"In one respect you are wrong, Sir Baron. I rise early, but I have made a vow to hear no prayers except in a church, and I only wait till your morning service is ended. I came twice to the door to-day, but heard the drone of the chaplain's voice and withdrew. Good-night;" and the palmer glided out of the room like a dark shadow.

Sir Rudolph looked after him with surprise.

"By our Lady! 'tis a strange vow for a Christian man to make; and yet, had he heard the chaplain's prayers as long as I have, he might well wish to cut them short."

The next morning, when the household was gathered together, and the chaplain was about to begin—

"Give us a hunting mass this morning, and be quick about it!" cried the baron.

Lady Lisberta looked at her husband, and glanced at the window, from which she saw only gray sky and pouring rain.

"Surely, Sir Rudolph, there can be no hunting to-day in such horrible weather, and we might be allowed time enough to say our prayers."

Sir Rudolph drew down his grizzled eyebrows into a straight line over his keen blue eyes.

"What matters it to you? You can tell your beads all day an you choose. Father Hubert is always as long at his prayers as he is at his dinner. I will have no more of it. Do as I bid you; and if we must have prayers, end ere you are well begun."

Lady Lisberta sighed, and the tears sprang in her eyes. The look on her husband's face was one that had never been turned on her before. The terrified chaplain murmured a few incoherent words, and before the amen had left his lips Sir Rudolph bade Franz tell the palmer that prayers were over, and that he was waiting for him in the hall.

Lady Lisberta turned a timid glance upon him as he entered, and feeling that it was he, with his strange sorcery, that had wrought such a change in the baron, all the repugnance which she had experienced against him on the first night that she saw him returned—a repugnance which his stealthy step and burning eye did not diminish.

Sir Rudolph was only restrained by the consideration of his duty as host from abridging the palmer's repast, and, though he heaped his plate with viands, and pressed the wine upon him, it was with ill-concealed impatience that he saw him leisurely satisfy his hunger. But when he would eat and drink no more, he asked "if he would show him whether his victory yesterday was the result of skill or accident?"

The palmer assented, and the two men, drawing their stools to the table, bent over it, concentrating all their thoughts upon the inanimate strife between them.

Lady Lisberta sat a little apart, watching them. What could it be but some unholy magic which thus chained her husband? Not stirring, save when he stretched out toward one of those carved figures, with no eyes save for them, and ears which only heard the strange, unmeaning words which now and then fell from the palmer's lips, and which seemed to occasion him great uneasiness and deepen the furrows on his forehead. She looked at the dreary landscape through the deep-sunk, narrow windows, and prayed that on the morrow the sun would dispel the clouds, and make it no longer incumbent on them to furnish the stranger with shelter.

The morning rose as fair as the Lady Lisberta could desire, and the sun seemed to rejoice that no clouds hid the earth from his gaze. But whatever hope or joy she felt at the sight of the sun was damped when Sir Rudolph told the chaplain he would have no prayers at all, and sent Franz to desire the palmer to come and partake of the morning meal. When he entered the hall, however, he was attired for a journey.

"What is this, Sir Palmer?" cried the baron; "is my hospitality so niggardly that you can only endure it in the roughest of storms, and must speed away as soon as the sun shines?"

"I were but a churl myself were I not more than satisfied with my entertainment."

"Prove it, then, by your actions. Lay down your scrip and staff, and tarry a while longer with us."

The palmer made some faint objections, which, to the Lady Lisberta's discomfiture, were overruled by the baron, and it was with a heavy heart she saw the palmer put away his scrip and staff.

The day was spent like the preceding one, with the exception that, as the baron acquired skill and knowledge, and became a better match for his antagonist, the games became more absorbing and protracted. Lady Lisberta withdrew to her own apartment, and, like many another woman, wearied heaven with prayers to accomplish that which she had not the power to do for herself.

It was near noon. Hard pressed and sore beset, the baron was pondering on the best means of escape, when Franz rushed in, exclaiming that "a wolf had come down into the hamlet and cruelly mangled a child."

Sir Rudolph looked up for a moment.

Franz repeated his intelligence, and asked "if they should not mount at once in pursuit of the ravenous beast."

"Begone!" shouted he, "and come not here again if every child in the hamlet should be devoured!" and in his anger the baron moved his protecting knight, and in the next instant was conquered by his cool adversary.

Happily, Franz had disappeared at the sound of his master's angry words, or a blow might have been added to them when he saw the consequences of his mistake.

The infatuation of the baron increased day by day. He scarcely allowed himself time for needful food or rest, and the constant, eager application, which seemed to produce no effect on the thin, sallow face of the palmer, sharpened his features and undermined his temper.

Lady Lisberta no longer remained in the hall; she could not endure the silent presence of the hated palmer, nor bear to watch the rapid changes in the haggard face of the baron; but in her own apartment, in the society of her child, and in the pious conversation of the chaplain, she strove to forget her disquietude.

One day, as she sat embroidering a scarf with which she hoped at some future, joyous time to adorn Sir Rudolph, and Herman bestrode a broken spear as a war horse, teasing his mother for bits of silk to make a pennon to adorn a stick which he held, Franz entered the room.

XUM

"There is bad news, Lady Lisberta. Sir Bertrand is besieged in his castle by a band of robbers; his two sons are slain; he is badly wounded, and he has sent a man-at-arms to Sir Rudolph for help. The man spurred here in hot haste; his horse dropped dead just inside the drawbridge."

"Why do you come to me with the tidings? Go to Sir Rudolph at once, and tell him of Sir Bertrand's peril."

"I dare not," said Franz. "I looked in at the door. It would be as much as my life is worth to disturb him now. I narrowly escaped a buffet last week, and he is worse bewitched now."

"Then you wish me to encounter that of which you are afraid," said Lady Lisberta, putting down her silk and colors, and rising.

Franz looked confused.

"He will bear an interruption from you."

Lady Lisberta shook her head, but took her way to the hall. Better that she should suffer a rude rebuff than Sir Bertrand should perish without aid from his friend; and yet, notwithstanding her assumed courage, she trembled a little as she laid her hand lightly on her husband's shoulder.

He did not hear her footsteps, and he started as if he had received a spear's thrust at the touch of her fingers, and asked "What brought her there?"

"I come on no errand of my own. Your friend, Sir Bertrand, is in danger, and has sent to you for help."

"Sir Bertrand is a stout knight; let him take care of himself," was the ungracious answer.

"He has done all a brave man can do; but he is wounded, and his sons are slain."

"Let him send to Sir Egbert, then."

"But he has sent to you," said she, earnestly; "and shall he send in vain?"

The palmer looked at Lady Lisberta, and said, with a sneer:

"Who is this Sir Bertrand—a brother or a kinsman?—that you seem so earnest to aid him?"

A flush stole over her cheek, for there had been a time when Sir Bertrand had been dearer to her than Sir Rudolph, though that was in her earlier Spring; but, conscious of the purity of her intentions, she answered, boldly:

"He has a greater claim upon us now than the nearest kinsfolk; he is in danger, and we can help him."

"And you would send your husband into danger to relieve him?"

"I would," said she, fixing upon the palmer a gaze as firm as his own. "Sir Rudolph is bound by his knightly vow to succor those in distress."

"Especially when the distressed knights are his wife's favorites. Go, Sir Rudolph. When you return we will commence our game anew;" and the palmer stretched out his hand to sweep away the men.

The baron caught it. The sneers of the palmer, combined with the favorable position of his pieces, caused him to turn a deaf ear to his wife.

"If you are so anxious for Bertrand's safety, let Franz take a score of men and ride over to the castle, and do not trouble me any more about it."

"It would only be sending Franz and the men into useless danger, unless you commanded them. For once, dear Rudolph, listen to me. I pray you go; the palmer will remain till you return, and when Sir Bertrand is in safety you can play with a lighter heart."

"Unless he has the misfortune to lose his head while he is gone," muttered the palmer.

"I have said all that I will!" returned the baron, hotly. "Franz can go or stay—it is all one to me. Come," nodding to the palmer, "it is your move;" and turning his back upon his wife, he gave his undivided attention to the game.

Lady Lisberta lingered a few moments, hoping that some remorseful feeling lurking in her husband's heart might change his purpose; but when convinced that all her entreaties had been useless, she stole away to tell her griefs to the chaplain, and endeavor to devise some means whereby they might exorcise the evil spirit which possessed him, and which deadened all the generous impulses of his nature.

Franz stoutly refused to lead the men-at-arms, especially as he had listened at the door and heard his master declare that he might go or stay, as he chose; and the helpless Sir Bertrand was left to fight his own battles.

Sour and ill at ease Sir Rudolph arose the next day. The recollection that he had refused to aid his once well-beloved friend and companion in arms, did not increase the serenity of his temper. The cause which made him to offend was as attractive as ever. But what was his indignation when he drew near the oaken table to find that it and all the figures had been copiously sprinkled with water. The palmer drew back from it with a shiver.

"Who has dared do this?" cried the baron, advancing toward the chaplain and Lady Lisberta, who, contrary to their custom of late, lingered in the hall after the morning meal.

The chaplain, holding on to his rosary, slid a few beads through his fingers; his eyes fell under the threatening glance of Sir Rudolph.

"It is some of your accursed nonsense!" continued he, turning to his wife. "If a woman don't understand anything, she is sure it comes from the devil."

By this time the chaplain had found his tongue.

"Lady Lisberta had nothing to do with it," stammered he. "She told me of her troubles yesterday, and I rose early this morning and sprinkled the table with holy water, hoping that thereby the evil spirit that had so bewitched you might be exorcised, and you be restored to your former self—a God-fearing knight, able and willing to succor the distressed."

"So, my wife finds nothing better to do than to bewail herself to you. I will take care that this does not happen again, and for your impudent intermeddling you shall leave the castle at once!" And he put on such a look that the chaplain retreated precipitately, followed by the frightened Lady Lisberta, who saw with dismay that her ill-judged proceeding would deprive her of her best friend.

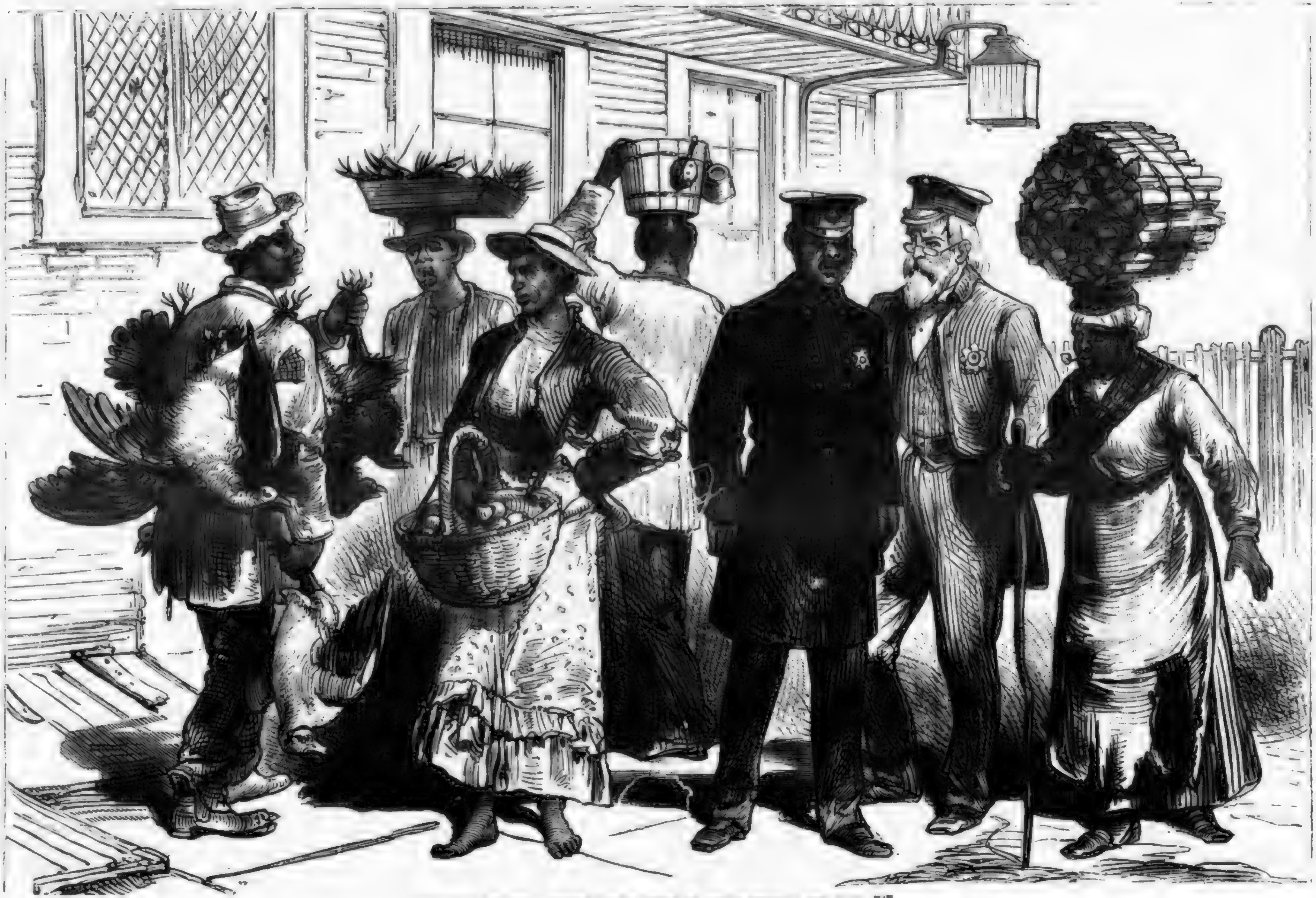
"Franz, bring a napkin, and wipe the water from the table and the pieces. I will see if all my pleasure is to be spoiled for the idle whim of a couple of fools!"

Franz, not daring to dispute the commands of his master in his present mood, brought a napkin, and taking up the pieces as if they had been red-hot coals, began to wipe the water from them.

"We will play with that table no longer," said the palmer. "I thought some time since it was cumbrous and heavy, and have occupied my leisure in contriving something better. I will go and bring it.'

The palmer left the room, and Sir Rudolph, hearing the sound of voices, strode to the foot of the staircase and listened. Franz dropped his napkin, and ceased his distasteful occupation.

"Has not the chaplain gone yet?" shouted the baron, as he caught the sound of the Lady Lisberta's and the chaplain's voices, mingled with Herman's cries. "If he lingers here ten minutes longer he shall be scourged out of the castle with dogwhips!" And he smiled grimly as he went to the window and saw the chaplain, to whom fear seemed



SOUTHERN SCENES.—STREET CHARACTERS IN CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 742 to have lent the fleetness of a hound, running across the drawbridge.

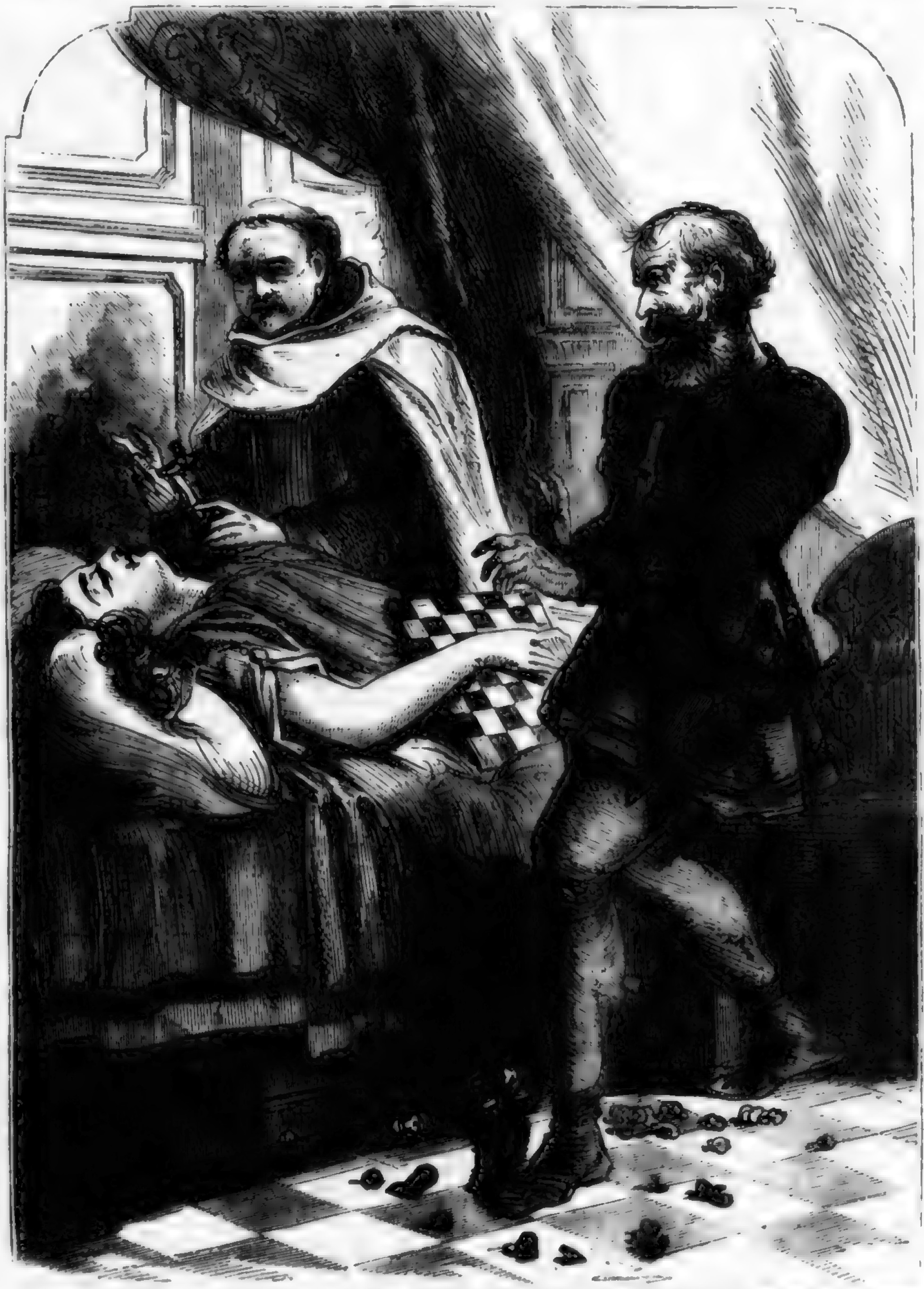
Franz caught up his napkin just in time to avoid the sharp eye of the baron as he turned round.

"We will play no more here," said he to the palmer when he returned, "where every fool that chooses can interrupt us. We will take the chamber in the turret, where we shall not be molested. But let me see first what you have that you think will serve us better."

The palmer produced a small, thin board, folded in the middle, covered with the remains of an old buff jerkin, divided into squares, and half of them stained after the manner of the table; then from his pouch he drew red and white men, carved from bone.

"We can carry this board with us to any place which may suit us best," said he; "and these pieces are not so clumsy as the others, which"—observing the distrustful looks which the old seneschal cast upon the figures—"I think you had better bestow upon Franz, he seems to have such a liking for them."

"I do not covet what does not belong to me," returned Franz, quickly; "and those who know how to use these had better keep them."



THE BLACK GUEST.—"'SEE WHAT YOUR AWKWARDNESS HAS DONE,' CRIED HE, WITHOUT RAISING HIS EYES. 'HUSH!' SAID A VOICE BESIDE HIM. IT WAS THE VOICE OF THE CHAPLAIN, WHO, REACHING OVER THE BARON, HELD A CRUCIFIX TO THE WHITE LIPS."—SEE PAGE 734.

In the turreted chamber, in one of the wings of the castle, the baron and the palmer spent their days. Whatever occurred in the other parts of the castle, none cared to interrupt Sir Rudolph. The horses pawed and neighed in their stalls, the hawks sat drooping upon their perches, the hounds gamboled in the courtyard, and the idle men-at-arms drank and swore, cursing the day that the palmer came.

Lady Lisberta sighed in vain for the chaplain, and grieved over the infatuation of her husband.

"My lady," said Edith, her tirewoman, to her one day, compassionating her loneliness—"my lady, a gay troop of men-at-arms is winding through the valley. It is a pretty sight. Will you not go to the battlements with Herman and see them?"

Lady Lisberta assented, and taking Herman by the hand, she led him to the tower, where they could overlook the valley and the waving plumes and pennons. The glittering armor and burnished shields delighted the child and grieved her; for she recognized Sir Bertrand's colors, and thought of the recreancy of her husband.

"Do not go, mother," said the child, as she turned away. "It is so much pleasanter here, where we can see over the whole world."

"I cannot stay—it makes me giddy—and Herman must come too; he is too little to stay here alone."

"I will be very good if you will leave me. I will not stir from this spot."

"No, Herman; you must come too."

"Then, if I cannot stay, I will run down first;" and the boy ran before his mother down the steep stairs.

"Stay, Herman; not so fast."

But the boy only ran the faster; and, possessed by the spirit of mischief, seeing a door open at the foot of the staircase, he ran into the room, intending to conceal himself there to provoke his mother to search for him. It was the turret chamber in which Sir Rudolph and the palmer were playing.

Whether the child was frightened at thus finding himself unexpectedly in the presence of a father whose sternness of late made him an object of fear; whether the speed at which he ran rendered it impossible for him to stop in his headlong career, or whether he stumbled against the outstretched foot of the palmer, the Lady Lisberta never knew.

Her slower footsteps were soon distanced by the fleet swiftness of the boy, and ere she reached the bottom of the

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stairs she heard a loud crash, a fall, and a round oath from the baron, and when she entered the chamber, she saw an overturned table, chessmen scattered in every direction, and Herman lying senseless on the floor. The baron was picking up the widespread pieces, the palmer was turning the table up, while the child, who had struck his head against the sharp edge of a helmet which was lying on the floor, neither moved nor stirred.

"Oh, my child!" cried Lady Lisberta, bending over him in wild affright; "he does not stir—he is dead!"

"Nonsense! He has only got a tumble. If you don't wish him hurt, keep him out of the way. The little brat has spoiled the best game I ever played."

"But look at him, Rudolph. For pity's sake leave gathering up those senseless things, and look at the boy."

Reluctantly the baron came toward the child.

"He is only faint. He will come to presently. Franz," shouted he, "take up Herman and carry him to Lady Lisberta's chamber. Put a sponge filled with vinegar to his nose, and he will be all right in a little while." Then turning to the palmer, "Can you remember the position of your men when that imp knocked over the table?"

And even before Franz had borne the inanimate body of his son from the room he began to place his pieces.

With a swelling heart Lady Lisberta followed Franz out of the room, and after having exhausted every means to restore the boy, but without avail, she sat by his side in bitter despair.

She sent no message to Sir Rudolph. If he cared not to come and see whether his child lived or not, why should she care to tell him he was dead? With her face covered with her hands she sat silently while her attendants performed the customary offices for the dead. At last, at the sound of her own name, she withdrew her hands, and saw the chaplain standing beside her.

"I have heard of your grief, my daughter, and have come to you. Where is Sir Rudolph?"

"In the turret chamber, playing with the palmer."

"Does he know of this?"

"He might have known it if he used his eyes," said she, bitterly. "He cares not to know it."

"Have you told him?"

"Why should I? He would not listen if I spoke. He cares for none now save the palmer."

"He must know. It is as much his grief as yours."

"Let those tell him who choose—I will not."

"I will go to him," said the chaplain. "At such a time as this one has no fears for one's self."

In the turret were Sir Rudolph and the palmer. They had ceased playing, and were refreshing themselves with a bottle of wine. The Summer breeze swept through the narrow casement, and the hush that pervaded the rest of the castle reached not to them. They were talking gayly when the chaplain entered. Something in the air of the man checked the reproof which arose to the baron's lips.

"I little thought to see you here again, Father Hubert," was his only greeting.

"Nor would you see me now," returned the chaplain, "did I not feel in a man's hour of trouble those who have eaten of his bread should not forsake him."

"I know not what you mean by 'hour of trouble.' I have just fought a hard fight and won. If you had come in the midst of the battle you might have thought it an hour of trouble, for he fought bravely, and did not yield without a struggle."

"It is not of such idle, frivolous things that I would speak, but of something which comes closer home to your heart. You have lost that to-day which you can never win again—your child."

The baron started from his chair.

"The boy! you cannot mean it!—but this morning he was here; that fall—so small a thing—could not have hurt him!"

"Come and see for yourself, and let Lady Lisberta feel that her grief finds yet an echo in your breast."

The baron followed the chaplain to the bedside of his child, and when he saw the dead body he burst into such a loud frenzy of grief that his wife forgot all his hardness of heart, and mingling her tears with his, strove to give him that comfort which she did not possess herself.

The baron's self-reproaches were bitter and excessive. He secluded himself from all his household, and when the palmer asked for an interview as he was about to leave the castle and pursue his journey, he sent him a courteous message by the chaplain, but refused to see him.

Weeks went by, and Sir Rudolph, escaped from the fascinations of the palmer, seemed restored to his former self, and Lady Lisberta began to hope that the death of the child had purchased the redemption of the father. But the baron wearied at last of his quiet life; in his hours of idleness and languor he longed for the brilliant companionship of the palmer. Life seemed listless and insipid without him. He had never entered the turret chamber since the palmer had left him. Had he carried away the board and men? He would just look in and see. No, there was the little table—the magic board with its red and white armies standing ready for action. He shut the door hastily lest Lady Lisberta should see him, and yet he came and looked at them again and again. And once he seated himself, and spreading out the pieces, played over the last victorious game.

So long was he absent from her side, that Lady Lisberta, seeking for him in various places, found him there. She shuddered as she saw his occupation, and cast uneasy glances around the room, as if she must see again the sallow features and burning eyes of the palmer. She turned quickly away.

"Stay, Lisberta," said the baron. "I am coming too I was but trying an old game again, just to cheat the time which weighs so heavy on us both, I think the days are twice as long as when——"

He hesitated. She finished the sentence:

"As when the palmer was here. You wish sometimes that he would return?"

"Not exactly for him," returned he, telling but half the truth; "but only for somebody to play with. Would you but learn the game, I should never desire to see him again. Suffer me to show so much of it to you that you can at least understand me when I talk of it."

Half persuaded, Lady Lisberta remained, and listened to his words, doubting within herself whether she were not committing some deadly sin in even looking upon the unholy things; and yet, were it not better that she should retain the little influence she was gaining over her husband by seeming to take an interest in a pursuit which he would not abandon, than by her cold indifference drive him again to seek the palmer as a companion and an antagonist? Nor would he seek long in vain; for Lady Lisberta doubted not that he still remained in the neighborhood, perhaps even in the castle; for oftentimes, when waking suddenly from a troubled sleep at midnight, she thought she saw his tall figure glide slowly along the corridors, and it required all the phantom-dispelling light of the sun to dispossess her of her terrors.

Reasoning thus, she became her husband's pupil. The baron's patience was sorely tried. Her mistakes, her stupidity, and her indifference disgusted and enraged him, and if his soul were to be benefited by his wife's experiment, his temper was in danger of being ruined. And she discovered to her horror at last that half-way measures were useless. She must devote herself entirely to her husband's pursuit or abandon it altogether.

In this extremity she would gladly have sought advice from the chaplain; but the good man, fondly believing in the reformation of the baron, had gone on a pilgrimage to Rome, leaving her with no other counsellors than her hopes and fears.

With many sad misgivings, she applied herself to the task, and when Sir Rudolph saw that she was becoming a player fit for him to cope with, his infatuation knew no bounds. He showed no compassion for her delicacy or weakness. He grudged the few moments that she gave to her prayers, called the time wasted that she spent in her garden, and would fain have abridged her hours of rest. He followed her everywhere like an evil spirit with his board and men, and every morning began earlier and played further into the night.

The intense application and her own disquieting scruples were visibly undermining her health; but the baron had no eyes to see that the color had faded out of her cheek, nor how the sunlight showed through the thin, transparent hand that was stretched out over the chessboard. He only saw the deep-laid plot, the crafty advance, and the master-move that ended the struggle.

Lady Lisberta was fading away like a mist-wreath, and yet, as long as she could sit before him, he saw no change.

One morning he waited impatiently for her. She did not come, and he sent Edith to inquire why she delayed so long. Her tirewoman returned with the answer that she was too ill to rise.

"Too ill!" exclaimed the baron; "she was well enough yesterday. It must be some womanish whim that keeps her in bed. Perhaps she remembers her defeat last night, and has no wish to be conquered again. I will see."

And the baron ran up the stone staircase with a step which proved he had no apprehensions to check his speed.

Clear-eyed and thoughtful was the face that Lady Lisberta turned toward him as he entered, and any one less blinded than he would have seen the shadow upon it—a shadow which never falls but once on the face of any mortal.

"What! not risen yet!" cried he, "For shame!—to waste so much time in bed!"

"I tried to rise, but my strength failed me."

"You have been too long without food. Franz shall bring you some wine."

When the wine was brought, he poured a full goblet.

"Drink that. It will put some color in your cheeks and strength in your limbs."

Lady Lisberta drank a little.

"I heard yesterday that the chaplain was at Sir Bertrand's. Send Franz for him. I would fain see him."

"Go, Franz, for the chaplain. Tell him your mistress wishes him to come to her: but though she fancies she is ill, I doubt not when he comes he will find her in the garden."

Franz shook his head as he left the room.

"Ah, how blind the baron is not to see that Lady Lisberta is dying!"

The wine revived the Lady Lisberta. It brought back the brightness to her eye and the color to her cheek."

"See!" cried the baron. "You are better already. When the chaplain comes he will laugh at you. Let me raise you up. You have been lying here too long, filling your mind with idle fancies."

She made no opposition, and he raised her gently and supported her with cushions.

"And now," cried he, "I will place the board on your lap, and while the chaplain is coming, we will while away the time with another game."

"No," said she, faintly, closing her eyes again. "We had better employ it in a different way."

"Only for a little. We will stop the instant he appears—even in the middle of the game. Take some more wine and you will feel equal to it."

And after holding the wine again to her lips, the baron arranged the board and men. Lady Lisberta said no more. What could she say—to open eyes that would not see? The game began, and the wine lending her fictitious vigor for a few moments, she followed and opposed the movements of her eager lord.

He had no thought for her. With bent brows, he studied the game. At last for a longer time than usual he waited for her to move. Her position was a perplexing one, and he thought she was considering the best method of solving the difficulty, and freeing herself from her embarrassment. Slowly the white hand was raised at last, but dropped heavily upon the board ere it touched the piece.

"See what your awkwardness has done," cried he, without raising his eyes.

"Hush!" said a voice beside him.

It was the voice of the chaplain, who, reaching over the baron, held a crucifix to the white lips which were struggling to utter a few faint words.

The conscience-struck baron bent eagerly toward her, but the words died away ere they reached his ear.

Wringing his hands, and turning a deaf ear to the chaplain's words and prayers, he rushed wildly from the room. All the remainder of the day he was seen pacing up and down the garden-walks like a man bereft of his senses.

In the morning he had disappeared, and Franz, who had been watching by the bedside of his dead mistress, declared that at midnight he saw a figure, clad in black, approach the baron, and drawing his arm through his, pass with him through the closed wicket into the forest beyond.

Whether Franz had any better foundation for his story than his own credulous imagination or not, Sir Rudolph was never seen again in the castle after the Lady Lisberta died. But others, less superstitious than the old seneschal, said that, overcome by remorse and grief, he had joined a religious community of the strictest order, and passed the remnant of his days in prayers and penance.

Be that as it may, whatever became of the baron or the palmer, the game that wrought so much mischief in Sir Rudolph's household, still remains to fascinate, perplex, and tempt the souls of other men.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

STREET CHARACTERS IN CHARLESTON.

THERE is always much amusement attending the study of the groups of eccentric characters that form along the streets and in the squares of our large cities. Our colored citizens contribute very largely to the picturesque garniture of such sketches, both by their frequent quaintness of attire and by their more or less singular and original attitudes.

From time to time we have presented character-outlines—as we found them in the great Northern cities and in many Southern capitals—which, in their natural grouping, air of earnestness and sectional peculiarities, told many stories of the play of the passions that control all people. In our present number the artist found his inspiration in a stroll along Main Street in Charleston, meeting, almost at the

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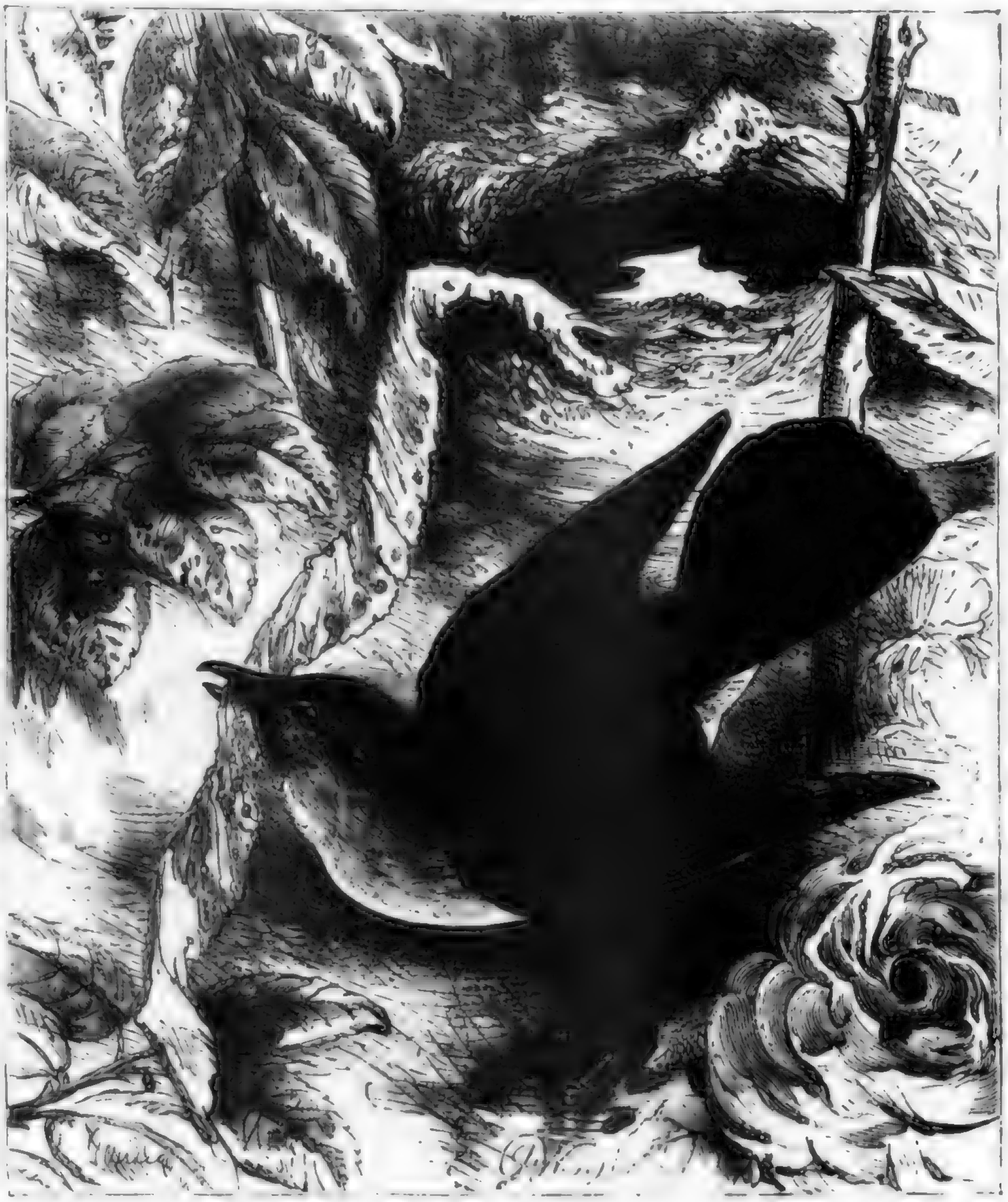
first glance, with a group of people worthy, in every way, of this form of preservation. The white officer of police jogs along in conversation with a black subordinate, while the cluster of street-venders make the locality noisy with the announcement of the freshness, ripeness and cheapness of their household necessities. The wood-purveyor, with slow and limping tread, evidently derives great comfort from her pipe, without which she would probably be unable to make a good bargain; while the poultryman wears a look that at once suggests an inquiry into the condition of the chicken-coops in the suburbs as a suitable preliminary to purchase. In marked contrast with our Northern habits is the custom of buying oysters from the bucket, by the single one, ten, dozen, quart or gallon; and many of the other trades are equally peculiar. All the characters delineated are strong and natural. The poultry-merchant is the most picturesque of the group, from the manner of displaying his stock; the wood-carrier suggests the more youthful, graceful and poetic woman of Switzerland; and the oyster and vegetable venders would not unnaturally be compared with the street-peddlers of South American and Cuban cities.

The negro element in our society is a most felicitous one for the artist's fancy, and in this instance has been treated in a legitimate, unexaggerated manner.



THE FLY-CATCHER.

THE FLY-CATCHER.—A REAL INCIDENT.

"Mary, I wish this piece of lace washed. It is good lace, and needs careful washing, so I would rather you did it than have it sent with the clothes to Mrs. Deacon."

So saying, I handed about two yards of soft, narrow lace to our parlor-maid, adding my hopes that she would do it very carefully, as I wished to use it in a tucker to a dress.

Our home is a small, old-fashioned house, and the low drawing-room has a broad bow to it, the windows of which open on to the pretty, old-fashioned garden, with its smooth-shaven lawn, bright flower-beds, and large trees—too many, perhaps, of these latter, though we should be sorry to part with any, especially the large horse-chestnut opposite the drawing-room windows, under which we make our Summer parlor when the days are hot and long, and whose leaves in the Autumn turn such a brilliant yellow that they make almost a sunshine of themselves for us, when we have to close the windows and think of such things as "drawing-in days," and a "fire looks comfortable now that the Autumn is coming on."

"There's no keeping the place tidy, nohow!" is our gardener's complaint; "what with all the leaves from our own trees, and those that blow in from the coverts, and the birds that we get from both! why, one can never keep the fruit, or buds, or seeds, for the sparrows, blackbirds, and such like!"

"Troublesome!" I reply; but, having myself a friendly feeling for these troublesome creatures, and fearing lest some incautious words of mine should lead to a more active warfare than usual against them, I change the subject, and add cheerfully, "The Fly-catchers have come back again this year, and are building somewhere in the garden, I perceive."

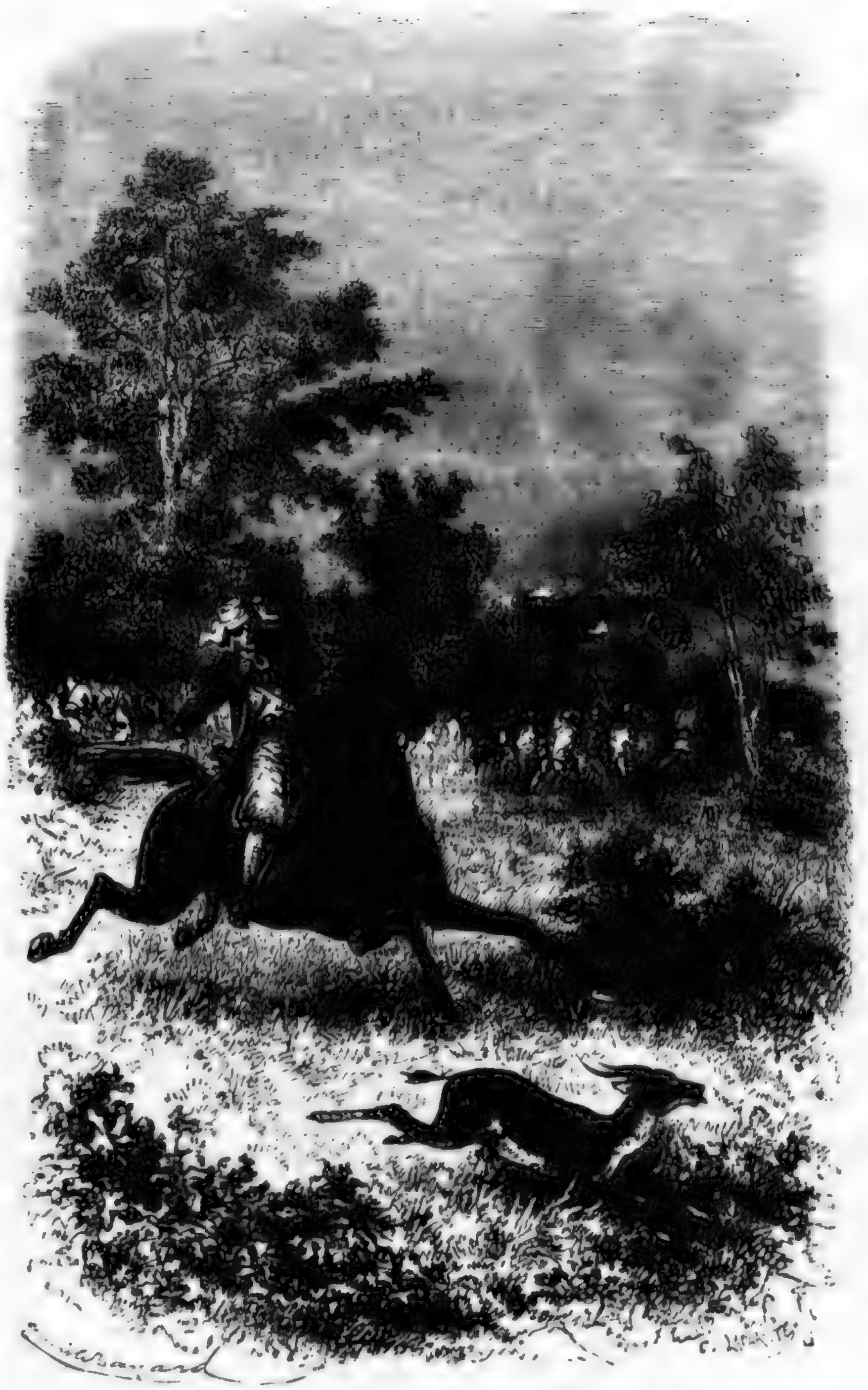
"Yes; they're a-building right over the drawing-room window, close by the vine. I was trimming up the yellow rose over the further window, and came across the beginning of a nest."

"I hope you left it?" I ask, hastily.

"Ay, sure! they do no harm in the garden. I only wish we had more of them; they work away wonderfully at the blight and insects."

And there, sure enough, over the drawing-room window, nestling between the rose-branches and the green, wooden trellis-work, was the little round nest of our dear little Fly-catchers. We liked to think they were the same birds that had built the preceding year in the old chestnut-tree, and who, finding us then friendly, had thought to trust themselves with us again.

Their nest was not finished, and on they went with it during the bright, early June days, quite undisturbed by the singing, laughing and talking in the room within, and not very much even by the passing to and fro from the garden through the window.



HUNTING THE ANTELOPE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Do you know what Fly-catchers are like? If so, then do you not agree with us in our liking for them? They are such neat little things, with their slight little bodies; soft, light-brown, Quakerish plumage; sharp beaks, and round, brilliant, watchful black eyes. Then the way they poise themselves on the rose-trees to watch for insects, followed by the quick dart at an unsuspecting fly or gnat, as it basks in the sunshine, is all so very prettily done.

We were very glad to find that the sound of our movements in the drawing-room, below our Fly-catchers' nest, did not frighten them away, and it was interesting to see their work as it went on.

They had been hard at it one afternoon, when I was sitting writing in the bow, and there had been much flying backward and forward, when my attention was arrested by a greater amount of fluttering than there had been before, and by "the something" that caused the fluttering being larger than before, and also having greater difficulty in rising to the level of the nest.

"Flutter! flutter!" there it was again; surely something must be amiss. Another flutter, and now one of the tiny birds I had been watching rose from the grass outside, and struggled valiantly half-way up to the nest, followed by a long, streaming, mysterious white tail. With its best efforts and intentions, half-way up to the nest was the very most it could do, with such a weight as the long white streamer it had chosen to bring with it.

I felt I really must see what the long white thing was, so, advancing to the window, I looked out. At my approach, the little bustling mother took flight and flew off, leaving, half on the grass, and half on a bed of newly-planted-out geraniums, my own dainty piece of fine lace!

I expect my readers will say, "You let the poor little bird have it, of course?" No; at the risk of being thought very hard-hearted and cruel, I must confess that I took possession of my property; for, you see, it was needed for the finishing-off of a dress. I found out from Mary that she had duly washed it, and hung it out to dry on a rosebush at the back of the house, where it had been seen by the little Fly-catcher, approved of as suitable for her nest, and, with hard labor—poor little bird!—carried off. But, though I took possession of my property, the little mother-bird was not forgotten.

We found some less valuable lace, which we placed conveniently on the lawn, together with some strips of soft flannel, about the width of the lace; praising ourselves inwardly for our clever thought in putting such a soft, fluffy lining for a nest as those strips of flannel would make within the small builder's reach. Then we watched to see the result.

In a short time the little Fly-catcher returned, and, after inspecting the goods provided for her, selected—the flannel, of course!—No, indeed! The vain little thing actually flew off with the strip of common lace, lodged it safely in the nest, and returned for strip number two, which, being rather long, she allowed, after using all she needed, to trail over the side of the nest down among the roses and leaves, and in front of the drawing-room window. And there the lace staid, while the little mother laid and sat upon her eggs, and peeped over at us with her round, bright, black eyes, while the warm June sunshine opened the pale, yellow-colored roses around her, and made her chosen home one of the prettiest ever little bird had.

And for us, we could only smile and wonder at the little thing, whose Heaven-given instinct had made her choose the common piece of lace for her nest, in preference to what we thought so superior—the softest pieces of flannel.

ANTELOPE HUNTING IN SENEGAL.

The name Senegal, that of a river in Senegambia, a region of Western Africa, is also applied to the French colonial settlements on its banks. The country teems with game—elephants, buffalo, deer, a species of eland, antelopes, wild boars, hares, porcupines, panthers, lions and hyenas all abound. The entire region is naturally a sportsman's paradise, were it not for the danger of malaria in the lowlands along the rivers, which are the chief haunts of game. The antelope, or, more properly, the *Oryx leucoryx*, is extremely numerous; but, like all varieties of the species, so fleet of foot that it is anything but an easy task to capture or shoot it.

A favorite sport with the French settlers along the Senegal is that of "running down" the antelope. It is only where the country is comparatively open and tolerably level that the sport can be followed with any hope of success; and it is not altogether unattended with risk, since the oryx is quite a formidable antagonist when "cornered," standing about three and a half feet high at the shoulder, with horns nearly straight, and sometimes almost three feet in length. Even the lion seldom dares attack him.

For the sport of "running down," nothing more is required than a good horse, and any weapon adequate for giving the *coup de grace* when the hunter gets into close quarters with his game.

Like the celebrated recipe in Mrs. Glass's famous cookery book, "First catch your hare," the possession of the means for "running down" an antelope leaves still wanting for success the possibility that the animal will not wait to be caught. Many an antelope hunter has found, to his sorrow, after a headlong pursuit of many miles, that "a stern chase is a long chase," and been compelled to rein in his exhausted horse, with no little chagin, as the object of his pursuit bounded off, apparently as fresh as ever; leaving him to retrace his steps, musing upon the uncertainties of hunting, and the unreliability of the cunning oryx.

ROSES AND LILIES.

By Grace Mortimer.

"Hallo! going out for a walk, Miss Pearl?"

"Yes; my head aches."

"Which of your slaves is it to get rid of this time?"

"It can scarcely be you, since I heard you whistling when I went for my hat."

They were both standing on the top steps of the porch of a farmer's cottage, and the sunset glow lighted up each face with unreal beauty. Both were young and radiant and full of mischievous glee, and the cottage-door was shut behind them, and they were alone with each other.

Was that why she laid her soft hand caressingly on his arm, and pointing across the glistening lake, starred with water-lilies and girdled with a bank of wild roses, to the belt of dark firs and beach—boulders which walled it in from the sea half a mile distant—exclaimed, in a tone of playful mockery:

"Don't you wish you were rowing me to the beach to bid good-night to the dear old ocean?"

"I wish it, if you do," returned Vivian, flushing with pleasure. "Come, and I will fill your lap with the lilies you love so much."

"Not the lilies. No, no, you dare not pluck me them?" she cried. "They are *his* flowers, and no hand but his may offer them to me."

She nodded slightly to the half-open window, shrugged her shoulders, and then, leaning a little of her slight weight on the youth's arm, continued, dreamingly:

"But the roses—the beautiful, sweet red roses! Oh, you must pluck me them, Vivian! I love them so!

'Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blooming.'"

She went down the steps, singing in a soft undertone, while the young man paced at her side, laughing, admiring, pleased, yet scarcely at ease, for was not Colonel Carrington, her betrothed, sitting in a deep invalid-chair by the window, and following her with worshiping eyes as she tripped away from him? And was she not going away with a fellow who she knew—surely she knew—was already more than half in love with her?

Miss Pearl and her mother were enjoying the Summer at "The Beach," the most obscure bathing-place that could be imagined. Here young Vivian had chanced to make her acquaintance not many weeks ago, having come from college at the neighboring town for his holidays. Here also Colonel Carrington had followed her, partly for love of her society, and partly to re-establish his broken health.

He had been one of the victorious expedition to the Gold Coast, had been severely wounded, promoted, and returned a hero to his Pearl, who, before he went, had been ready to link her fate with his.

They walked down the grassy lane, Pearl and Vivian laughing, singing, and gibing, as was usual with them.

Oh, she was so gay—so gay! Could it be that she forgot the white face at the window, and the wasted hand which late had clasped hers?

"Which do you love best now—come, be honest—the roses or the lilies?" said Vivian, as he filled her outstretched hands with the ruby-fringed, golden-hearted, scented blossoms.

By this time she was sitting in the stern of the boat, and the lilies were crowding close on either side, and sending up their apple-sweet perfume, a mute memory of the love which had been lavished on her.

She looked at the flowers in her hands, and she looked at the flowers in the water, and the gladness crept out of her eyes, the smile from her face.

"I wish I knew!" she almost gasped.

Vivian shoved off the boat and sprang in, and, having seated himself opposite her, gazed at her in fiery expectation.

"You wish you knew?" echoed he, at last, seeing that she added nothing more. "The Colonel should hear you say that!"

"Hold your tongue!" retorted she, laughing with restored gayety. "Let sleeping dogs lie!"

"You mean let no such awkward questions be asked?" said he.

"I mean that the world is so beautiful!—so beautiful, so full of joy and things to love!—that one cannot pour all one's admiration, delight and affection upon one object to the exclusion of all the rest. Can one?"

"He does?" answered Vivian, with rather a hard laugh. "And so should I, if I were in love with you."

"Heaven forefend you should ever be taken in by such a trifler!" cried she, almost between her teeth. "Oh, why are some women's hearts framed so?" And she fixed her eyes reproachfully on the wide, cloudless heavens which

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flushed as with delight at the beauty of Mother Earth. Then there was silence, save for the long sweep of the oars and the swish of the tall, bright sedges against the sides of the boat.

The wooded banks glided by the yellow corn-fields and the scented haystacks; the boom of the ocean came nearer and nearer, and the sea-breath blew on their crimson cheeks.

"Sing!" said she, breaking the pause in her playful, peremptory way, looking up with as untroubled a gaze as if she had left her sad thoughts behind with the water-lilies.

And he sang, keeping time with his oars, this old song:

"When other lips and other hearts,
Their tale of love shall tell;
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me."

He sang the refrain over and over again, looking at her passionately, as a man looks but once at a woman.

With her chin in her hand and her eyes on the roses, she listened, faintly smiling, as if in a trance of languorous pleasure; but she neither rebuked nor praised the singer.

The boat touched the shore; he took her cool, white hand—his own burning—and led her up the rocky path through the trees to the beach, a hundred yards beyond.

And while, hand in hand, they threaded the dusky forest-road, he still kept softly singing in her ear:

"You'll remember—you'll remember—you'll remember me!"

until, all at once, she stopped, and, as she put her hand to her heart, a shiver ran through her, and the tears gushed down her cheeks in a moment.

"Good heavens!" she burst forth, "when I am an old woman, am I to look back on this—this happy time, as only one of the golden hours that

'Came and went,
And left no trace behind,

but only a harrowing memory? I don't want to leave it behind, and I can't—I dare not take it with me!"

"What—what do you mean, Miss Pearl?" exclaimed Vivian. "Do you mean that I have anything to do with making you happy?"

"*You!*" She turned on him, a smile breaking all over her face, and her eyes sparkling mischievously through her tears. "No, you silly boy! You are nice—oh, ever so nice, to amuse one's self with; but as for a permanency—from such, good Lord deliver us!"

And, with a hearty, silvery peal of laughter, she again put her hand on his arm, and led him, half-bewildered, half-piqued, yet thrilling to her soft touch, out of the ghostly thicket into a burst of sunlight and glittering sea.

They descended the rocky belt, and sat down on the soft, bright sand, just beyond the reach of the encroaching waves; and for a time both looked at the fair scene in silent but happy companionship.

"The Beach" was a sickle-shaped bay, not a mile in circuit, perhaps; but over the hard-beaten floor Old Ocean trod in lazy strength, spreading his blue mantle, now starred with sunny spangles, and bordered with lace-like broideries of foam. Overhead arched a dome of purplish translucence, deepening, in the west, with gold and rose and opal-green.

"Look how they come!" said Pearl, gazing dreamily at the waves. "How enormous they seem out there, looming up smooth-backed, hanging over, serrated and sharp as a guillotine-knife—hanging over as if to annihilate you, and breaking into a wild chaos of foam! Don't they look formidable! But meantime, look at the undertow—how it runs out; how it saps the mighty rollers; how it steals away their strength; how it snatches shy handfuls of their frothy, vaporing menacings, and only releases them when they are so gentled and tamed that they can but creep in to our feet mere breaths of sunny foam! So," added Pearl, softly, "are the troubles we fear when they loom afar. Thanks to the undercurrent of everyday circumstance, they never reach us in their strength."

Vivian turned from the churning waters an ardent look upon his companion's face.

"I think I can guess what your trouble is," said he, with stammering eagerness. "That breaker coming in is—let us say *him;* that current running out to meet him is—let us say *me;*" and he laughed nervously.

"Nonsense!" cried Pearl. "You are quite—quite wrong. No, my dear; when I think aloud in your company, you are not expected to understand, and you are to surmise nothing. A boy of your inexperience"—here she gave him a warm and friendly glance—"need not expect to read the riddle of a woman's heart."

Then she turned away, and thought in silence for a long while, her eyes growing darker as they held communion with the darkening heavens.

Lying at her feet, his elbows buried in the sand, and his handsome, glowing young face resting on his palms, the youth watched her, his heart full of wonder and perplexity.

"Well," said he, hungering for her sweet words, "have you settled all your future satisfactorily?"

She came back from her dream—came back with a strange, deep awe in her eyes.

"Yes, I have settled it," answered she; "and it shall be in this wise—"

Here she sang, and I verily believe she improvised the words to Nara's Swedish air:

"Life once so smiling,
Bright as Summer day;
Youth so beguiling,
Garlanding the way,
Oh, ye both have traitors grown,
Brought me tear and sigh and moan;
Sad and weary! Sad and weary!
Bride—but not to thee!

Time, called so fleeting,
Haste your flight (so slow!)
Heart, faintly beating,
Cease and let me go!
I am his—oh, bitter day!
Parted love for aye, for aye!
Sad and weary! Sad and weary!
Bride—but not to thee!"

There was a vibrating sadness in her voice as she said this, her eyes not now dwelling upon his, but full of tears and turned away, that penetrated to his very heart.

Oh, surely, despite all her gibing, her laughing scorn, her continual playful casting of him back to his place as boy and playmate—surely, for once, she was in earnest!

"Pearl," said the youth, in a choked voice, and, snatching her hand, he pressed it to his hot lips; "why should this be your fate? What forces you to marry a man you don't love with your whole heart? For you can't blind me any more, Pearl—Pearl!"

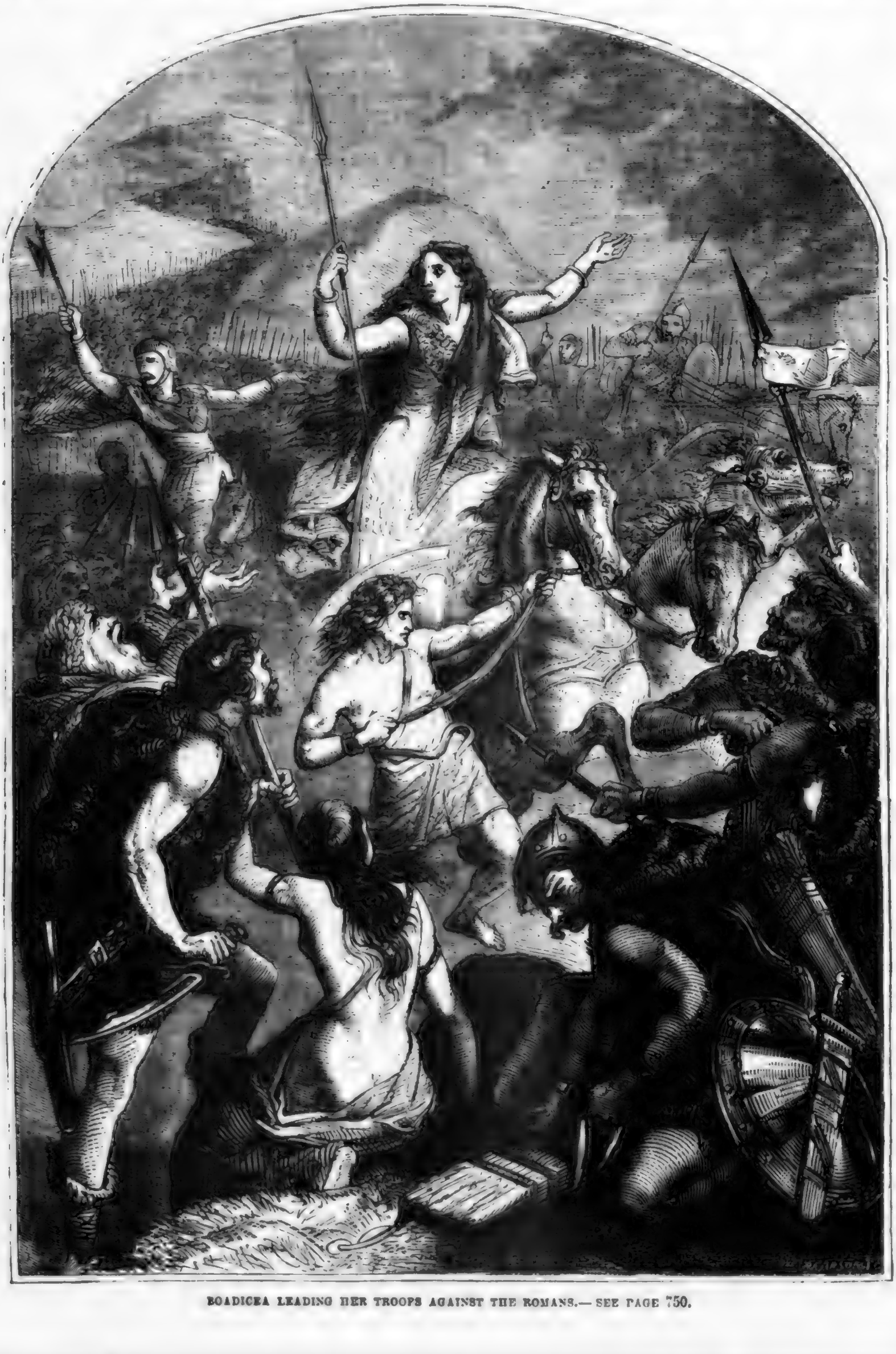
These rushing words, broken by hot kisses on her hand, and half inaudible by the hiss of surf and thunder of wave, leaped from his very soul, while she bent over him mournfully, and, as it would seem, even tenderly.

"Pearl," said another voice, and Colonel Carrington stood beside her, his face so wan, his smile so fond, his eyes so full of loving delight in her, that to have seen his glorified spirit come from the "silent land," would have been a less surprise.

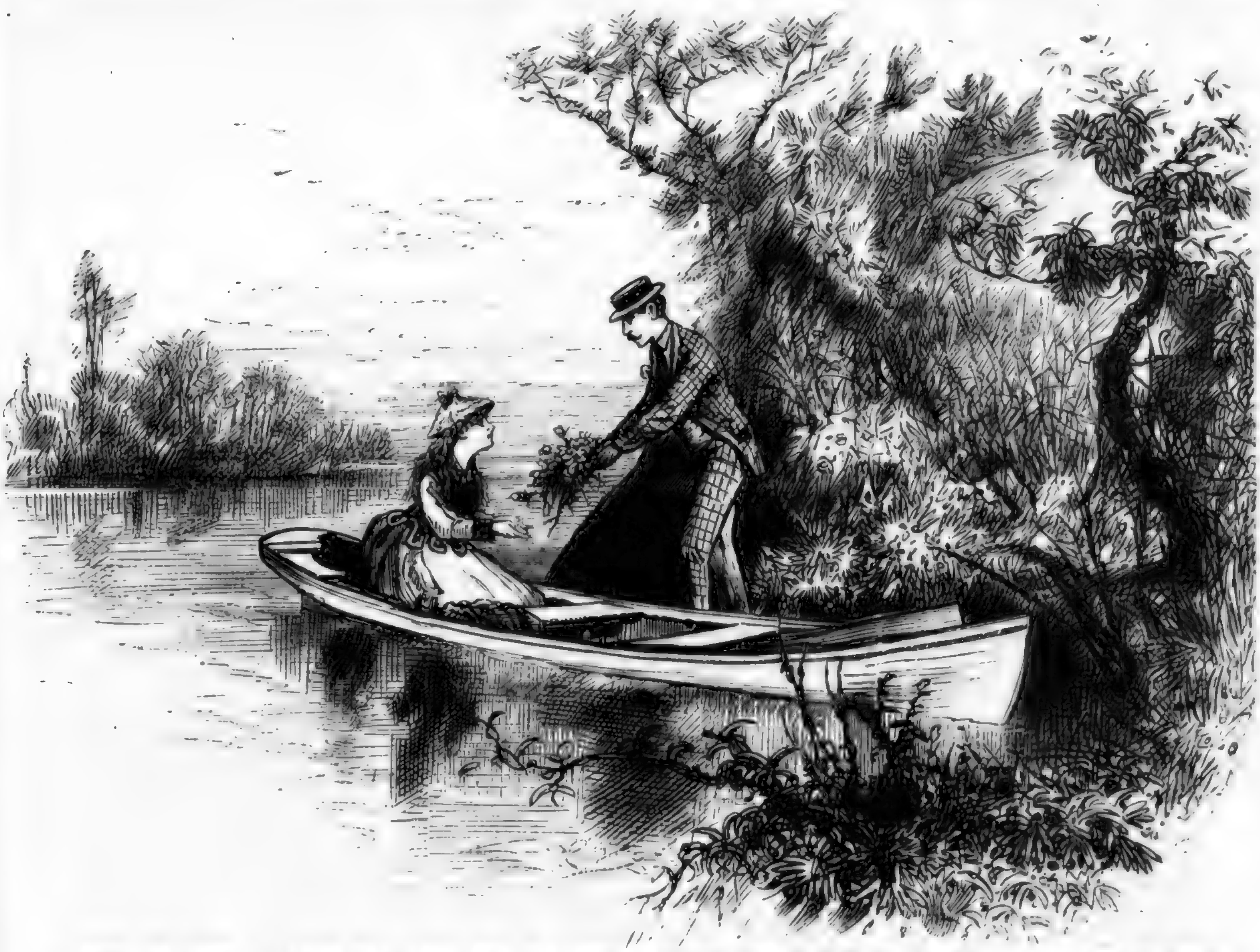
She rose mechanically, assisted by Vivian, and laid her trembling hand upon the arm of her lover.

"Why are you here?" she cried, while her anxious eyes took swift note of his pallor and his unsuspicion. "How could you be so mad as to walk so far in your weakness?"

"Not mad, I hope," returned Colonel Carrington, with her little hand between his own. "I craved so for you! And here—I plucked it from the margin of the lake—this



BOADICEA LEADING HER TROOPS AGAINST THE ROMANS.— SEE PAGE 750.



ROSES AND LILIES.—"'WHICH DO YOU LOVE BEST NOW—COME, BE HONEST—THE ROSES OF THE LILIES?' SAID VIVIAN, AS HE FILLED HER OUTSTRETCHED HANDS WITH THE RUBY-FRINGED, GOLDEN-HEARTED, SCENTED BLOSSOMS."—SEE PAGE 746.

golden-hearted, snowy-petaled flower of purity—so like my Pearl, with heart as true as gold!"

And he fastened in her bosom a water-lily, dripping yet, with one broad satin, red-lined leaf, beside Vivian's roses.

"These—I must take these out!" muttered she, shamefaced, while Vivian flushed, and shrank as if stung.

"Oh, no!" smiled her lover; "they give you pleasure, and you are fond of them. Why should I be so selfish as to expect you to take pleasure only in my gifts? I would not grudge you one pleasure that this world affords, dear; for my only wish is to have you happy."

Even while he spoke, the color was fading from his cheeks and lips, and his voice was growing strangely weak.

He suddenly pressed his hand to his side, and held it up reddened with blood.

"I—fear—the—walk—" he faltered; and staggering back, would have fallen heavily, but that Vivian's arms received him, and laid him gently down, insensible.

Pearl knelt beside him, white and still, as if frozen.

It was Vivian who tore open his vest and found the wound which, owing to his imprudent exertion, had reopened, and was bleeding profusely. It was he who did what he could to stanch it, and then flew for assistance, and had him carefully conveyed back to the cottage. He too, it was, who drove the fastest horse in the settlement to town for a physician, assisting him with hand and brain; just as if Colonel Carrington had been his brother, instead of Pearl's betrothed.

* * * * * * *

It was long past midnight. The little house was quiet at last. The patient profoundly sleeping, under the influence of an opiate.

He lay on a low lounge in the parlor, where they had first placed him. The lamps were shaded from his eyes and turned low, and his watchers were—Pearl and Vivian.

The young girl's mother, an invalid herself, had retired perforce, Pearl promising to follow as soon as possible.

Now she knelt on one knee by the head of the sofa, her hands tightly clasped upon the other, her eyes fastened sorrowfully upon the face of Colonel Carrington—that proud, patrician face, so like that of a golden-haired Viking in the still repose of death.

Vivian, a little apart, watched them with burning looks.

She was very wan and drooping, for she had knelt there some hours, scarce changing her position except to press her perfumed hand on her lover's throbbing brow, or to hold to his lips the cooling draught which stood beside her.

The roses hung in her bosom, half-faded now, and the heavy-headed lily, which had long since fallen unheeded to the floor, sent up a sickly sweet perfume from crushed petals. Her white dress was limp and disordered, her soft hair fell loosely about her shoulders.

How absorbed she was! Was she thinking of the days when his love was sweet to her? Was she ordering her heart upon that backward path, to find sweetness in it still? She looked round suddenly at Vivian. In a moment he was by her side, eager to do anything for her—or Carrington.

"I think he is asleep now," said she, in the soft monotone which never disturbs an invalid. "I must go, for I am weary; but I am not afraid to trust him with you. Call me if there is any change."

"Yes," answered Vivian, obediently; "but you must not be anxious. You want sleep."

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She rose. By one accord they seemed to avoid each other's eyes as she moved away.

"Good-night," she said, with a shivering sigh.

But at the door she looked back at Vivian once more. Ah, once more!

"I don't know how I am to thank you for the kindness you have shown to-night," she murmured, with a smothered sob; "and yet so strange must be my return for this unselfish kindness, that I must ask you to forget that song, and that subject we talked of on the beach to-night. To suspect it would kill *him!*"

Vivian came close to her, out of the shadowy corner, and into what light there was, and he and she looked long into each other's pale faces.

"You mean to marry him, then?"

"Yes; I am done with regrets."

"Your love has all come back for him?"

"I ask Heaven to bring it back; I do, sincerely."

"And if it won't, what is to become of you—of me?"

"Oh, don't! You stab me to the heart! You have been so dear—so dear! Oh, Vivian, good-by!"

"That will comfort me," gasped Vivian, heart-wrung, yet inspired by her heroism to be heroic too. "You are right, and I dare not interfere between you. I'll go away to-morrow."

For a moment there was silence; then he whispered, with sad, yearning looks:

"Pearl, won't you give me one kiss, to last me all my life?"

Without a word she yielded to his already encircling arm, and they stood heart to heart for the first—and last—time.

> "Oh Love! Oh Fire! once he drew
> With one long kiss, her whole soul thro'
> Her lips, as sunlight drinketh dew."

* * * * * *

A sudden movement in the dusky corner, a driving backward of the chairs, and Colonel Carrington sprang forward into the light, his deathlike face convulsed with frantic passion. Half-stunned by reason of the opiate, half-delirious with the fever, how could he judge appearances in that first terrible moment of awakening?

His hand was in his bosom as he came toward them; next moment his revolver flashed forth—a tiny toy that Pearl had often played with, and Vivian had only that morning been cleaning and priming.

Carrington aimed at the youth; Pearl sprang between with uplifted and clasped hands.

In an instant a sharp report—an awful vision of Pearl standing like a vision of snow, hands still uplifted, great, black eyes fixed on Carrington—a trembling, fleeting instant of harrowing grace—then she went down on her face.

Dead? Oh, heaven, yes; with her heart's blood bathing the roses she had given her life to wear for a little while!

* * * * * *

They bloom as brightly as of yore, the roses down by the beach, and the lilies star the lake as pure as when Carrington plucked them; but I never see the roses that I do not think them colored by Pearl's red blood, nor the lilies but I see Pearl's pale, dead face!

BOADICEA.

THIS female warrior and patriotic queen lived in the middle of the first century, and was the wife of Prasutagus, the king of the Iceni, a tribe of Britons. Prasutagus at his death bequeathed his wealth to his two daughters and to the Roman Emperor. Nero was at this time emperor, and Suetonius Paulinus, a general of great skill and energy, commanded in Britain. By the orders of the Roman procurator, Catus, for some cause not recorded, Boadicea was scourged and her daughters violated. The crime, however, brought its punishment. Boadicea's savage subjects flew to arms, destroying a Roman colony, and defeating the legion of Petilius Cerialis. The Romans and their allies lost to the number of seventy thousand, many of whom perished under torture.

Suetonius hastened to the scene of this revolt, and met the Britons, who were commanded by Boadicea, with her two daughters, and totally defeated them with dreadful carnage. Boadicea, Tacitus tells us, killed herself by poison.

Our illustration is designed to represent the commencement of this final and decisive battle. Boadicea, in a chariot drawn by three horses, is haranguing and inspiriting her troops, who show by their looks, gestures, and attitudes, how eager they are for the fray. But their savage and incomparable bravery was as nothing against the disciplined audacity, armor, and superior weapons of the invincible legions of Rome.

JACK'S FUNNY FRIEND.

LITTLE Jack sat down by the side of the fountain—it *was* a fountain, although the water never spouted now, and there was only a basin of stone, with a few water-lilies and some long green plants stretching out their slender arms and legs from the bottom.

He had been playing all by himself until he was quite tired, and so he came and sat down, and smelt the scent of the roses, and listened to the dreamy buzzing of the bees.

Presently he looked at the water, and there was a piece of wood floating lazily toward him, and—what was that brown lump at the end coming closer and closer? it was—yes—it was a frog, sitting as calmly and looking as unmoved as those Egyptian figures that Jack had seen at the Museum.

"You are an ugly old thing, Mr. Froggie," said Jack, leaning against the side of the fountain; "but you've got pretty brown eyes."

Just then a most interesting thing happened. The piece of wood drifted quite close, and Mr. Frog, blinking his eyes once, and turning his head wisely on one side, leaped on to the edge of the fountain, and looked at Jack with his brown eyes twinkling and the corners of his mouth turned up in the most good-natured manner possible.

As Jack looked at the frog it began to grow bigger and bigger and bigger, and his cheeks puffed out, and his throat swelled; and as he increased in size, so did Jack's eyes grow larger and rounder with astonishment and admiration.

"Poof!" said the frog, with a long breath, becoming rapidly smaller again. "It's hard work that; but you see what I *can* do. I learnt that from my great-great-great"—he went on saying "great" over and over, till it sounded just like croaking—"great-great grandfather. You can read about him in——"

"Oh, I know!" cried Jack, delighted, "in Æsop's Fables—the Bull and the Frog!"

"Don't interrupt," said the frog. "I've forgotten what I was going to say. Oh, ugly, am I?" he went on. "Well, I'm not conceited, like boys; that's one thing. But this I will say, that if boys had such soft, cool, smooth skins as all my family have, then, indeed, they might talk. Just feel my arms," he said, stretching out a paw.

"No, thank you," said Jack, putting his hands behind him; for, when it came to the point, he felt rather frightened.

"Can *you* breathe through your skin?" asked the frog, scornfully.

"No," said Jack, "I can't."

"*I* can, and I do, though you mightn't think it. Can you swallow air?"

"No, I breathe it," said Jack.

"Ah, *I* swallow it, always—because I have no ribs," he added, sadly. "When I was a little tadpole, like you" (Jack had a great mind to knock him into the water for that) "I used to have a tail—such a beautiful long tail, and gills to breathe water with, and if you had a magnifying-glass, you could see my heart beating, and the blood running through my veins; and I used to swim about and eat the delicious soft pulp of dead leaves, until one day my eyes came, and I began to be able to move my lips. Ugly, am I! well, I won't say anything about that; but when I was young, my coat was the loveliest olive-green satin, and my waistcoat was dotted with delicate golden yellow. None of your coarse, blue serges trimmed with white," he said, looking sharply at Jack.

"Those were, perhaps, my happiest times," he murmured, softly. "One day," he went on, "my legs began to grow, and then my arms; and as my legs grew longer, my beautiful tail grew shorter, until I was just like I am now, only not so big," he said, trying to puff himself out again.

"All this time my troubles were crowding upon me, and I had as much as I could do to avoid being eaten. Ah, the escapes I have had when I lived in the stream over yonder. If I stayed in the water, my brothers and sisters would try and bite me to death, and the newts and the fishes would try to eat me; and if I went on the bank there were the weasels, and the polecats, and the snakes, and the birds, all trying to catch me unawares. When I grew older it was very little better; there were—" here he shuddered—the water-fowl, and the dreadful pike, with his rows of teeth; and, worst of all, the cruel boys with their stones, who cut us up alive 'for fun'"—here his eyes started with terror and indignation.

"There were four thousand of us in the stream two Summers ago. Of all those only five are now alive!"

Jack felt very sorry indeed for the poor frog when he heard him tell this, and they both sat some time in silence, looking very grave.

"Well, I must be going now," said the frog, suddenly. "Good-by, little boy; and I hope you will never hurt a poor, helpless frog, for we feel pain as much as you do."

With that he leapt back into the water, making such a splash that the drops flew all over Jack's face; so he jumped up, and rubbed his eyes, and wondered what had made him have such an odd visitor as Mr. Froggie.

"AT THE YARDARM."

"Did I ever tell you, Samuel, how near I came, once upon a time, to being hanged as a pirate?"

Thus spoke my uncle Ebenezer, who, having, man and boy, plowed the salt seas for the better part of a half-century, was now sitting, literally, under his own vine and fig-tree, on the steps of the back porch of the old homestead, and, while slowly puffing at the amber mouthpiece of an immense *narghile*, which he had brought from India, enlightening my youthful mind with shreds and patches from the storehouse of his multifarious experience.

My uncle had been well educated in his youth, and he came of a race of gentlemen, so that he had preserved a certain refinement of speech and manner not usually found among mariners. He was, therefore, an excellent narrator, and forty years ago I had no greater pleasure than to sit in the old back porch, and listen to his wild tales of life on the stormy ocean.

This was the tale that followed the startling question I have just repeated:

In the month of June, 1813, about the middle of the last war (said my uncle), I sailed from Charleston, in command of a beautiful little clipper-brig, called the *Snake*. I had letters of marque, and the *Snake* was armed with eight brass six-pounders, for, though we did not hope to be able to resist any of the larger cruisers of the enemy, nor did we intend to attempt the capture of any of his merchantmen, we knew that the narrow seas were swarming with English privateers, and it *was* our intention to beat off any small craft that attacked us, if we could.

The fact was, that we were bound on a dangerous and urgent mission, which precluded any idea of privateering on our own account, and rendered it more than usually important that we should not be captured. Our cargo, in short, was powder and shot, which we were to take to the mouth of the Tagus, and transfer to one of our frigates ordered to meet us at that point.

Fighting, therefore, was not our cue on that voyage, and, accordingly, I set every stitch of canvas that would draw, and kept a good lookout night and day.

That last precaution was the means of accomplishing a greater good than even our own safety. On the afternoon of the third day out, the sharp-eyed seaman I had stationed on the fore-topmast crosstrees, spied a vessel on our weather-bow, with a signal of distress flying. I at once bore up for her, and by sunset we were alongside, just in time to rescue her crew and passengers from a watery grave.

The vessel proved to be a West India trader, under Spanish colors, bound from the Havana to Norfolk, Virginia, with a crew of eight, including officers, and two passengers. They had lost their boats, when their craft was thrown on its beam-ends in a squall, four days previous, and though working at the pumps steadily, they had been unable to prevent the vessel from filling slowly, through the leaks, which were the result of the same disaster. She was only just afloat when we came up with her, and sank before we were fairly clear of her, after taking off her people.

When we were standing on our course again, I had leisure to look after the comfort of our involuntary passengers. The crew of the Spanish vessel were easily disposed of among my own men in the forecastle, and the captain and his passengers I invited into my cabin.

Much to my surprise, one of these passengers turned out to be a very beautiful young lady, the other being her father—a gray-haired, portly old gentleman—a Virginian, by the name of Manson. They were evidently people of wealth and refinement, and the Spanish captain proved to be a hearty good fellow, so that we were speedily on a friendly footing, and my vague anticipations of discomfort in a crowded cabin were as quickly dissipated.

Of course, I should have done all I could for them had they been much less agreeable, but now my duty became a real pleasure, which was, doubtless, enhanced by the fact that the young lady was both amiable and beautiful. I was but young at the time, and easily impressed by female charms, so that it was not strange, under the circumstances, that I soon began to indulge in vague hopes that Laura Manson might eventually be induced to entertain a warmer feeling than mere friendship for the man who had saved her life. Not that I ever dared to breathe a word of my

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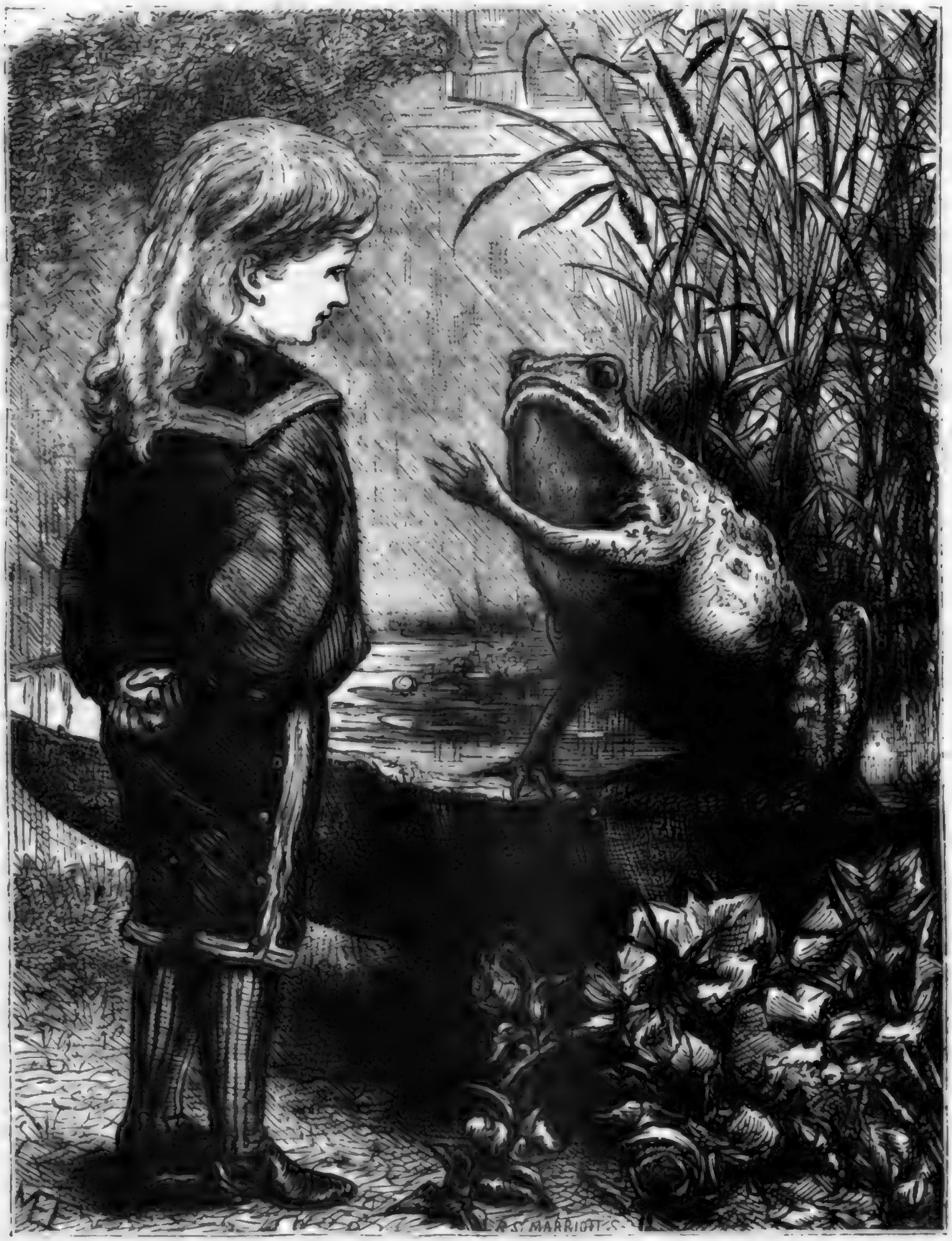
love in her pure ear. The very fact that she had thus been thrown upon my protection made her sacred in my eyes; but before she had been a week on board, I resolved that when she was once again restored to her own home, I would seek her there, and ask her to be mine.

But these fond dreams and tender fancies were destined to be quickly brought to an end by the sudden approach of a peril that menaced both of us with a fate more fearful than the wildest imagination could conceive.



JACK AND HIS FUNNY FRIEND.—SEE PAGE 750.

Ten days after the rescue of Laura Manson and her fellow-voyagers, a suspicious sail was sighted on our weather-beam, and before long it became evident that the stranger was an English man-of-war, in chase of us. Every exertion was made by myself and my crew, aided by the Spanish sailors, to escape our enemy, but fate was unpropitious, and all our skill and energy availed us nothing. The *Snake* was swift, but her pursuer was swifter.

On the second morning of the chase, the foe was within gun-shot, and gave us a broadside that carried away both our topmasts. It would have been mere insanity to continue to resist a force so superior when thus helplessly at its mercy. It is possible that some desperate expedient might have suggested itself if my crew and myself had been alone in the brig. But none of us dared to propose anything which would expose the lovely maiden in our charge to further danger; and, having done our whole duty as sailors and men, we struck our flag.

Our captor proved to be the frigate Diana, of thirty-six guns, commanded by as great a brute as ever shamed the name of man by wearing it. His true character, however, was not perceptible until after we had been in his power for some time. He was still young, a baronet by hereditary right, and his person was pleasing, while his manners were the perfection of courtesy. To judge by his kindness when he first received us, you would have imagined us his guests rather than his prisoners; but ere many days had passed,

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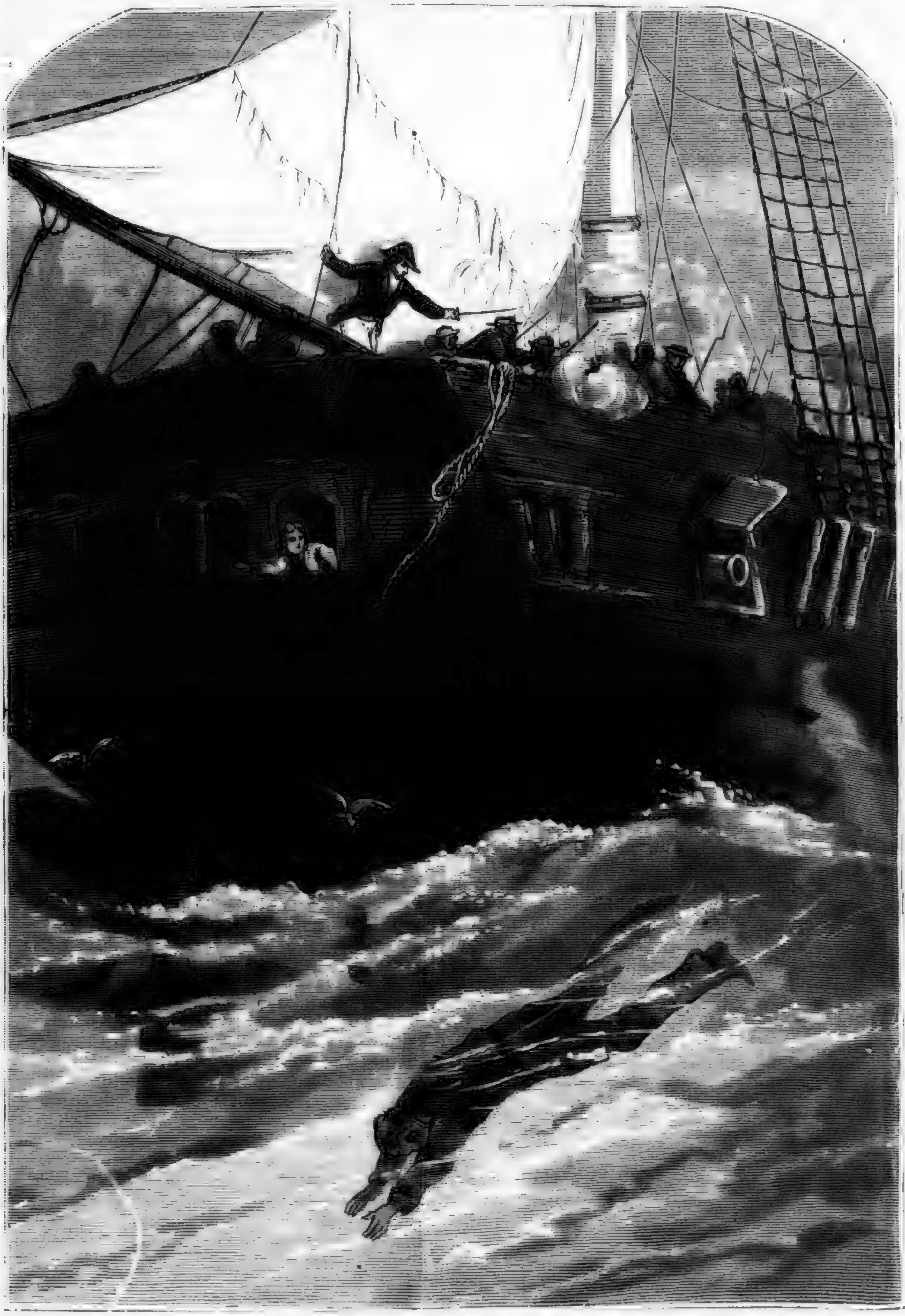

AT THE YARDARM.—"THE SHOUT OF SURPRISE THAT RANG UPWARD FROM THE FRIGATE'S DECK REACHED MY EARS BEFORE I STRUCK THE WATER, AND THEN DOWN, DOWN I WENT, AS IF I MEANT TO DIVE TO THE BOTTOM."—SEE PAGE 751.

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a startling change took place in his conduct, the secret of which was that he had conceived a sinful passion for the innocent maiden cast upon his protection, and had determined to gratify it at every hazard.

A captain of a man-of-war is absolute in his authority, and at that day British naval commanders were even less responsible to higher authority than now. At any rate, when cruising alone there was no one to call him to account, and in the present case our tyrant's civil rank and influence would have protected him in any arbitrary exercise of power. Probably, however, Sir Edward Martin cared nothing for the consequences to himself. Carried away by his unholy passion, he would have dared almost any danger to accomplish his purpose, and, once resolved, no law, human or divine, was regarded as an obstacle.

His first step, of course, was to deprive Laura of the protection of her father and myself, and this was accomplished with the cunning of a veritable demon. The first intimation that we had of his changed attitude toward us, was an order issued by him to place Mr. Manson and myself in irons, we having been allowed perfect liberty up that time. On the afternoon of the same day we were taken into the captain's cabin, and, in the presence of all the *Diana's* officers, formally charged with piracy.

My indignant denial of the charge was imperiously cut short by the tyrant, who curtly informed us that we would be allowed to defend ourselves before a court-martial on the following morning, and we were then immediately hurried back to our place of confinement between decks.

Quite stunned by this unexpected calamity, we were utterly unable to divine its cause; but during the evening one of the marines who guarded us slipped into Mr. Manson's hand a note which threw a flood of light upon our bewilderment. It was from Laura, stating that the brutal commander had plainly told her that her father's life was at his mercy, and that it depended upon her to save him.

Mr. Manson was really frantic for a time, but all his fury was of no avail; and thus, in darkness, chains and despair, we passed the weary night, until the red morning dawned which was to seal our fate.

I need not detail the particulars of the court-martial, which was a mere mockery at best. With a cunning that was absolutely fiendish, the faithless commander had marshaled the evidence against us. The *Snake's* letters-of-marque were suppressed, perhaps destroyed by him, and a willing tool of his testified that no such papers had been found on board of her. This, together with the large crew we had carried, and the cargo of the *Snake*, was quite sufficient to condemn us. The Spaniards we had rescued were stated to be part of our crew, and therefore not allowed to testify in our behalf. Mr. Manson was made to appear to be the owner of the *Snake*, and the utter absurdity of our carrying a refined lady to sea with us on a piratical cruise was passed over as having no weight at all.

The whole thing was a cruel farce—an outrage such as only irresponsible tyranny could have designed and executed; but we were formally condemned, and as formally sentenced to be hanged at the yardarm at sunrise on the following morning.

My feelings, when we were once more chained down between decks, are impossible to hint at. How much more agonizing, then, must have been the emotions of the wretched father, about to be murdered in cold blood, and forced to leave his only child in the power of such a villain as the captain had proved himself? I cannot dwell on the horrors of that awful night. The guard had been changed, and the friendly marine could not approach us; so that if Laura was in a condition to send another message to her father, no messenger was available. Thus without tidings of the unfortunate girl, and utterly despairing of our own fate, we sleeplessly passed the hours of darkness. May Heaven grant that no kin of mine may ever endure a tithe of the agony I suffered, and witnessed in the person of the sorrowing father, that terrible, terrible night!

Dawn came at length, and with its first glimmer the shrill notes of the fife and the hoarse rattle of the drum summoning the crew to quarters, announced that the preparations for our execution were already made. Very soon afterward the marine officer, a lieutenant, appeared with a file of his men, our shackles were removed and our arms pinioned with ropes, and we were then led upon deck.

Several times during the night Mr. Manson had entreated to be allowed to see his daughter, and he now made a final appeal for this poor favor. The brutal myrmidon of a still more brutal tyrant harshly refused to bear the request to his commander, and even cursed and struck the unfortunate man when he persisted in imploring his pity. My blood boiled within me, and all thought of my own peril was swallowed up in the rage which filled my heart, and which would have prompted me, had I been free, to have slain the coward with my naked hands.

A platform was erected between two of the starboard guns abreast of the mainmast, on a level with the hammock nettings, and when we had been forced to mount this, I perceived that the vessel was close to the shore of a large island. Of course I did not know where we were at the time, but I may as well say now that I afterward discovered that the island was Hayti, the frigate having been bound to Jamaica when we unfortunately met her, and she had now reached the Mona Passage on her way thither. This was a most providential circumstance for me, as you will soon learn; but at that melancholy moment the sight of its smiling green shores and picturesque cliffs was an intolerable aggravation of my misery.

It seemed as if Heaven had given me this glimpse of firm land and freedom only to overwhelm me with the awful sense of my utter helplessness. Like the patriarch of old, I was ready to curse God and die; for there, within half a mile, was liberty and safety, but above my head swung the engine of my apparently inevitable doom, and I felt as if the Preserver himself had quite forsaken me. The lesson I soon received has given me a steadfast faith, and, amid the most fearful perils of my subsequent life, I have never since doubted His almighty power to save.

The morning was beautiful beyond description. The air was soft and balmy, the water was calm and still, and the rosy light of dawn shed a radiance like that of Paradise upon sea and shore. But the supreme moment of my death was close at hand, and though every feature of the scene has remained indelibly impressed upon my memory, it did not seem to me, then, that I saw anything. Even the misery of my fellow-sufferer made no impression on me. Selfishness, in such an hour, may indeed be pardoned in mere mortals; and, though I did perceive that he was at the point of fainting, my own peril engrossed my whole attention, and prevented me from offering him any consolation, even if I had been permitted to speak to him. Perhaps if I could have done so, and thus revived his drooping courage, he, too, might have been saved as miraculously as I was. But my escape was such a perfect miracle that I can scarcely believe two persons would have been successful. It was Heaven's decree that I alone should be plucked from the mouth of the pit. Let me be content with the certainty that it was beyond my power to aid him, even if I had sacrificed myself.

The astonishing occurrences of the next few moments took away from me all power to think of anything but how to profit by them. Two whips had been rove through jewel-blocks on the starboard mainyard arm, and their nooses hung down close above our heads. The other ends were manned by a score or more of stalwart sailors, who were to run us up to the yardarm when the report of a gun, ready at our feet, should give the awful signal.

The lieutenant and his marines had halted at the foot of the scaffold, and we were now attended by two brawny, sunburnt seamen, whose rough hands were busy tying our feet together at the ankles, and seeing that the fastenings which secured our hands behind our backs were firmly knotted. At least, this was the duty they had been set to perform; *but I suddenly became conscious that my attendant was loosening the rope around my ankles, so that a slight exertion would serve to free me of it!*

Astonished at this, I attempted to turn round to look at him; but he grasped me firmly, so as to prevent any motion, and instantly afterward a thrilling whisper in my ear caused every nerve in my body to quiver with excitement.

"Can you swim?"

Imagine, if you can, the flood of hope that surged through my brain at the sound of this singular question. I could not reply, but my looks must have told him that I understood his meaning, for he continued, rapidly, while still pretending to be busy with my bonds:

"The young woman has promised to pay us well for trying to save you two. We believe she will keep her word; and, besides, we think it's a shame you should be strung up for nothing. Now, listen! I've cast loose the rope round your ankles, and there is only one turn of the line on your wrists. When I stop speaking I'll cut that line with one slash of my knife. Keep your wrists together as if you were still bound, and jump overboard the instant I say 'Now!' Dive deep, and come up on the other side of the ship. Swim to the rudder-chains, and hold on there until night. They'll think you wanted to drown yourself rather than be hung, and won't lower a boat. When night comes, you must try to swim ashore. There! that's all I can do for you. Be ready."

I can scarcely make you understand how rapidly all this was said, but yet how clearly I heard and treasured every word. There was a momentary pause, a sharp tug at my wrists, as with one slash the keen knife severed my bonds, and then the low-whispered but fearfully clear signal-word:

"Now!"

I stood just inside of the hammock-rail, and, without an instant's hesitation, I threw myself bodily overboard, head first. The shout of surprise that rang upward from the frigate's deck reached my ears before I struck the water, and then down, down I went, as if I meant to dive to the bottom. I was an excellent swimmer, and had no difficulty in following my preserver's directions. When I turned to come up, I could plainly see the loom of the frigate's hull through the clear water, and easily guided myself so as to reach the surface on the port side of her rudder-post. Once there, I seized the chains under water, and, keeping my head out only far enough to breathe, prepared to keep a vigilant watch so that I might conceal myself entirely if a boat should be lowered.

This did not occur, and I clung there quite safely all that weary day. What happened on deck, of course, I could only guess at; but I heard shots fired into the water on the starboard side, as if the marines were watching for my reappearance, and aiming at anything that looked like a human form. Very soon, however, all bustle and noise ceased, and I have no doubt that the tyrant and his men adopted my preserver's account of the affair as the truth, and believed that I was drowned. Years afterward I learned that the guard had fired a volley after me as I sprang from the platform, and that a stray bullet had slain the unhappy father of Laura. Better thus than if he had been hanged like a dog; but, though vengeance overtook his murderer even in this world, I have the firm faith that Sir Edward M—— still endures the tortures of the damned for his inhuman villainy.

It continued calm all day, and when night fell the frigate had drifted within a quarter of a mile of the shore. I had lived a lifetime of apprehension during those torturing hours of daylight, varied only by still more agonizing thoughts of Laura Manson's peril, and I hailed with rapture the approach of darkness.

As soon as it was dark enough to hide me effectually, I quitted my hold of the rudder-chains, and, floating silently until the ship had drifted far away, I summoned all my strength and struck out vigorously for the shore. One hour afterward I was more than a mile inland, lying prone upon the ground in the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

Thus ended my fearful adventure; but its consequences shaped the course of my whole future life. While clinging to the rudder-chains through that weary, weary day, I took upon my soul a solemn vow that, if I succeeded in escaping, I would devote my rescued life to the pursuit and punishment of the arch-villain who had brought about the destruction of my love and murdered her father.

Three years after the war was ended, I met him in a crowded assembly of the rank and beauty of his native land, and put upon him such an insult, before them all, that he was forced to meet me in deadly strife.

He did not recognize me until we were face to face upon the field. Then I made myself known, and his heart failed him. He fell before my unpracticed weapon ere a score of thrusts had been exchanged, though he was a famous swordsman, and was renowned as a successful duelist. Malicious and brutal to the last, he cursed me with his latest breath, and went to his account with all his sins upon his guilty head. It is well for humanity that there are so few such unmitigated villains in the world.

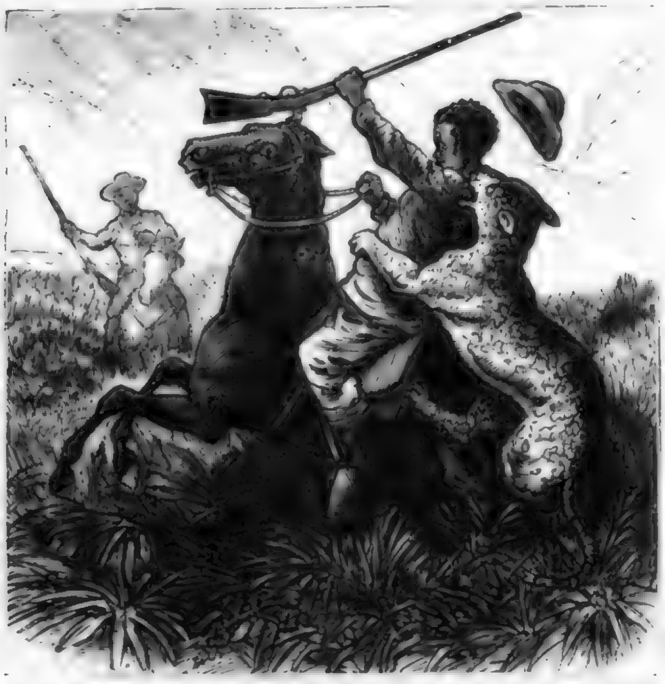
To the hapless Laura's fate I have never obtained a satisfactory clue, though I have been untiring in the search. From the few of the frigate's crew whom I encountered in my quest, I learned that she was kept a close prisoner in the captain's cabin until the ship reached Jamaica. There she was released, doubtless at the price of keeping silence as to her wrongs, and there she seems to have disappeared from the living world. God grant that her unmerited sufferings have won her a place in His Kingdom, and when I die may I at last meet her for whose sweet sake my heart has ever since been sealed to love.

HUNTING THE LEOPARD IN DAMARALAND.

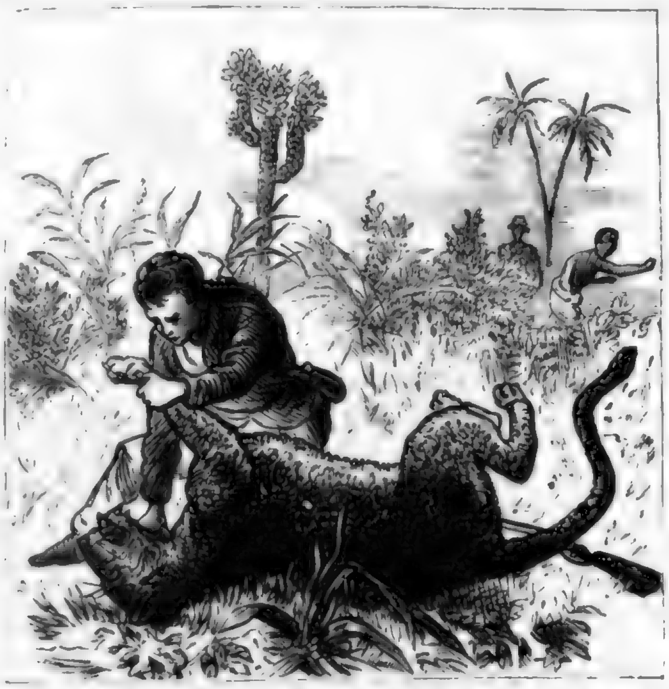
The leopard of Africa (*Felis leopardus*), there very commonly called tiger or panther—which, Captain Harris tells us, is very similar in appearance to that indigenous to India—is common throughout Damaraland, as also Southern Africa generally; but, from its cunning, active nature and nocturnal habits, is but rarely seen.

It is about two feet seven inches high at the shoulder, and seven feet six inches in extreme length. The chin, neck, breast, belly and inside of the extremities are white, the rest varying in different specimens between tawny, fulvous and reddish-brown, irregularly marked with spots of black, which differ greatly in number, size and appearance at different ages and seasons. It is monogamous, or solitary.

In its wild state it is an exceedingly beautiful creature, its motions in the highest degree easy and graceful, and its agility in bounding amongst the rocks and woods quite



HUNTING THE LEOPARD.—"SPRINGING UPON THE MAN WHO HAD FIRED, IT PULLED HIM TO THE GROUND."—SEE PAGE 755.



"HE SEIZED THE LEOPARD WITH BOTH HANDS, AND FOR SOME MOMENTS HELD IT DOWN BY MAIN FORCE."

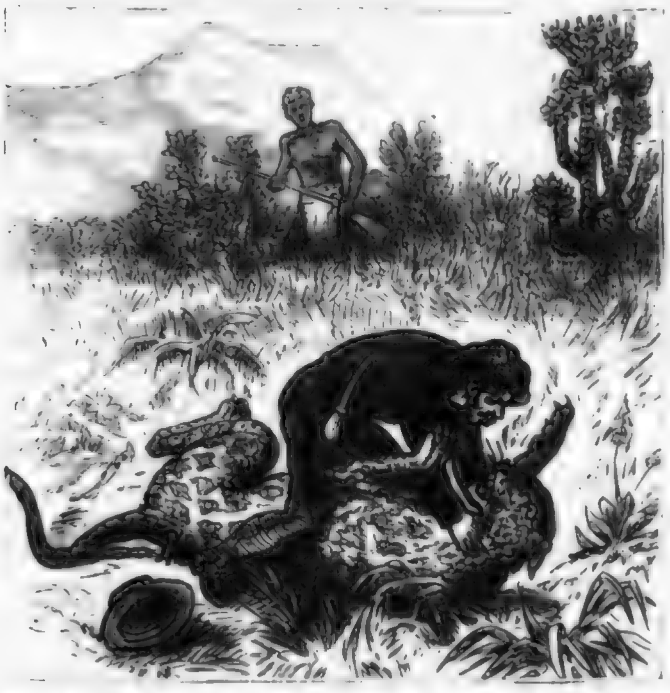
amazing. Of its activity no person can have an idea by seeing it in the cages in which these animals are usually exhibited, humbled and tamed as they are by confinement and the cold and damp of the climate.

Casualties from leopards in my vicinity were not of unfrequent occurrence. On one occasion, indeed, my Swedish lad, Axel, was beating some low bushes in search of game and specimens, when he suddenly found himself in presence of one of these beasts, which, apparently, was in the very act of springing upon him, its head being ensconced between its fore-legs, as is its wont on such occasions. Being, probably, startled at the unexpected vision, the youth hurriedly raised his fowling-piece to his shoulder and fired. But the contents, unfortunately, only lodged in one of the animal's fore-paws, which it smashed, as was afterward ascertained; and before he could pull the second trigger he found himself in a deadly struggle with the exasperated brute. However, being a strong-limbed and courageous young man, he seized the leopard with both hands, and for some moments held it down to the ground by main force.

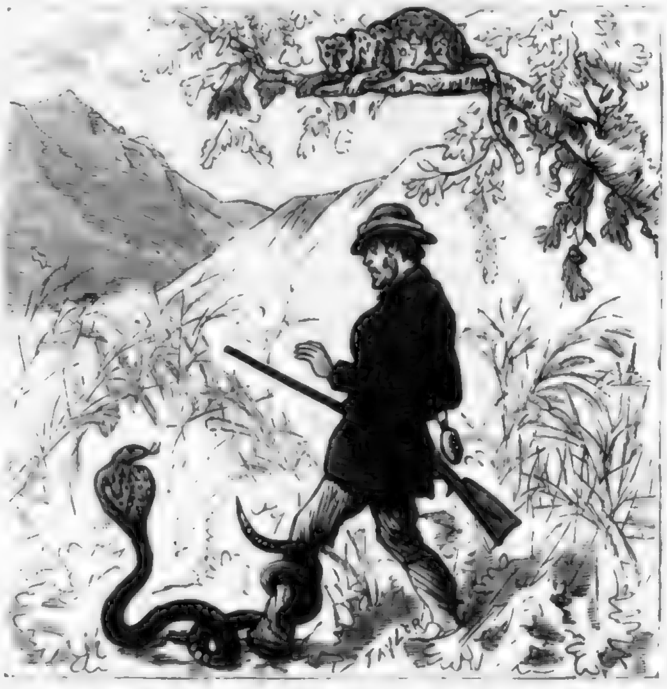
Hearing cries of distress, some Damaras who were herding cattle hard by came up; but, seeing the danger, they beat a precipitate retreat. My poor boy repeatedly pointed with his foot to the gun, but all in vain; and he began to despair of his life, as the beast had by this time dreadfully lacerated both his hands and his arms, and consequently unfitted him for prolonged strife with such a fierce and powerful opponent.

Providentially the dogs, though not the most courageous, came to the rescue, and, by persistently worrying the beast in his hinder parts, finally compelled him to decamp, though not until he had killed one of the number. It is satisfactory, however, to add that he himself was shortly afterward destroyed by a party of natives, who, on hearing the poor fellow's cries, promptly ran to the spot and afterward went in pursuit of the leopard, which died game, having slain a second dog—two others, moreover, being accidentally shot by their owners in the general *mêlée*.

As I have said, the lad was fearfully knocked about and mauled. In some places, especially about the hands and



"THE SAVAGE BRUTE STRUCK HIM ON THE HEAD WITH ITS CLAWS, AND ACTUALLY TORE THE SCALP OVER HIS EYES."

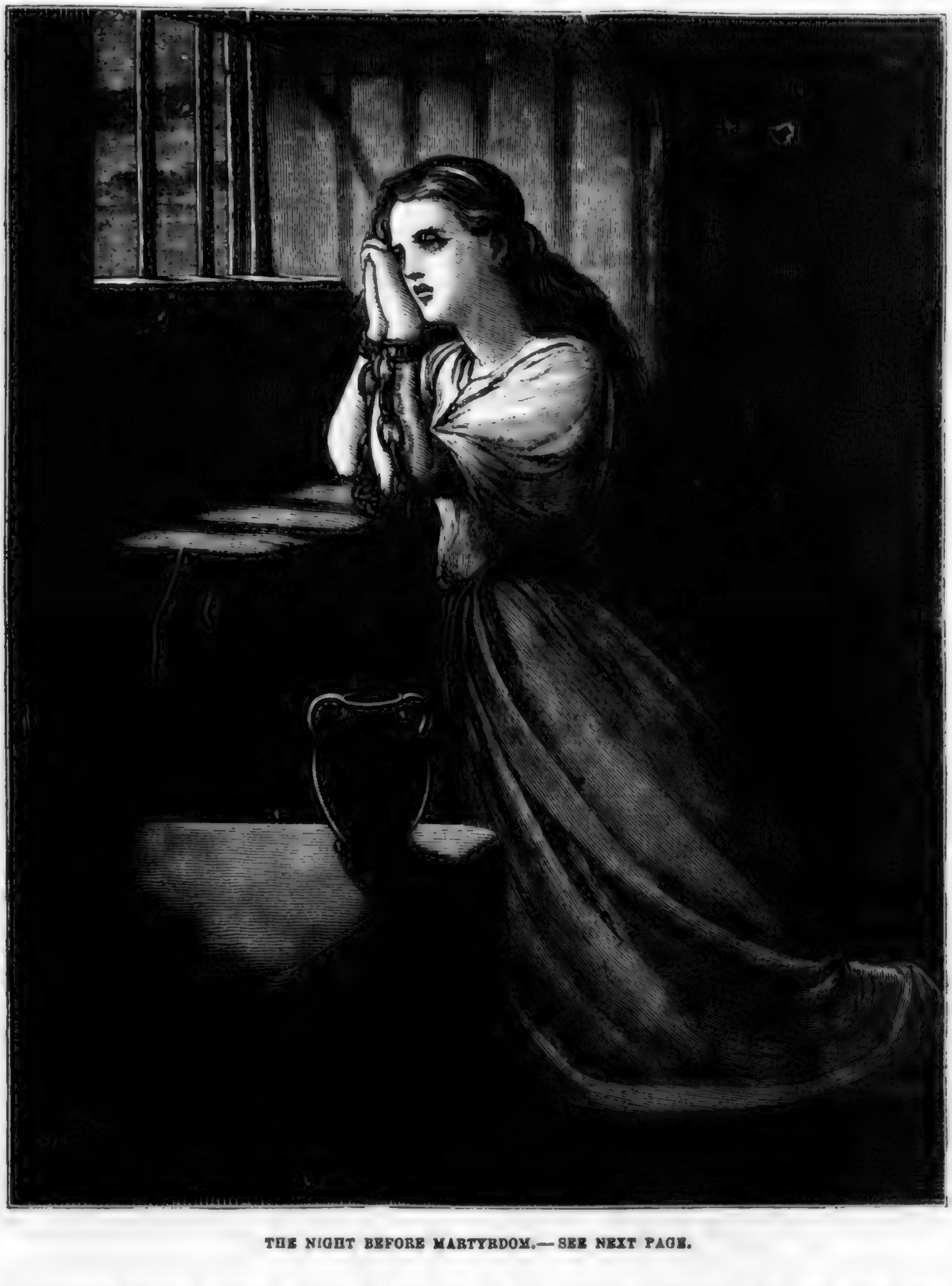


"IT INSTANTLY TWISTED ITS BODY ROUND MY LEG, ON WHICH I HAD NOTHING BUT A PAIR OF THIN TROWSERS."

wrists, the teeth of the animal had actually met in the flesh. I am, however, happy to be able to add that, with care and quiet, he ultimately regained the use of his arms and hands, though not until after much and prolonged suffering.

On another occasion, a herd of mine espied a leopard amongst some rocks, and, being armed, he unhesitatingly discharged his musket; but either missed his mark or very slightly wounded the brute. The next moment the poor fellow felt himself struck violently to the ground, with the teeth of the infuriated animal deeply buried in his left shoulder. However, by the assistance of some dogs, the leopard was made to retreat after a while, but not until it had fearfully mauled the man, who, though he recovered temporarily, eventually died from the effects of the dreadful wounds inflicted.

Numerous other instances of the ferocity of the leopard have come under my own notice, and very many others are on record, of which I shall instance a few.



THE NIGHT BEFORE MARTYRDOM.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Two African farmers, returning from hunting, roused a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to it. The beast at first endeavored to escape by clambering up a precipice; but, being hotly pursued, and wounded by a musket-ball, it turned upon its assailants with the frantic ferocity peculiar to this animal, and, springing upon the man who had fired at it, pulled him to the ground, biting him at the same time on the shoulder, and tearing open his cheeks with its claws. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, sprang from his horse and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, the fear of wounding his friend or the quick motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed. The leopard, abandoning its prostrate foe, darted with redoubled fury upon its new antagonist; and so fierce and sudden was the onset, that before the Boer could stab it with his hunting-knife, the savage brute struck him on the head with its claws, and actually tore the scalp over his eyes. In this frightful condition the hunter grappled with the leopard, and, struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this passed far more rapidly than it can be described in words. During this dreadful scene, the hunter first attacked had started to his feet and seized his gun, and, after reloading it, he rushed forward to save the life of his friend. But it was too late; the leopard had seized the unfortunate man by the throat and mangled him so dreadfully that death was inevitable; and his comrade, himself severely wounded, had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, already exhausted with the loss of blood from several deep wounds from the knife of the expiring huntsman.

Again, another instance of the ferocity of the leopard occurred in the case of the Missionary Schmidt. This worthy man had gone out with a party of Hottentots to another Moravian station to hunt some hyenas which had been very destructive to their flocks; and, in company with one of the men, entered a thicket in pursuit of a beast they had wounded. Instead of the hyena, however, the dogs started a leopard, which instantly sprang on the Hottentot and bore him to the ground. Mr. Schmidt ran forward to the aid of the man, with his gun cocked; but before he could find an opportunity of firing, the animal left the Hottentot and flew with fury at himself. In the scuffle he dropped the gun, but luckily fell above the leopard, with his knee on its stomach. The animal seized him by the left arm with its jaws, and kept striking him with its paws and tearing his clothes in tatters from his breast. Schmidt, however, being a powerful man, succeeded, after receiving another severe bite or two, in seizing the leopard by the throat with his right hand, and held it down, in spite of its desperate struggles, for a few minutes, and until his strength was on the point of giving way, when a Hottentot on the outside of the jungle, who heard his cries, came to the rescue and shot the ferocious beast through the heart, so that its death was instantaneous. Had any life been left, its dying struggles might still have proved fatal to Mr. Schmidt. As it was, he was so terribly lacerated that for several weeks his life was in the greatest danger. The Hottentot who was first attacked was less severely wounded, but his face was so much torn by the animal's talons that his eyes were filled with blood, and he was unable to render any aid to the missionary who had so generously come to his aid.

On one occasion Mr. Orpen and Present (a native follower) had gone up the river to shoot sea-cows, when they fell in with an immense leopard, which Present wounded very badly. They then sent natives to camp to ask for dogs, of which I sent them a couple. In about an hour the natives came running back, and said that Orpen was killed by the leopard. On further inquiry, however, I found that he was not really killed, but fearfully torn and bitten about the arms and head. They had rashly taken up the spoor on foot, the dogs following behind, instead of going in advance. The consequence of this was that they came right upon the beast before they were aware of him, when Orpen fired and missed him. The leopard then sprang on his shoulders, and, dashing him to the ground, lay upon him, growling and lacerating his hands, arms and head most fearfully. Presently the creature permitted Orpen to rise and come away.

Numerous instances of hairbreadth escapes from the leopard are also on record, amongst which that of Moffat, the missionary, is, perhaps, not the least remarkable, the rather as, in the avoidance of the threatened danger, he incurred another of even a more perilous nature, thus verifying the old saying, "Out of the frying-pan, into the fire."

"In one of my early journeys," he writes, "I had an escape from an African tiger and a serpent, no less providential. I had left the wagons and wandered to a distance amongst the coppice and grassy openings, in quest of game. I had a double-barreled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot. An antelope passed, at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, I saw a tiger staring at me between the forked branches of a tree, behind which its long, spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning its tail like a cat just going to spring on its prey. This, I knew, was a critical moment. I moved about, as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly; but in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before me, until startled by treading on a large cobra-da-capello serpent asleep on the grass. It instantly twisted its body round my leg, on which I had nothing but a pair of thin trowsers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the enraged and venomous reptile after me; and whilst in the act of throwing itself in a position to bite, I, without turning round, threw my piece over my shoulder and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people in the wagons, who, on examining the bag of poison, asserted that had the creature bitten me I could never have reached the wagon. The serpent was six feet long."

The chase of the leopard, by both colonists and natives, is commonly conducted on foot, the hunters being accompanied by dogs, of which the more there are the better, as they are the greatest of safeguards from this fierce and agile beast; and, though the native fox-like breed are awful-looking creatures, I have never found any others equal to them for daring or pertinacity.

THE NIGHT BEFORE MARTYRDOM.

I THRILL to think what weight of joy doth press
Those brows which here were wreathed in the flame;
How that most cruel crown of blood and shame
Is brighter grown than mortal eyes can guess.
And how exalted in thought her voice doth bless
Her peerless King with everlasting fame;
And how she is inscribed with that name,
And clothed in unuttered loveliness;
And how she, yearning, looks upon that face,
Which here did weep for her that sweat of blood,
And looking, live, and gather grace on grace;
And harp her rapture till her praises flood,
Sea-like, the shores of all that blissful place,
Wherein she dwells for ever great and good.

SAGACITY OF WILD GEESE.—The large flocks of geese which are constantly passing over towns are frequently shot at, but they generally fly at too high an altitude to be reached by the leaden missiles. Sometimes, however, the shots take effect. The other day several persons were watching a flock flying southward, when the report of a gun was heard, and they observed one of the geese begin to fall slowly. The others, perceiving that their comrade was wounded, uttered shrill cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew under the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of a bed upon which the wounded one rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others meanwhile looking on, manifesting their concern by uttering loud, discordant shrieks. Finding that their companion was unable longer to accompany them in their flight, they abandoned him to his fate, and he fell to the earth, and into the hands of the expectant gunner.

XUM

THE HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY

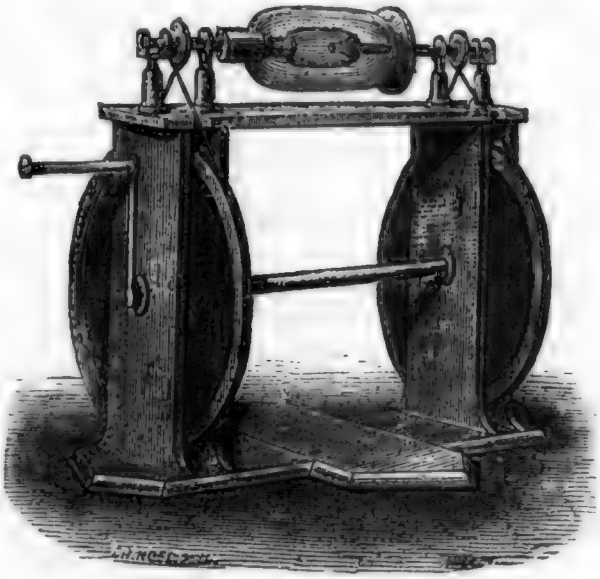
FROM THE PITH-BALL TO THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY, PH. D.

THE moment we enter upon the study of electricity we are met at the threshold by the word *electron*, carrying us back to the ancient Greeks, and indicating that a peculiar property of amber, when rubbed, to attract light bodies, was observed by the earliest races. The Greek philosopher Thales, who lived about 600 years before the Christian era, mentions this phenomenon, and explains it after the manner of the ancients. According to him, amber is possessed of a soul, and draws to itself light bodies as by a breath. Six hundred years later the naturalist Pliny wrote: "When, by friction, heat and life are imparted to the amber, it attracts light bodies." This was pretty much all that the Greeks and Romans knew about it; so that our indebtedness to them is not of a kind to weigh us down with an overwhelming debt of gratitude.

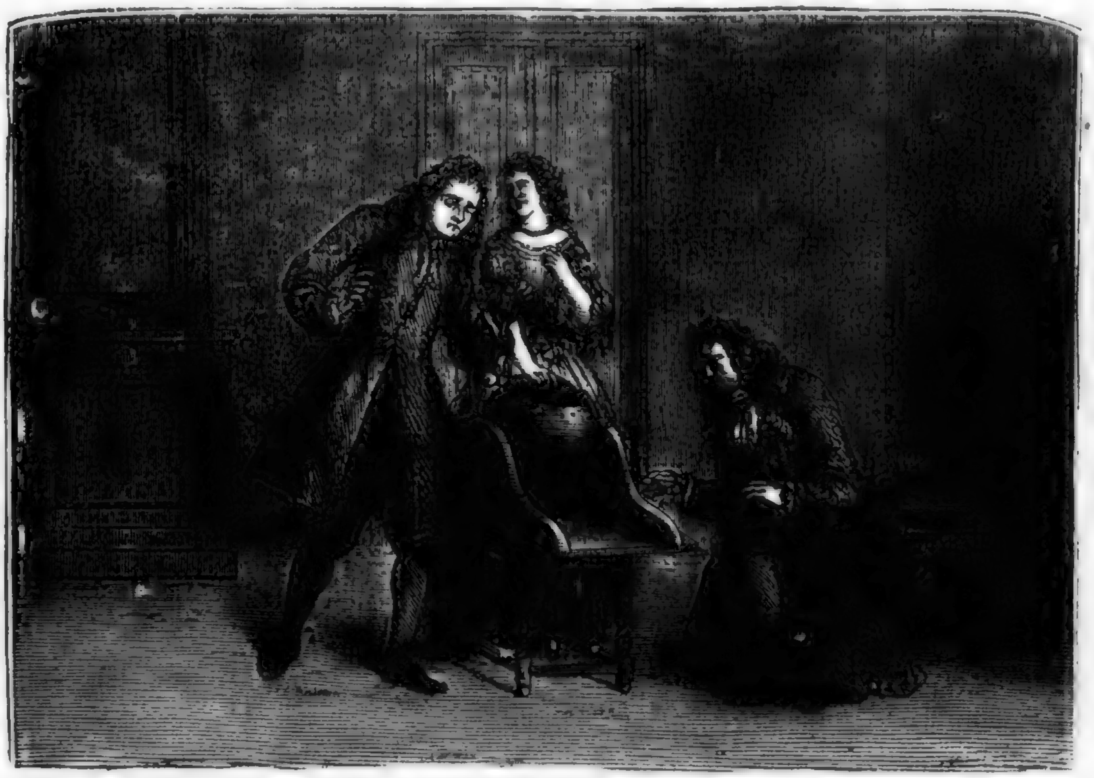
If we turn to China, that inexhaustible quarry of scientific history, we shall find much richer deposits brought down through the drift of ages. The Chinese used the magnet as a means of guiding the wayfarer over the vast and trackless plains of Eastern Asia, long before it was applied to maritime purposes. To the Emperor Hoang-Ti, who lived 2,000 years before our era, is attributed the invention of a chariot, upon which stood an elevated figure pointing to the south, independently of any position of the chariot. Nearly ten centuries later there is an account of a learned Chinese teaching the use of this chariot to some envoys from the maritime provinces. The compass appears to have been used by this remarkable nation about the third century of our era, during the Tsin dynasty.

At what precise period the compass became known in Europe is disputed. Gilbert refers its introduction to Marco Polo, about 1260; but it is probable that earlier accounts of it were brought from the East by the Crusaders. The discovery of the dip of the needle is due to Robert Norman, a nautical-instrument maker at Wapping, near London, who is described by Gilbert as "a skillful sailor and ingenious artificer."



HAWKSBEE'S MACHINE.

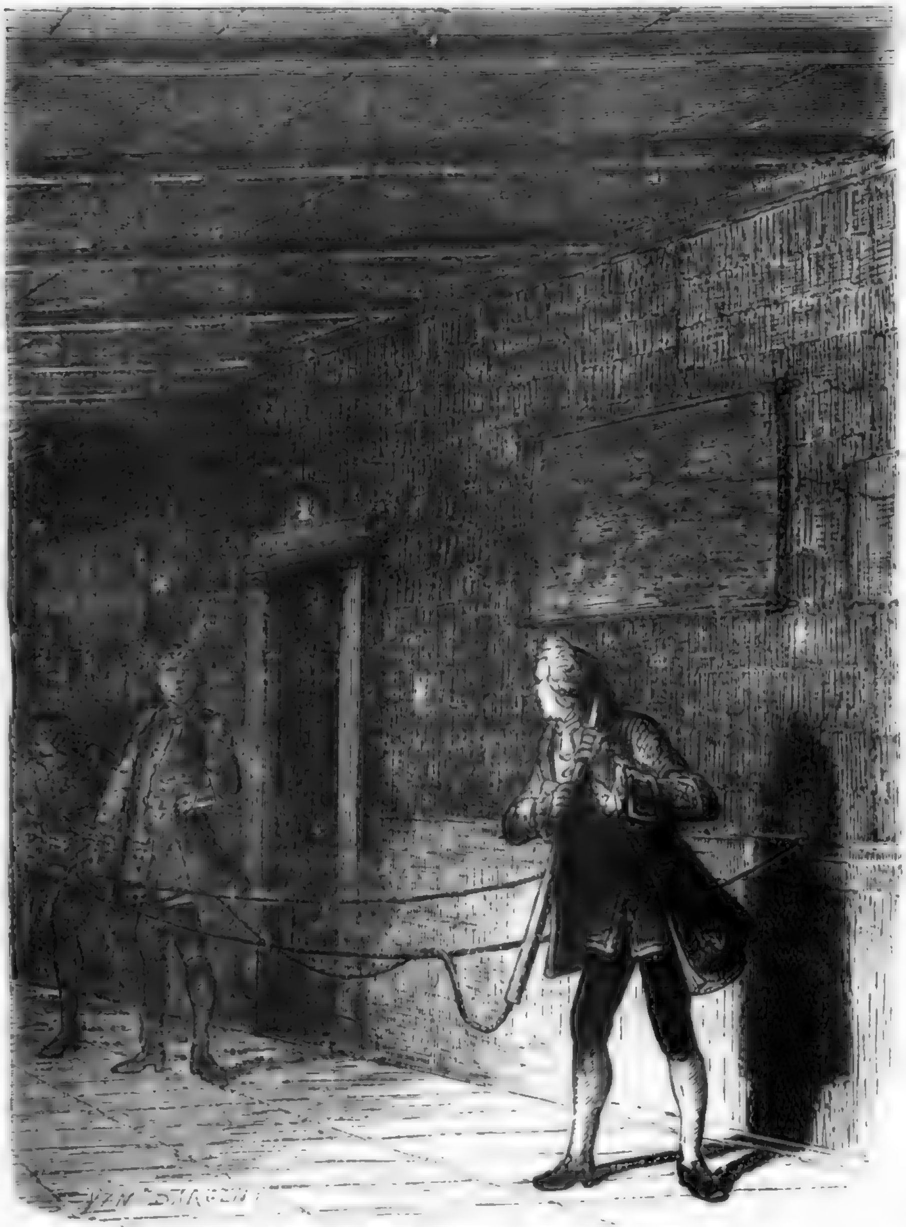
In the year 1600 was published the celebrated treatise, "De Magnete," by Gilbert, of Colchester, who was pronounced by his great contemporary, Galileo, to be "great to a degree that might be envied." Gilbert regarded our globe as a great magnet, and its centre as the centre of the magnetic motions of the earth. This William Gilbert, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and died in 1603, must be regarded as the true father of the science of electricity. He was not content to look upon amber as the only body endowed with the property of attraction when excited, but went to work to examine, with wonderful acumen, a great number of other substances, and published a list to which very few members have been added since his day. While conducting these experiments, he soon observed that it required much less force to move a needle suspended or balanced on a polished point than it did to lift a body, however light, in a direct line; and thus he was able to prove the electric attraction of bodies in which the property was too feeble to become manifest in any other way. Gilbert took a needle such as is used in a compass, and balanced it upon a pivot. Thus sustained, it was much more easily moved than the lightest body resting on the table. To this needle he approached the body, previously rubbed, in which he wished to show the presence of electricity. However small the amount, the sensitive needle was sure to disclose it. By operating in this way, Gilbert recognized that the property of attracting light bodies after friction was not exclusively confined to amber, but was held in common by the majority of precious stones, such as the



VON GUERICK'S ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

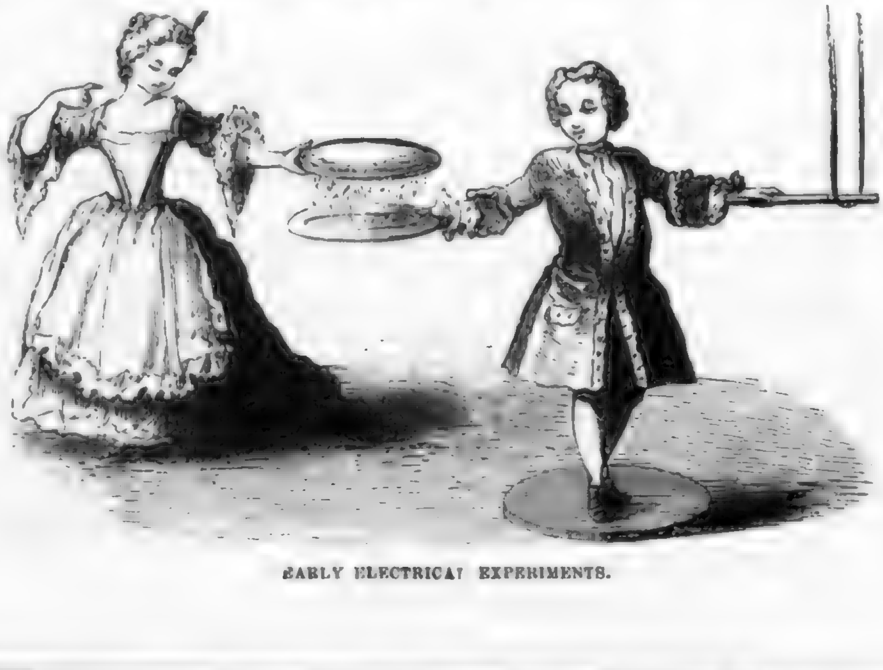
XUM

diamond, sapphire, ruby, opal, rock-crystal, etc.; and he also found that glass, sulphur, mastic, wax, resin arsenic, salt, talc and rock-alum were possessed of similar property, and the same was true of liquids, such as water and oil. In this simple manner Gilbert performed a vast number of experiments, and laid the foundations to a great science; but there was wanting an electrical machine before further progress could be expected.



GREY AND WEHLER TRANSMITTING ELECTRICITY.

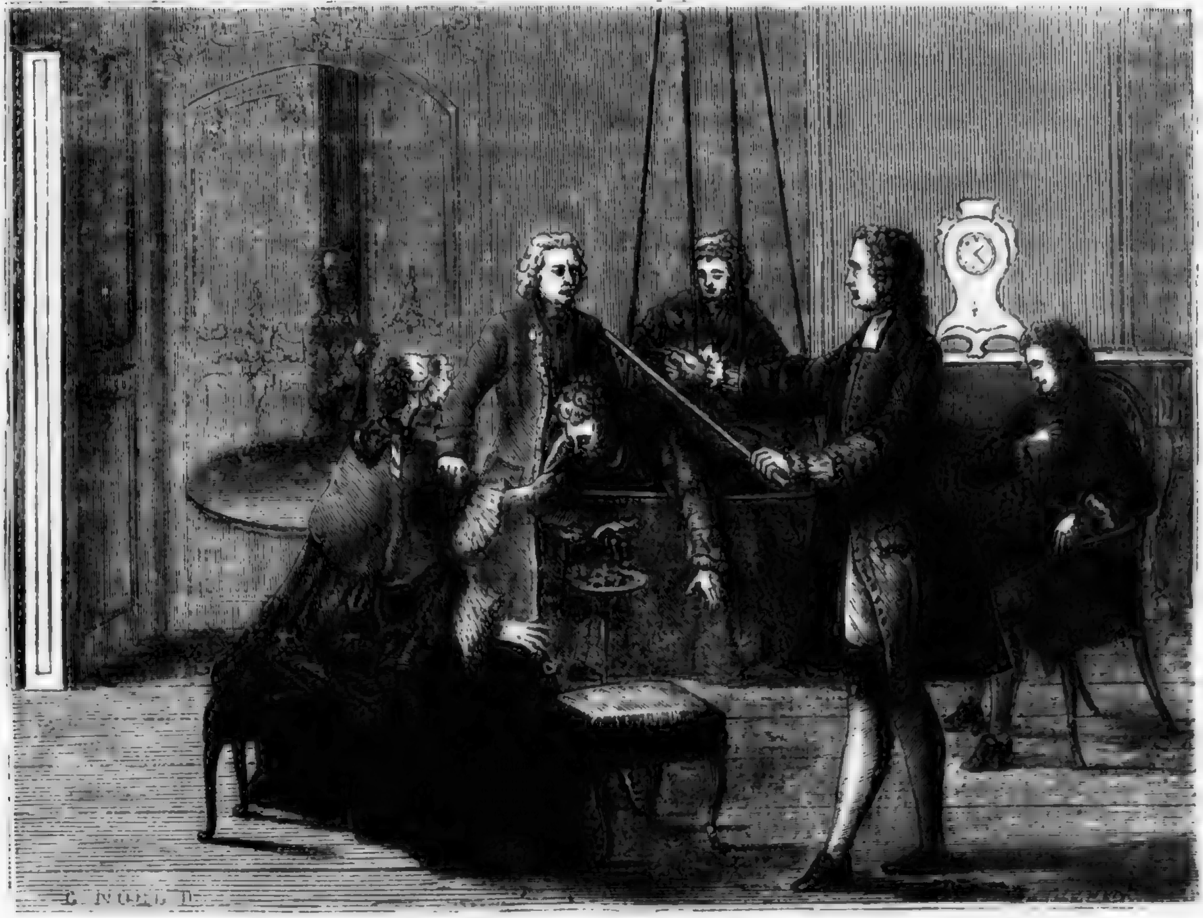
It is to the illustrious Otto von Guericke, of Magdeburg, the same who invented the air-pump, that we owe the first electrical machine. A simple tube of glass, which he rubbed with a piece of cloth, sufficed for Gilbert's experiments. Otto von Guericke formed, with a globe of sulphur, a machine more convenient and more powerful. Sulphur is a substance which becomes highly electrified on friction. By giving it the form of a sphere, and disposing it in such a manner that a rapid rotary movement could be imparted to it, Von Guericke obtained a machine admirably adapted to serve for electrical experiments. The operator turned the globe with one hand and held a cloth upon it with the other. In his celebrated work, "Experimenta Nova Magdeburge," he describes the method of preparing this simple machine: "Take a sphere of glass, or a bottle as large as a child's head; fill it with fragments of sulphur broken up in a mortar; approach it cautiously to the fire, and heat it until the contents are melted; allow the sulphur to cool, and when it is solid, break the glass, and afterward pierce the globe with an iron to serve as an axis, and you have your machine." This may appear to be a very insignificant invention to us at the present time, and many a small boy has carried out the directions of Von Guericke without knowing to whom he owed the suggestion; and yet the electrical machine was scarcely less important than the air-pump, both of which instruments are of the first importance in physical research, and must place the name of the inventor on the list of immortals who have conferred untold blessings on the human race.



EARLY ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Otto von Guericke's machine was greatly improved by an English physicist, Hawksbe, who substituted a glass cylinder for the sulphur. The supreme idea in the mind of this inventor was to use the machine as a source of light. His first machine was composed of two cylinders of glass, one within the other, which he could revolve separately or together, as he chose. When he applied his knuckles to the outer sphere, after a rapid movement, a brilliant spark shot in curious ramifications along the surface of the inner globe. He afterward improved the effect by producing a vacuum in a glass globe and allowing the electric current to pass through it.

Hawksbe's machine was not fully appreciated in his day; but



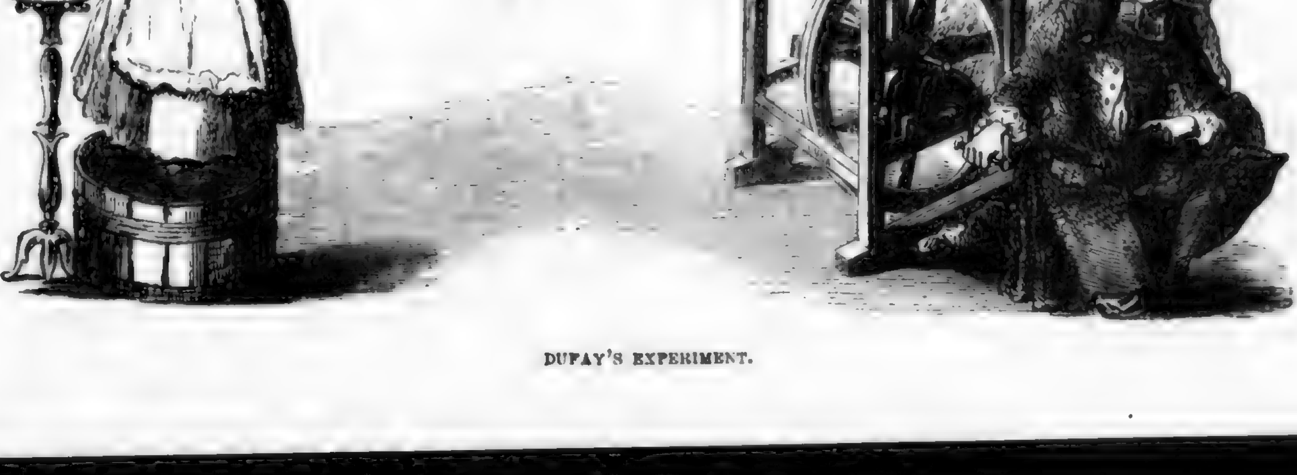
ELECTRICITY FROM THE HUMAN BODY.

later, in the hands of German philosophers, it was made to play an important part in the march of discovery.

We all know at the present time with what prodigious velocity electricity travels from one point to another. The telegraph has now made us familiar with this phenomenon, but in that day this was a new field of research. Two English physicists, Grey and Wehler, were the first to discover this property of electricity, and also were the earliest to divide bodies into conductors and non-conductors, or into electrics and non-electrics.

The instrument which served in 1729 for electrical experiments was a simple glass tube. Wishing to try some new experiment, Etienne Grey procured a glass tube, three feet long and an inch and a half in diameter, so arranged that he could open or close the two ends at pleasure. While operating with this tube, he noticed the rapid movement of a feather or light particles from one end to the other. This suggested the propriety of trying to see if electricity would travel beyond the tube over a road prepared for it. Grey took a pine stick, attached an ivory ball to one end and fastened the other in the tube. On rubbing the glass tube as usual, and approaching the ivory ball to light objects, he observed that they were attracted the same as if the end of the glass rod had been applied to them.

Delighted at his success, Grey hastened to substitute much longer rods of wood, to find the same result. Then



DUFAY'S EXPERIMENT.

he took copper wire, iron wire, and attached them to the cork of the tube, and found that they too conducted the mysterious fluid. Having reached the limit of his room, he had recourse to the balcony, where he could use a perpendicular line twenty-six feet in length, and here too the experiment succeeded.

On the 2d of July, 1729, he called in his friend Wehler, also a physicist, of local reputation, and the two continued these interesting experiments, until they arrived at the important discovery that a certain class of bodies were conductors of electricity, while others were not; and that there were electrics and non-electrics all about us. They showed that for seven hundred and fifty feet, the electric current was conducted without perceptible loss of time; and they pointed out the necessity of insulating the conductors in order to obtain the full effect.

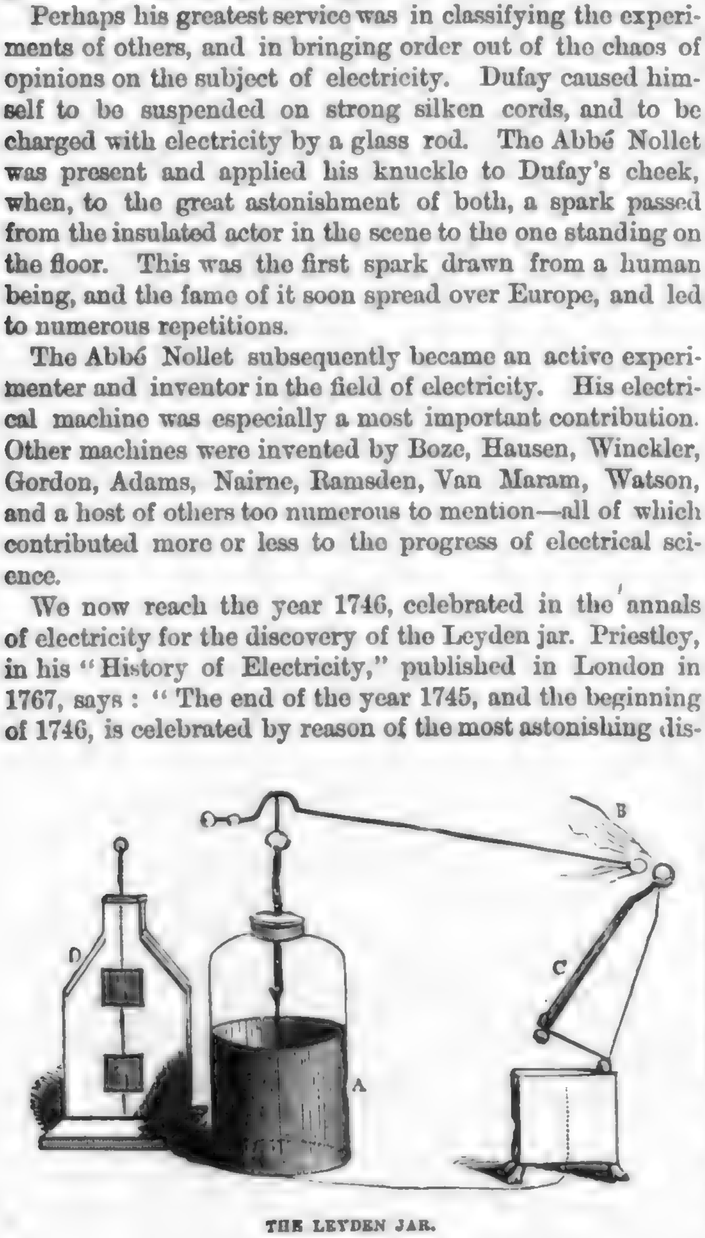
The contributions of Grey and Wehler were of the utmost importance in paving the way for further investigations.

England, thus far, had pretty much a monopoly of experiments in electricity, but between the years 1733 and 1745, a French physicist, Dufay, published important contributions. He proved that all bodies, without exception, could be electrified by friction, provided they were supported on glass or resin, or, in other words, were isolated. He also showed that moisture was necessary to insure the conductibility of organic substances over the first, to make the distinction between resinous or vitreous electricity, or positive or negative electricity.

Perhaps his greatest service was in classifying the experiments of others, and in bringing order out of the chaos of opinions on the subject of electricity. Dufay caused himself to be suspended on strong silken cords, and to be charged with electricity by a glass rod. The Abbé Nollet was present and applied his knuckle to Dufay's cheek, when, to the great astonishment of both, a spark passed from the insulated actor in the scene to the one standing on the floor. This was the first spark drawn from a human being, and the fame of it soon spread over Europe, and led to numerous repetitions.

The Abbé Nollet subsequently became an active experimenter and inventor in the field of electricity. His electrical machine was especially a most important contribution. Other machines were invented by Boze, Hausen, Winckler, Gordon, Adams, Nairne, Ramsden, Van Maram, Watson, and a host of others too numerous to mention—all of which contributed more or less to the progress of electrical science.

We now reach the year 1746, celebrated in the annals of electricity for the discovery of the Leyden jar. Priestley, in his "History of Electricity," published in London in 1767, says: "The end of the year 1745, and the beginning of 1746, is celebrated by reason of the most astonishing discoveries which have ever been made in the whole field of electrical science—namely, the wonderful condensation of this force in a glass named the Leyden jar, because it was first made by Cuneus, of Leyden, while experimenting with Professor Van Muschenbrock."



THE LEYDEN JAR.

Priestley lived to hear of the experiment of Galvani, and of the invention of the Voltaic battery, and thus witnessed the opening of a new path of research which has since brought us such a rich harvest of discovery.

The origin of the Leyden jar was as follows: Professor Van Muschenbrock, of Leyden, Holland, and some of his friends, observing that electrified bodies, exposed to the air, lost their electricity rapidly, imagined that if they inclosed a conducting body in a non-conductor, it would become possible to charge more electricity into the conductor and retain it longer.

As a glass bottle was the most convenient non-conductor, and water the most common conductor, water was placed in a bottle, a brass rod put in the water, and the fluid charged by the intervention of the rod; but nothing particular was observed till M. Cuneus, who supported the glass flask by his left hand while it was being charged, supposing that the water had received as much electricity as it could contain, attempted to withdraw the brass wire with his right hand, when he was suddenly frightened by a violent shock in his arms and chest. The water served here for the inner coating of the jar, and his left hand for the outer coating; and yet, however simple and easily repeated the experiment is, there were, at that time, many experimenters who, after reading the published account and trying it for themselves, did not succeed; being still in the dark about the conditions required for success, which at the present day are so well known.

Those who succeeded gave the most exaggerated accounts of their feelings. Professor Van Muschenbrock, who made the experiment with a flask of very thin glass, and therefore obtained a most powerful charge, declared in a letter addressed to Reaumur on the 20th of April, 1746, that he would not submit to a second shock for the whole kingdom of France. "I wish to communicate to you a new but terrible experiment," he writes to Reaumur, "which I advise you not to repeat on yourself. I was making some researches in the force of electricity, and had suspended by two silk cords an iron rod, one end of which received the charge from an electrical machine; from the other end hung down a tin wire which dipped in a thin flask partly filled with water, and which I supported by my right hand, while I endeavored to draw a spark from the rod by my left hand. All of a sudden, my right hand received a violent shock, and my whole body was struck as if by an explosion of gunpowder. The flask, although made of thin glass, was not broken, nor was the hand displaced, but my arms and body were affected in a terrible manner which I cannot explain, but which I thought would make a finish of me."

M. Allamand made the experiment with a common glass tumbler, and says also, that the shock took his breath away, that he felt such a violent pain in his arms as to fear serious consequences; but that it passed over without injury to him.

Professor Winckler, of Leipsic, tells another story. He says that when he first performed the Leyden experiment upon himself, he felt strong convulsions over his whole body; his blood was brought into a most violent agitation, and a burning fever would have been the result if he had not taken cooling medicines. He felt also a heaviness in his head, as if a large stone laid upon it; it caused him twice to bleed at the nose, which otherwise seldom took place. His wife appears to have been of an investigating turn of mind, and much less afraid than he; she took the shock twice, but Winckler says that she was then so weakened that

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she could not walk, and a week later, having obtained the necessary courage to permit him to give her another shock, she commenced at once to bleed from the nose. But everybody was not so foolishly frightened. M. Boze, with a true philosophical courage, wished to be killed by the electric shock, in order that the account of his scientific death might procure an article for the Memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences, but his wish was not fulfilled.

The electric shock produced by the Leyden jar attracted so much interest that many persons traveled around Europe and made a living by administering it; some of them pretending to cure by it all kinds of diseases.

Gralath, of Germany, in 1746, gave the shock at great distances, and through twenty persons at once, and invented the electric battery, consisting of a number of Leyden jars. It is claimed in the "Philosophical Transactions" that Drs. Watson and Bevis found the modern method of covering the outside of the jars with tin-foil, while the first connected several separate masses of combustible fluid with metallic wires and ignited them all with the same spark.

In France, the Abbé Nollet hastened to repeat the experiments. Finding that the number of persons who wished to take a shock was inconveniently great, he conceived the idea of forming them into a ring, and of administering the shock to the whole company at once. Having succeeded in this attempt, the experiment was repeated at Versailles, in the presence of the King and the Court. A company of 240 soldiers were placed in a line, holding each other by the hand. The abbé placed himself at one end of the chain, while a soldier at the other held the charged bottle of water in his hand. As soon as the abbé plunged his finger in the water the current was closed, and the shock was instantly communicated along the whole line, much to the amusement of His Majesty and the courtiers surrounding him. Subsequently, Abbé Nollet killed fish and birds by means of the jar; thus showing that the experiment might be pushed too far with human beings. There was such a demand for the Leyden jar that all the apparatus necessary was made in a compact form by manufacturers of instruments, and rapidly sold.

A curious story is told of the experience of a French professor while experimenting with his pupils. In attempting to give a shock to a collection of boys, it was found that the effect ceased at a certain boy, and all beyond him experienced no sensation at all. The poor lad who was the innocent cause of the interruption of the current, was ignominiously dismissed, and it was asserted that there must be some serious imperfection in his body. On further examination it was found that the spot in the court where he stood was very moist, and that thus the current was diverted. When the boys stood on the benches, all went perfectly well, and the much-abused pupil was brought back in triumph.

The velocity with which the electric current was transmitted from one point to another, was the subject of numerous experiments, varied in every conceivable manner, introducing large numbers of men, and using great length of wire.

In London a most interesting experiment was made, near Westminster Bridge, by Martin Folckes, Cavendish and Bevis. An iron wire was stretched across the river, supported on boats, and a Leyden jar was charged by an electrical machine on one bank, which was so arranged that it could be introduced into the circuit at any moment. As soon as the circuit was completed by the operators on the opposite banks of the river plunging a rod into the water, a shock was appreciated by both at the same instant of time; thus proving that the river could be used as a part of the chain of connection in the circuit. They also succeeded in igniting alcohol by the current which was conducted across the river.

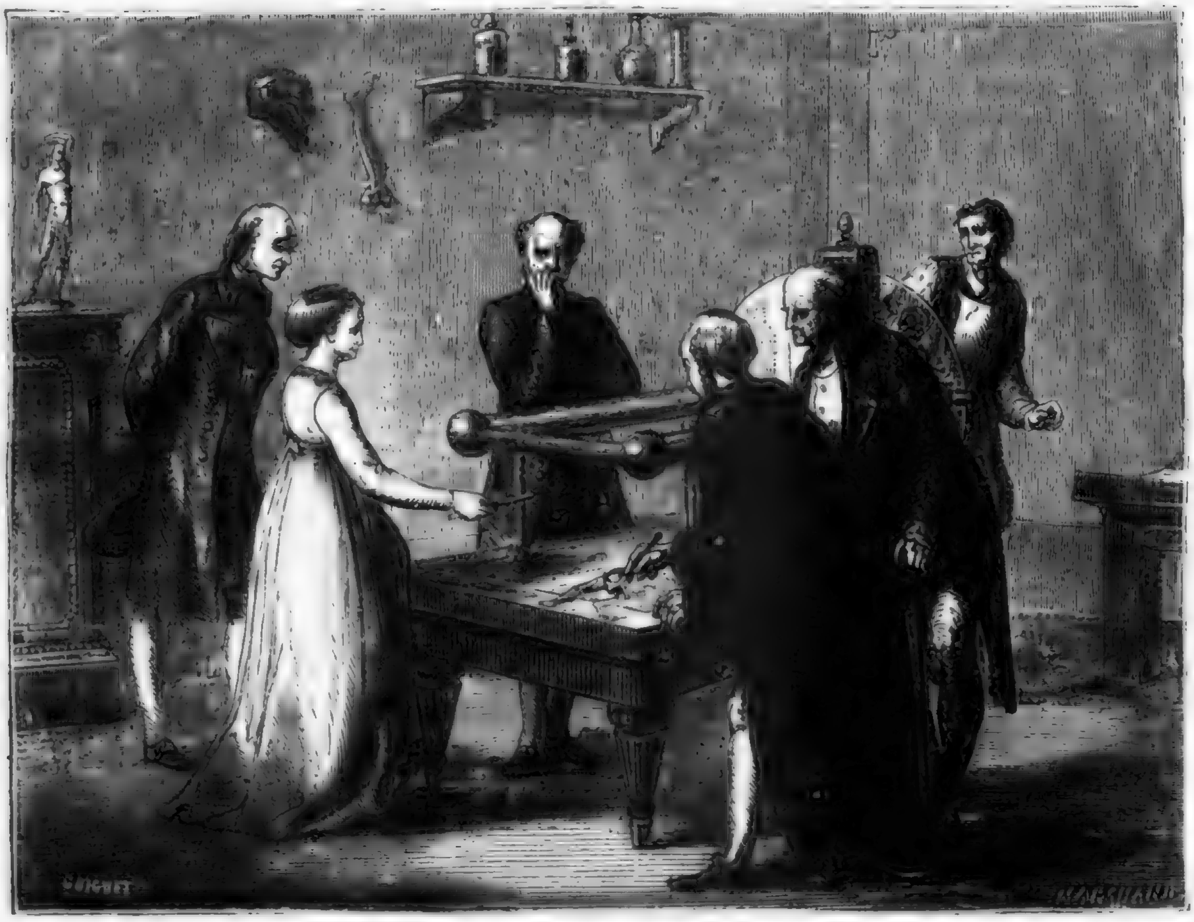
These experiments produced a profound sensation everywhere. They were repeated at Stoke Newington (London), in July, 1747, with greatly increased length of wire, and everywhere the passage of the electric current was shown to be instantaneous.

The English physicist, Bevis, introduced important modifications in the Leyden jar. Suspecting that the water in the vessel played no other part than that of a conductor, and knowing that metals were better for this purpose, he tried a sheet of lead, and found it to work much better. He also coated the outer jar with tin-foil, and thus gave us the apparatus as it is known and used at the present day.

The Leyden jar consists of a thin glass bottle with a wide neck. A coating of tin-foil is pasted upon both the internal surface and the outer surface to within three or four inches of the neck. The upper portion of the glass is left free from conducting matter, in order to preserve the insulation of the two coatings. A wire surmounted by a brass knob, and supported by a smooth plug of dry wood, serves to convey the charge to the inner coating, with which it is in contact. The power of the Leyden jar may be increased by placing a number of small jars side by side upon a sheet of tin-foil, which connects together all their outer coatings, while, by means of wires, all their inner coatings are similarly connected with each other. Such an arrangement of jars is called an electrical battery. It was left to our illustrious countryman, Benjamin Franklin, to perfect the construction of the Leyden jar, and to furnish the scientific explanation of its action.

It was in 1747 that accident induced Franklin to occupy himself with electrical phenomena. Franklin's early education was far from being a suitable preparation for scientific research; but he was endowed by nature with a remarkable genius, and his example shows how the flame of scientific inspiration can smolder and break forth, despite the most discouraging circumstances. We are all familiar with his history. Apprenticed in early life to a tallow-chandler, then a journeyman printer, finally publisher of a political journal; deprived of all elementary education, separated by thousands of miles from countries where science flourished, deprived of all counsel, of all the aid that persons of similar pursuits could have suggested; without suitable instruments, with no money to have them constructed in Europe—such was the man who dared to attack the phenomena of electricity with the hope of being able to resolve the difficult problem which was presented to him for the first time as an investigator.

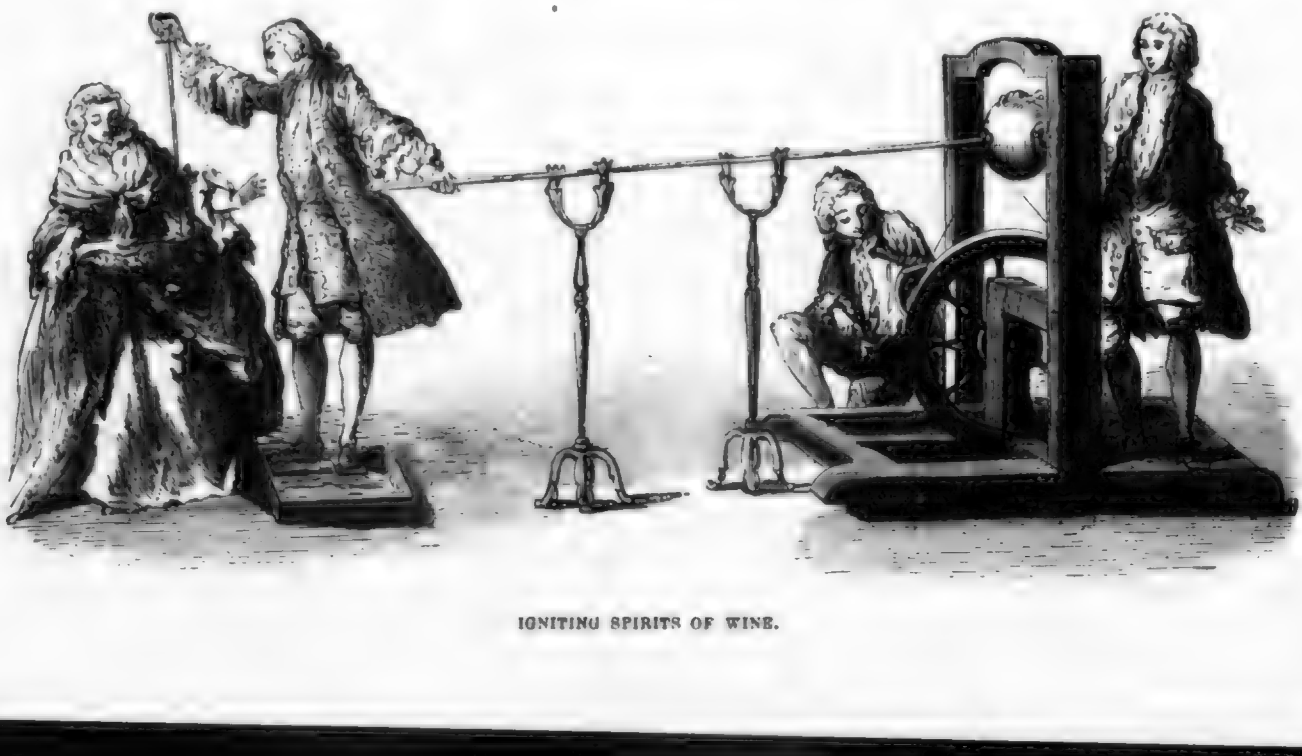
Franklin was naturally endowed with originality of conception and independence of view. He was without prejudices, and prepared to accept any new light that crossed his path. It was this rare and precious intellectual freedom that laid the foundation to the scientific triumphs of our American philosopher. Franklin had established a scientific Society in Philadelphia, of which the most intelligent young men of the day were members. At the commencement of the year 1747, Peter Collinson, Member of the Royal Society of London, addressed to the small society presided over by Franklin a detailed account of the new electrical discoveries which at the time commanded the attention of all the Academies of Europe. He accompanied his letter with the instruments necessary to repeat some of the principal experiments. Franklin had, a short time previously, encountered in Boston Doctor Spence, just arrived from Scotland, who had witnessed some of the experiments before he sailed for America. These he showed to Franklin, and thus greatly excited his interest; so that



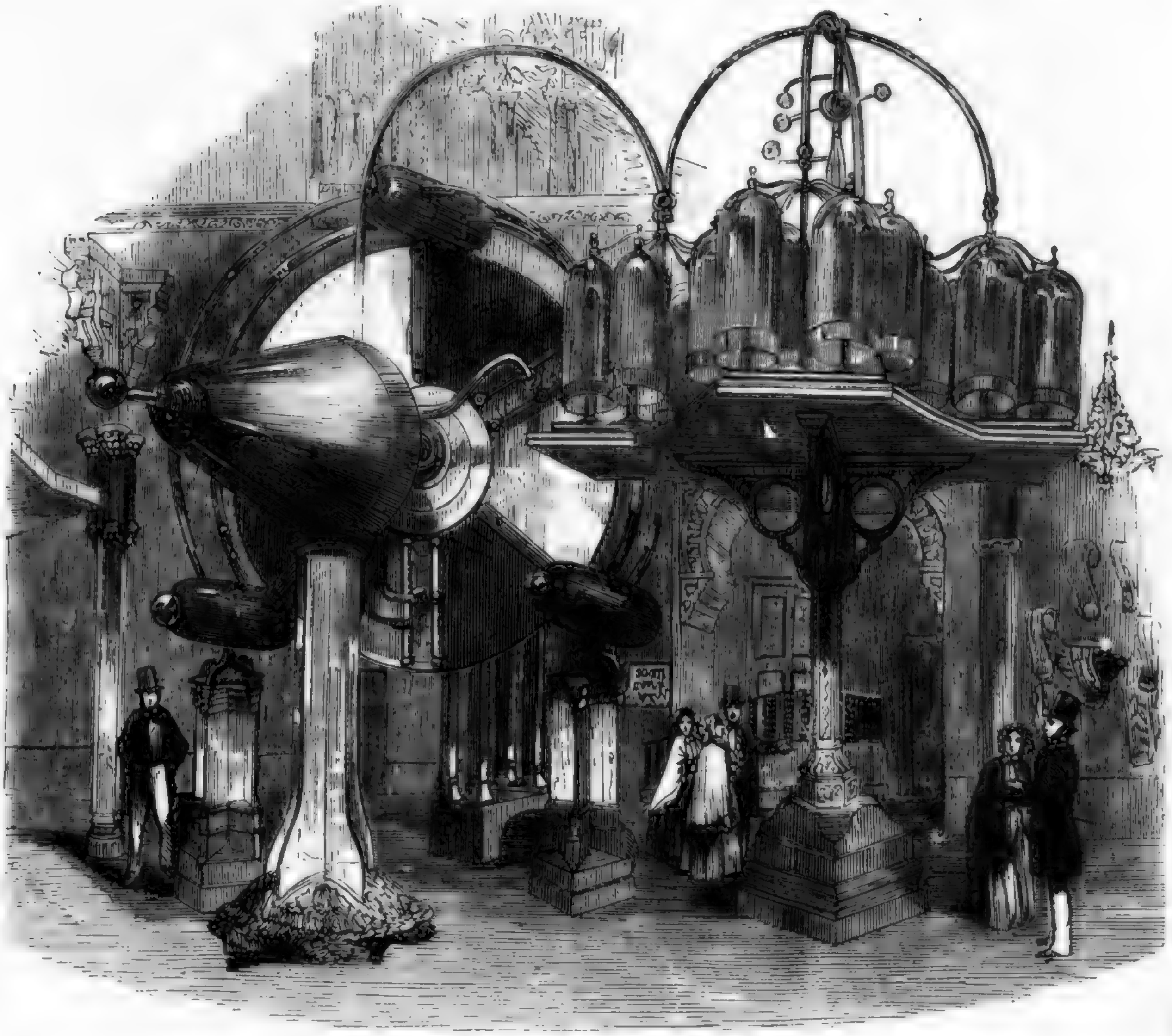
GALVANI DISCOVERING THE EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY ON THE NERVES.

when Collinson's letter and package arrived he was prepared to take up the subject with great activity. He commenced by repeating before the Society, with the apparatus sent over by Collinson, the experiments he had seen performed by Doctor Spence in Boston. Franklin's house was filled every day by crowds of curious people who came to witness the extraordinary experiments, and he had a number of tubes blown at the glass-house for presentation to his friends. In writing about himself at this time, in his celebrated autobiography, Franklin says: "I flattered myself that by the sufficient, though moderate, fortune I had acquired, I had found leisure, during the rest of my life, for philosophical studies and amusement. I purchased all Dr. Spence's apparatus, who had come from England to lecture in Philadelphia, and I proceeded in my electrical experiments with great alacrity; but the public, now considering me as a man of leisure, laid hold of me for their purposes—every part of our civil government, and almost at the same time, imposing some duty upon me. The governor put me into the Commission of Peace; the corporation of the city chose me one of the Common Council, and soon after, alderman; and the citizens at large elected me a burgess to represent them in the Assembly."

But, notwithstanding all of these disadvantages, Franklin continued his wonderful series of experiments, which resulted in the most important discoveries. These experiments and discoveries are described in detail in letters addressed to Peter Collinson, the first bearing date July 28,

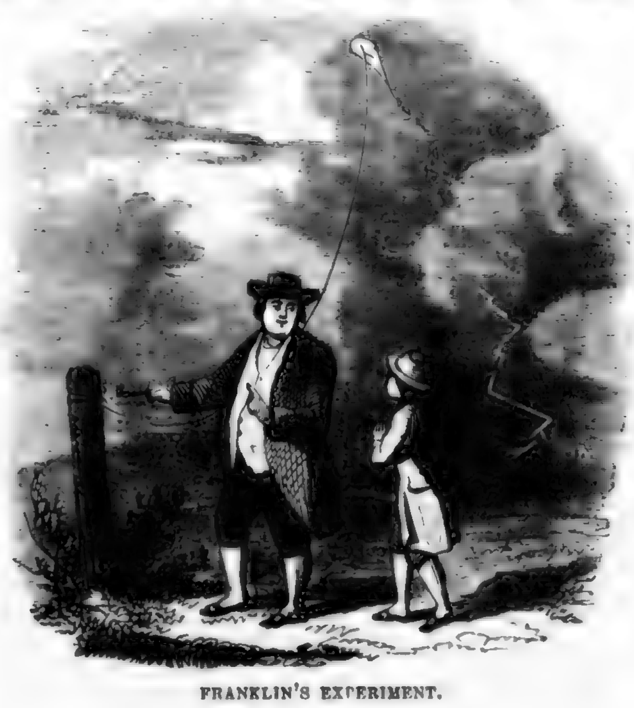


IGNITING SPIRITS OF WINE.

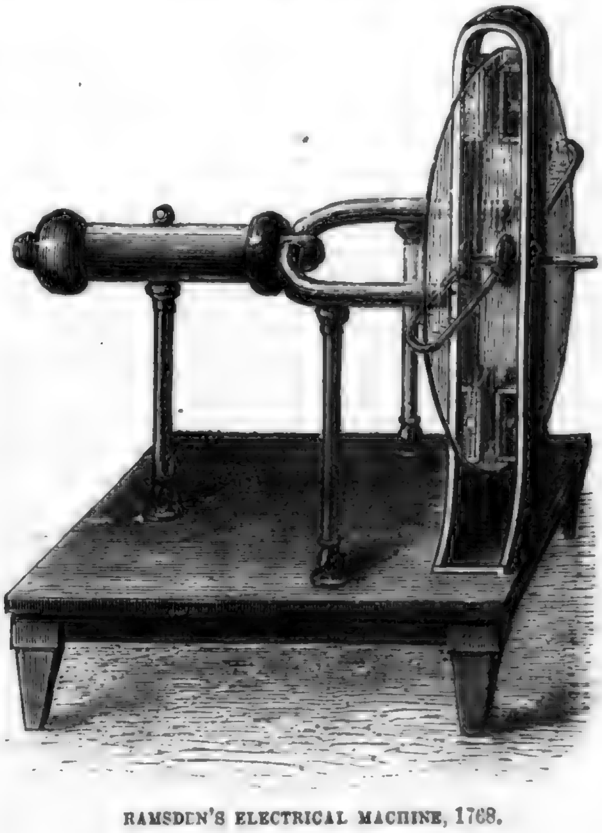


CLARKE'S GREAT ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

1747. They have been frequently reprinted, translated into foreign languages and made the subject of criticism and commentary all over the world. Two theories, based upon the phenomena of attraction and repulsion, were formed to account for the nature and origin of electricity. They are known as the theory of two fluids and the theory of the single fluid; or, the theory of Dufay and the theory of Franklin. Dufay's theory supposes that all bodies, in their natural state, are pervaded by an exceedingly thin, subtle fluid, which is composed of two constituents or elements, viz.: the vitreous and the resinous electricities.



FRANKLIN'S EXPERIMENT.



RAMSDEN'S ELECTRICAL MACHINE, 1768.

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Each kind is supposed to repel its own particles, but attract the particles of the other kind. The theory of a single fluid, or the theory propounded by Franklin, supposes the existence of a single subtle fluid, without weight, equally distributed throughout nature; every substance being so constituted as to retain a certain quantity, which is necessary to its physical condition. The two different conditions of electricity, which were called by Dufay vitreous and resinous, were designated by Franklin as positive and negative, or plus and minus. Franklin's theory has so impressed itself upon the popular belief that it will take a long time to supplant it, as it seems likely to be, by the modifications founded on modern research.

Before closing the account of electrical machines, I must speak of the action of steam in this connection. In 1840 an English engineer accidentally passed his hand through a jet of steam, while the other had hold of the valve. Instantly he received a shock, and perceived the characteristic sparks. The experiment was repeated by Armstrong, and further investigated by Faraday, the latter of whom showed that the electrical action was produced by the friction of the particles of water contained in the steam—superheated, or dry steam not producing any effect whatever.

A very ingenious electrical machine was invented in 1865, by Herr Holtz, of Berlin. As constructed by Mr. Ritchie, of Boston, it has proved one of the most useful of modern electrical inventions. The explanation of its action is somewhat difficult of reconciliation with present theories; but this rather adds to than detracts from the interest excited by the new machine.

Having given an account of the rise and progress of electricity from the pith-ball to the Leyden jar and frictional machine, and of the two principal theories which were proposed to explain the phenomena, we come to what may be called the romantic period of the history, namely, the discovery of Voltaism, or Galvanism.

Aloysius Galvani, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Bologna, was one of the most distinguished men of his age. Without neglecting his legitimate studies of physiology and anatomy, he took great interest in chemistry and physics, and was familiar with the progress made by those sciences up to his day. Having for a long time been occupied with the study of the nervous system, he was curious to see what effect would be produced upon the living organism by the electric fluid, and he experimented upon different animals with a view to determine this question. He was, therefore, fully prepared to appreciate and understand the value of the discoveries he was destined to make; and to Galvani belongs the glory of having pointed out the path of research which has conducted to such vast results, and even down to the present time appears to be only partially explored.

In order to impart a certain romance to the story of Galvani's researches, it is said that, being ill, a ragout of frogs' legs was ordered for him, and that one of these legs, having been hung on a copper hook connected with an iron wire, was seen to twitch and jerk in an extraordinary manner. The circumstance was related to him, and on examination and repetition, laid the groundwork to the science which bears his name.

This anecdote is discredited by all of the writers who have examined into its authenticity; and Galvani's discovery is shown to have been the direct result of investigations conducted by him upon the legs and muscles of animals, as affected by electricity.

One evening, in the year 1780 (some authors say 1790), Galvani was in his laboratory, occupied with several pupils in repeating his experiment on the irritability of the nerves of the frog. Preliminary to his experiments, he had dissected the legs of a frog from a living animal. While he was engaged upon this work, one of his pupils was amusing himself with an electrical machine which was in the room. Dr. Galvani having prepared his subject, placed the legs on the electrical machine, and retired to another part of the building to fetch something. In his absence one of the young men touched the exposed nerve with his scalpel, when the lower extremities became convulsed as if suddenly seized with tetanus.

It is easy to imagine the surprise of all the persons who at that moment were in the laboratory. Among those present was Lucia Galvani, the devoted wife and constant companion of the professor, who exercised a great influence over the destiny and labors of the celebrated anatomist. While they hastened to repeat the experiment by placing the legs in the same position as before, Lucia Galvani observed that the contractions of the muscles only took place when a spark was drawn from the electrical machine. Surprised at this fact, she hastened to call her husband, who was still absent from the laboratory. Professor Galvani was successful in repeating the experiment every time the legs were placed upon the table and a spark was drawn from the electrical machine.

He wrote an account of his experiments in Latin, of which the following is a translation: "The event happened for the first time, as I will recount it to you. I had dissected a frog, and being just then occupied with some other matters, I laid it down on a table, on which was also standing an electric machine. The frog was in no way in contact with the conductor of the machine, but was at considerable distance. One of my assistants, by mere accident, touched with his scalpel the crural nerve of the frog, and instantly the lower muscles contracted as if they had been suddenly seized with tetanic convulsions. In the meantime, a lady, who happened to be present when they were making the experiments, noticed that the effect was only produced when a spark was drawn from the electrical machine. Amazed at the novelty of this circumstance, she hastened to inform me of what had taken place. I approached my scalpel to the crural nerve, and the phenomena were exhibited as described."

It appears from the records of the time that Galvani had been occupied with researches on the nervous system of frogs since 1772, and this new experiment was only a part of a long series of researches.

He went diligently to work to try to find a suitable explanation, and the favorite idea with him was the doctrine of animal magnetism, and that the living body was in fact an organic Leyden jar. We now know that the convulsions of the legs were due to the return shock produced by discharging the condenser, and that the frog's legs were merely a sensitive electroscope. Galvani repeated the experiment, using the electricity of the clouds during a thunderstorm, to effect the result.

One day, while engaged in pursuing the subject, he suspended a frog's leg, through which he had passed a copper hook over an iron balustrade, to see if the convulsions would not make their appearance, even without the presence of electricity in the air. He watched in vain for any manifestation, and becoming weary, hastily severed the member from the iron railing, thus producing close contact and a little friction—immediately the convulsions made their appearance. He repeated the experiment in a different form, and made the observation that convulsive movements were produced in the limbs of a frog recently killed, if brought into contact with two dissimilar metals, such as zinc and copper, which were themselves in contact. The experiment may be readily repeated in the following manner: Expose the crural nerve of a recently-killed frog, touch

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it with a strip of zinc, and at the same time touch the surface of the thigh with one end of a bit of copper wire—the moment that the other end of the copper wire is made to touch the zinc, the limb is convulsed; but the convulsions cease when the two metals are separated from each other, though they are still in contact with the animal tissues. Each time that the zinc and copper are made to touch, the convulsion is renewed.

A live flounder laid upon a pewter plate, shows no particular sign of uneasiness; a silver spoon may also be laid upon its back without any apparent effect; but if the spoon be made to touch the pewter plate, while it rests on the fish, the animal becomes strongly convulsed.

If a piece of zinc and a silver coin be placed one above and the other under the tongue, no particular sensation is perceived so long as the two metals are kept separate, but if the silver and the zinc be allowed to touch each other, a peculiar tingling sensation or taste is experienced. And if the silver be placed between the upper lip and the teeth instead of under the tongue, each time that the two metals are brought into contact, not only will a taste be perceived, but a momentary flash of light will appear to pass before the eye. This experiment is now often resorted to for the detection of counterfeit money.

These phenomena we now know to be analogous to each other, and have an electrical origin; and by tracing them to this source, a branch of electrical science has gradually been developed, which in honor of its first discoverer has been termed galvanism. The term is applied to electricity which is set in motion by chemical action, and is usually developed by the contact of two dissimilar metals with a liquid.

Professor Galvani being a physiologist, and not a physicist, naturally sought an explanation of the phenomena in the vital economy, and insisted upon the necessity of animal bodies to the performance of the experiment. In this he was mistaken, but he contended stoutly for it with the scientific men of the day in which he lived, especially with Volta, who called the phenomenon "metallic electricity," instead of animal electricity.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Origin of Meteors—Views differ widely as to the origin of meteors. All of them that have fallen on the earth are so much like our volcanic rocks, that Professor Ball, the Astronomer Royal, of Ireland, thinks they were driven up from our earth in the tremendous volcanic activity of a very remote past, and that they again, after the lapse of ages, meet the earth in its orbit In passing through the atmosphere, shooting stars are burned and fall in dust upon the earth. Sometimes, however, they are so large when they reach the earth as to be very awkward to our inhabitants—for instance, in some parts of South America there was a bombardment of the region at one time, which would have been very destructive to life; the whole country being strewn with masses of meteorites often more than a ton in weight. The great showers of shooting stars are periodical; they come from the same parts of the heavens, and are supposed to have some connection with the comets; but meteorites are never known to come from the path of a comet.

Experiments with Soluble Glass.—If a weak solution of oxalic acid is poured into a solution of silicate of soda (soluble glass) the two liquids do not commingle, as there is immediately formed a silicious layer of great resisting power, upon the upper side of which crystals of oxalate of soda are formed. Upon prolonging the experiment, the silicious layer becomes thick and strong, and yields hydrated silica harder than glass. Another experiment is to plunge a single crystal of sulphate of iron into a moderately concentrated solution of soluble glass contained in a tall test glass; presently shoots of deodritic crystals of silicate of iron will take root on the crystal, and grow like a tree to the top of the liquid, throwing out branches on every side as they ascend. The tree grows so rapidly that it can be projected on a screen by a magic lantern and followed with the eye. Acetic acid also decomposes silicate of soda, yielding a hydrated silicic acid which, on being washed and carefully dried, will yield a light product as white as snow.

Influence of Sound on Rain.—There is a popular impression, apparently sustained by actual observation, that the vibrations of the air occasioned by the sound waves, act upon the clouds and produce rain. Nearly every great battle has been followed by rainfall, sometimes so violent that the combatants have been obliged to desist During the War of the Rebellion 86 per cent. of the battles are said to have been followed by storms. That sound-waves are capable of exerting considerable force, is indicated by experience in the Alps, where great avalanches of snow have been caused to fall by the firing of a pistol. The Alpine guides, when passing a dangerous spot, observe the utmost silence, and forbid any singing or whistling. A writer in the Washington *Star* asserts that during eight years past there has been a thunderstorm at Washington every 4th of July, and a particularly violent one on the evening of that day twelve years ago. Whether this was an accidental coincidence or the effect of artillery firing, cannot be decided. It has been proposed to make experimental trials in times of drought, in order to test the question.

An Alkaloid of the Egg.—The egg bile contains an alkaloid called neurine. It is usually prepared from the yolk by extracting with alcohol and ether, combining with platinum, separating by sulphuric acid and evaporating in a water bath. It is a colorless, syrupy, hygroscopic, alkaline liquid, which absorbs carbonic acid from the air, and is condensed into a carbonate. It is soluble in all proportions in water and alcohol. It has lately been used with good success in diphtheria, and deserves to be further studied.

A New Galvanic Pile.—A galvanic pile, of which carbon is the active electrode, has been invented by Jablohkoff. The substances used to act on the carbon are fused potassium or sodium nitrate. The passive electrode is either platinum or iron. This pile gives a high electromotive force—between two or three times that of a Daniell. The new battery gives off an inconveniently large quantity of gas, but this the inventor proposes to utilize.

The Skeleton of a Mammoth.—The skeleton of a mammoth has just been found in Hanover, in some excavations which are being made for waterworks near the Ricklinger Beeke. The skull and one tusk have been brought to light, the latter having the circumference of a human leg. The fossils were found at a depth of 18 feet. Careful search is being conducted for other portions of the skeleton.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Dinner a la Rush.—A meal in a city restaurant.

Snoring is now politely described as indulging in sheet music.

A barber in Lockport became dumb. He is now immensely wealthy

Which is the best of trees? A straight fir. Why? Because it is fir-strate

A man recently knocked down an elephant, a lion and a rhinoceros. He was an auctioneer.

Why are actors like Arabs?—Because, previous to taking the road, they invariably look to their dates.

The wife who is presented with a new waterproof by her husband exclaimed, "Water-proof of affection!"

Good Partners at Cards.—A chimney-sweep and a bugler. One can follow soot, and the other can trumpet.

Good War Steed.—An irrepressible joker, in selling a horse said, "He's a good war steed; he'd sooner die than run!"

Rough.—A man who lately sent a communication to a newspaper, signed it "Æquitas"; but the signature came out, "A Quiet Ass."

The New Idea—A little boy, sentenced to be whipped, said, "Very well; go ahead. All I ask is to take chloroform before you begin."

It will never do to let women vote. They would die before election day, trying to find out the color of the other party's new ballots.

A Nevada politician was elected on the merits of one single speech. All he said was, "Fellow-countrymen, follow me to yonder saloon!"

The only difference between a cat and a comma is, that one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

Ferryman—"One penny, please, sir." *Yokel*—"Ain't got only a 'a 'pny." *Ferryman*—"The charge is one penny." *Yokel* (who's fond of being on the river)—"Well, take me back again, then."

"**Do you** think, William," said Mrs. Brown to her husband the other night, "that the telephone will ever be as generally used as the telegraph?" "Why, yes," replied Brown, "the time is coming when it will be as common to telephone as it seems to be now to tell—a fib."

A Danbury boy was taken to task by his mother for striking a companion She told him he must ask the forgiveness of the wronged one. He went up to him and whispered through his clinched teeth, "I've got to ask you to forgive me for hitting you, an' you'd better speak right up at once that you do, or I'll give you something to remember." The victim spoke up.

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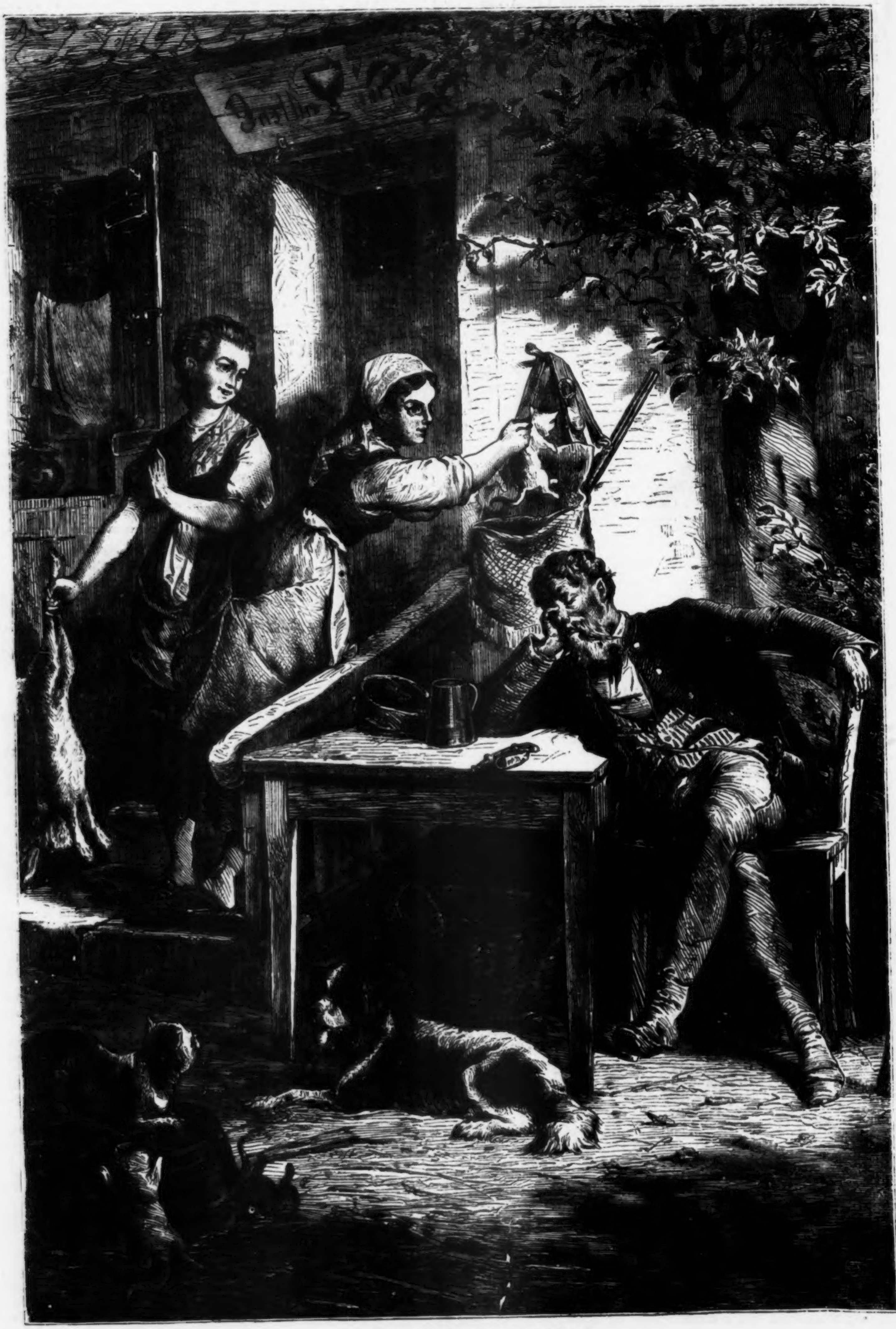

MAKING GAME OF THE SPORTSMAN.

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